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TWO YEARS IN EUROPE

BY

PROF. RODNEY GLISAN, M.D.

A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE NINTH INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS,
AUTHOR OF A "JOURNAL OF ARMY LIFE" AND A
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PREFACE.

THE writer ventures to describe a few of the most important incidents and objects connected with a lengthy visit to the principal countries of Europe. He is not without hope that persons who have journeyed over the same route may find some pleasant reminders in his work; and that those who contemplate a similar trip may consider it a useful adjunct to the guide-book; and that others, who would rather read books of travel than make a tour themselves, may be interested in its perusal.

JCK JAN 1 - 1929

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TWO YEARS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

FROM PORTLAND TO NEW YORK—OCEAN EXPERIENCES AND ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL—RURAL ENGLAND, ITS RAILROADS AND BEGGARS.

AFTER a continuous and laborious application to professional life for nearly forty years I concluded to take a trip to Europe. Not for rest or health, for I am never in better condition physically or mentally than when fully engaged in my daily round of duties; but to visit the celebrated hospitals and medical schools of Edinburgh, Dublin, London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, in order to ascertain the latest improvements in the science of medicine, and at the same time join with my family in viewing the wonders of the Old World.

Only he who has tried the experiment can properly appreciate the feelings of one bidding farewell to friends and relations for a prolonged absence from home. This is doubly true as regards the medical man, who has not only to sever for a time—perhaps forever—the ties of kindred, but those appertaining to the family physician and his confiding patients. Even the grandly beautiful scenery of the Columbia river, to be seen from the steamer as she proudly moved towards the ocean, could not dispel the feelings of depression that weighed our

spirits down. That bugbear, the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river, being safely crossed, we next had to make the acquaintance of that greater evil, sea-sickness. The Pacific Ocean, although rightly named near the equator, is by no means the quiet sea, from San Francisco northwards, that its name would indicate, and is nearly always sufficiently boisterous to keep the average voyager a day or two from his meals.

It was at the time of our trip quite rough. As usual, all the so-called specifics for sea-sickness were brought into use. According to my experience, there are no specifics for this disagreeable malady, not even the bromides of sodium and potassium so persistently advised by certain distinguished New York physicians; nor the hydrate of chloral, which is considered by many as infallible. The latter medicine, though not a specific, is, under peculiar conditions of the system, a valuable remedy,—when, for instance, the patient becomes wakeful and unable to sleep. For example, a lady of our party had vomited incessantly and become extremely exhausted, nervous, and sleepless, and would cry out that the ship was on fire, or that it had struck a rock and was sinking. I trusted in her case to ordinary means until the second night, when a full dose of the hydrate of chloral put her into a sound sleep, lasting long enough not only to restore her nervous equilibrium, but to calm her stomach. With the exception of debility from the long privation of nourishment she awoke next morning bright and happy. Moderate nourishment soon fully restored her again to health. Although there are no specifics for sea-sickness there are many medicines highly beneficial when properly administered. In fact, the complaint must be treated upon general principles. As a rule, however, it is better to avoid medicine and trust to proper regulation of the diet and other hygienic means. In trips of a few hours only, like crossing the English Channel, it

is best when the sea is rough, to remain in bed, or at least in the horizontal position. In long voyages, as in crossing the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, it is often wiser to keep on deck as much as possible; for, although by so doing one may get sicker at first than if lying down, the sickness will be the sooner over.

There are many interesting views along the Oregon and California coasts from the Columbia river to the Golden Gate. Cape Blanco is one of these, partly because until the acquisition of Alaska Territory it was the most western portion of the United States. The spot of most interest to me, however, though unattractive to the general observer, was Port Orford, on the Oregon coast, about forty miles north of California, because of the reminiscences of other days. Adjoining this village there was once a military post, the head-quarters of the expedition sent to quell the Indians of Southern Oregon during their devastating war of 1855 and 1856. This war commenced by an uprising of the Indians near Jacksonville, Oregon, in the autumn of the former year. Their disaffection soon spread among the coast tribes, who commenced their bloody work by the massacre of forty-nine men, women, and children between Fort Orford and the Rogue river, on the 22d of February, 1856. The surviving settlers and miners, about one hundred and twenty-five in number, erected a temporary fortification near the north side of Rogue river, and remained there entrenched until relieved by Col. Buchanan's command of United States troops. When the news of the outbreak first reached Fort Orford, it was impossible to render immediate relief, because of the inadequate number of soldiers at that station to contend against the combined tribes of Southern Oregon.

Major John F. Reynolds, the commanding officer of Fort Orford, who was subsequently killed while in com-

mand of the Union army at Gettysburg during our civil war (Gen. Meade not yet having arrived on the field of battle), did all in his power to afford relief both to the citizens of Rogue river and Port Orford until reinforcements were obtained. Besides many other deeds of kindness, he divided his commissary stores with them until the garrison soldiers themselves were without provisions, and nothing but a providential occurrence kept them from actual starvation. Our rations gave out on the day of the expected arrival of a steamer from San Francisco, bound for Oregon. We sighted her at midnight, and although we anticipated that she would, as usual, touch at Fort Orford, yet, as an extra precaution against her not doing so, we sent up several sky-rockets to signify our distress. To our great disappointment she continued on up the coast, being afraid to come in on account of the rough weather, but catching fire, she was compelled to return to Fort Orford the next morning for repairs. She supplied our immediate wants, and took tidings to the commanding officer of Fort Vancouver of the sad condition of affairs in the Fort Orford military district. In the meantime we got word to General Wool, the commander of the division of the Pacific, with head-quarters at San Francisco, who ordered a combined movement against the Indians from three points—Jacksonville, Crescent City, and Fort Orford. The governor of Oregon Territory also ordered the volunteers to aid in quelling the hostile savages. After a bloody resistance of about four months they were made to surrender, and placed on the coast Indian reservation, where they and their descendants have lived ever since. It is a curious fact that almost every regular officer engaged in that campaign, except myself, subsequently became distinguished in military life, and attained the rank of brigadier- or major-general.

The most heroic Indian in that war, Chief John, became

very discontented in his new home on the reservation, and, having planned another outbreak, was shackled and sent to a military prison near San Francisco.

On his way down, when opposite his old hunting-ground near the mouth of Rogue river, he and his son raised a war-whoop, and attempted to escape, but were wounded by the mate of the steamer and the military guard, and compelled to yield. For cunning, treachery, and bravery combined, old John has never been excelled by any other Indian chieftain in America.

To return to our voyage. The last half day of our trip was blessed with a clear sky and moderately smooth ocean, which we were just beginning to enjoy when we entered the Golden Gate. Rip Van Winkle could not have been more surprised at the changes around him on awakening from his long sleep than was I, seeing San Francisco again after an absence of twenty years. Its population during that period had increased from sixty, to over three hundred, thousand. What were only bleak-looking sand hills during my sojourn in the city in 1861 had all been laid out in beautifully paved streets, flanked with elegant buildings, many of the residences being good enough for princes, especially those of Hopkins, Stanford, and Croker. Among the most notable buildings erected since my last visit may be mentioned the City Hall, Mercantile Library, Grand Opera-house, California Theatre, Mint, Custom-house, Occidental Hotel, Safe Deposit Bank, Bank of California, Nevada Bank, and Palace Hotel. The Occidental Hotel was just being erected when I resided in San Francisco. While sitting in my office one day during the erection I heard a terrific crash, and on rushing with the crowd in the direction of the noise, I was astonished to find that a large part of the building had tumbled down. The contractor was just putting on the roof when the accident occurred. One of

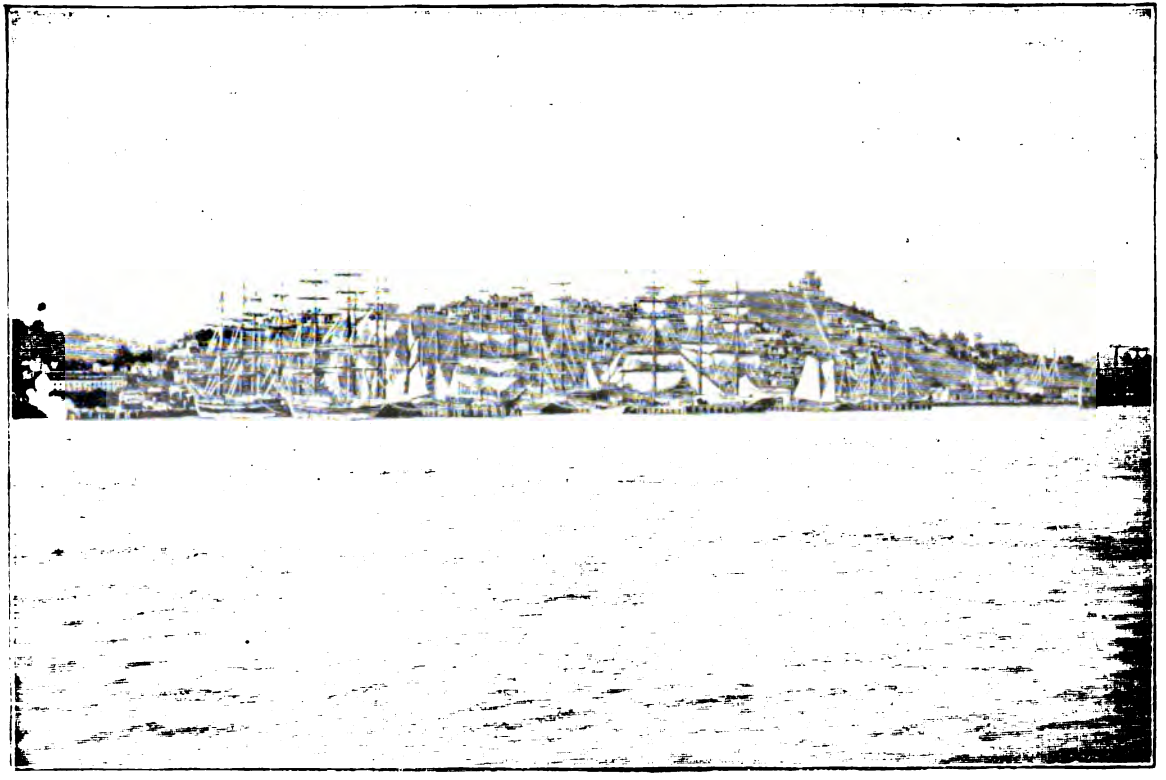
the workmen was left sitting on the top of a fragment of wall at a dizzy height for hours before any means could be devised to rescue him. I saw many splendid hotels while abroad, but none larger than the Palace. It cost, with land and furniture, three and a quarter millions of dollars, and is capable of accommodating eleven hundred and eighty guests.

San Francisco can now boast of a beautiful cemetery —the Lone Mountain—and a fine park, called the Golden Gate. The latter is, however, too artificial to be entirely satisfactory; and will not compare favorably with the charmingly beautiful natural park—Druid Hill—of Baltimore.

The view of the surrounding country from Telegraph Hill is very fine to any one who has not been spoiled by a sight of the grand panorama of valleys, rivers, and snow-capped mountains, to be seen from the rising ground back of Portland, Oregon.

One of the most interesting sights in the vicinity of San Francisco is Seal Rock, which on a bright sunny day is covered with seals and sea-lions, some of which lie sleeping, while others are crawling up and over the rock, and now and then plunging into the ocean. Their cry or bark is peculiar and loud. Judging from the crowds attracted by a few seals in the zoölogical gardens of London and Paris, I think that Seal Rock and its inhabitants would prove a great success could they be exhibited in those great cities. Wealth is very unstable in San Francisco on account of the prevalent mania for mining stock gambling.

To persons fond of living in a large and growing town, possessing a dry and mild climate, where there is no winter or summer in the usual acceptation of the words, who do not particularly object to dust and strong winds, and a shaking up occasionally by an earthquake, I would recommend the Golden City of the Pacific.



San Francisco.

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When I first saw San Francisco, in 1855, she had no telegraphic or railroad connection with the Eastern States, or, in fact, with any portion of her own State. The fastest means of communication was by steamer, via the Isthmus of Panama. The arrival and departure of a steamship in those days were eventful times and called for tenfold more people to witness them than at present, although the population of the city has increased during the interval from forty, to several hundred, thousands. The frequent arrival and departure of railroad trains, and the constant communication by telegraph from all parts of the earth, are the principal factors in the great change, because they lessen the importance of the movements of any particular line of conveyance. Even persons of public importance may, at the present day, arrive at and depart from San Francisco by rail or steamer, without a hundred people knowing or caring any thing about it.

After a few days' rambling in and around the Golden City we took our departure on the Central Pacific Railroad for New York. The trip up the Sacramento valley was most delightful as the whole country was covered with yellow grain, forming a marked contrast to its appearance in November, 1861, when I made my first voyage up the Sacramento river in a steamboat, which for propriety's sake kept in the channel, but could have run all over the valley, as the country was suffering from a second Noah's flood. This has been repeated once or twice since then, but the inhabitants, having learned from sad experience to erect their houses on elevated spots of ground, are not compelled to flee from their homes in the dead hour of the night, as was the case during the first inundation. The streets of the beautiful city of Sacramento were flooded in November, 1861, and again in the early part of 1862, to the depth of from five to fifteen feet; but by raising the grade and building a high and strong dike along the

American river, near its junction with the Sacramento, the city keeps as dry as the other important city of the United States similarly located—New Orleans.

The embankment alluded to had been thrown up previous to 1861, as there had already been several floods—one in January, 1850, a second in March, 1852, and a third in January, 1853. It gave way in several places in 1861. It has since been raised and strengthened.

We left the lower valleys of California just as the sun disappeared beneath the Pacific Ocean, and crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains at night. As the moon was shining I walked out upon the platform of our sleeping-car several times during the night to drink in the pure air, and look at the mosses, the flowers, the fruits, the shrubs, the trees, the distant snow-fields, the towering rocks, and the fearful cañons, along whose sides our train curved onwards, apparently unconscious that a little obstruction on the track, or a slight accident to cars or railway, would send itself and sleeping passengers rolling like an avalanche far down into the depths below.

After crossing the mountains the train bore us for over three hundred miles over a region barren and uninteresting for the general traveller, full of dust, and scarce of water, both being impregnated with sulphur and the various salts of soda. Yet uninviting as this country appeared, its mines of silver and gold helped to build the great transcontinental railway on which we were hurrying eastwards, and caused more fluctuations in commercial values and personal riches in San Francisco than the lovely grain fields of California. Such is the power of gold.

The region to which allusion is made has one good-sized river, the Humbolt, along which the railroad runs for several hundred miles, but instead of growing larger and stronger the farther it proceeds from its source, it increases in size for a portion of its length, then diminishes,

and finally wastes itself in a huge sink east of the Sierras. When full of water from the melting snows of spring, vegetation along its banks assumes a freshness unknown in the region a few miles distant.

As we passed through the beautiful valleys of Utah I could not help thinking of the times long passed when, as medical officer of a frontier military station, I had saved the lives of hundreds of the deluded followers of Brigham Young, while afflicted with typhoid fever on the plains. Then again, as our fast-going train swept across the Plains themselves, which are five hundred miles wide and one thousand miles long, I could not help recalling the four years of happy isolation that I once enjoyed upon this magnificent earth-ocean, with its rolling hills and gentle undulations all waving with green grass and lovely flowers. Where are the antelope, the deer, the elk, the buffaloes, the red men, that once roamed over this boundless space? They are fast being displaced by sheep, cattle, and the herdsmen, who, in their turn, are already giving way to the tiller of the soil. Vast towns and cities are supplanting the humble villages of the lords of the plains; but will they withstand any better than these lowly abodes of the red man the terrible cyclones that devastate a large portion of this charming country?

The happy denizens of the plains will please not laugh at Californians for occasionally leaving their beds *en déshabille* when mother earth begins to rock in the dead hour of the night, for unless they dig holes in the ground, to which they may flee during an emergency, the howling winds will some day make them fly through the air like birds of passage.

We were much pleased with Chicago, where we stopped for a few days. One meets with Chicagoans everywhere abroad. Like the people of San Francisco they are known in Europe more for their lavish expenditures than for their

refinement or learning. Of course there are many exceptions to the general rule.

We tarried for a while, both going and returning, at Niagara. It is a mistake, however, for the tourist to visit these noble falls on the eve of his departure abroad, as their sight deprives him of the power of feeling any pleasure in looking at those in Europe. I paid my first respects to the falls in January, 1855, when they seemed on the eve of freezing up, so high and extensive were the ice-beds below them. The trees on Goat Island were at that time dangling with icicles of enormous dimensions. Our last two visits were in the summers of 1881 and 1883, when all nature was robed in her best attire. A most pleasing contrast!

Arriving in New York City, we spent a few weeks there, concerning which something will be said after narrating the incidents of our visit to the great capitals of Europe.

As the time approached for the departure of our steamer, the "Batavia," we felt the usual dread that some little delay in our reaching the pier might compel us to await another vessel. Our fears were groundless.

In passing out the harbor of New York I was reminded of the time when I first entered it, December, 1854, on the "Empire City," from New Orleans, after five years' service on the frontier as an army doctor, and of my departure, after a short leave of absence, on the steamer "Illinois," via Panama, for duty in the military division of the Pacific. New York harbor, then so beautiful, had grown still more charming by reason of the vast improvements in and around it. One of these, that gigantic and wonderful piece of engineering, the Brooklyn bridge, was in 1881 yet in an unfinished condition, but we had the pleasure of crossing it on our return home from Europe a few days after its completion, in 1883. The changes seen around us were only suggestive of those that had occurred

all over our land. There were no railroads or telegraphs west of the Mississippi river at the time of my first visit to New York in 1854, and the journey to our Pacific possessions had to be made in vessels via Cape Horn or the Isthmus of Darien, or in wagons over the Rocky Mountains.

There being a great rush for Europe, we were unable to secure good berths on any other Cunard steamer than the "Batavia," but learning by experience, we engaged passage for our return voyage in that noble vessel the "Servia," six months in advance. We had the satisfaction of knowing that although the "Batavia" was inferior in speed to others in the line, our captain had crossed the Atlantic in her about one hundred and sixty times without a single accident.

Our second day at sea was in the wake of a cyclone, and many of us had the pleasure of being pitched out of our berths in the dead hour of the night by the rolling of the ship. A few persons in the lower cabin, suddenly awakening, found themselves on the floor of the state-room in several inches of cold water which had been shipped from the dashing sea.

As they were sea-sick and thoroughly drenched, they did not say, "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll," but made use of epithets less poetical.

There is nothing in the first part of a sea-voyage to inspire the average passenger with a love for the ocean. It is rather a period of sadness. The heartache produced by the separation from friends and country are not allayed by any thing to be seen around him, and almost everybody is more or less sick and forlorn. After a few days, however, every thing is changed. It is then that one can feel the awful majesty of the vast expanse of waters, bounded only by the horizon, and can amuse himself by observing passing vessels, or the restless waves, as they

come hurrying on one after another, dashing their spray before the winds; or by watching the little birds, called Mother Carey's chickens, as they skim along the crest of the billows; or the sea-gulls, named divers, which follow in the wake of vessels, gathering the falling crumbs; or schools of porpoises, as they go rollicking alongside of the vessel; or the monster whale, plowing the ocean, and spouting its waters far above him in fleecy spray, rejoicing in the fact that since the introduction of kerosene, his oil is in less demand, and he can skylark in southern waters without the constant dread of the terrible harpoon.

Or, if not inclined to view the elements and the inhabitants of the air and sea, one may saunter into the smoking-room and see the gentlemen amuse themselves in playing draughts, euchre, whist, and dominos, or go forward and witness a game of "horse-billiards," or go into the cabin and listen to the piano and the sweet voice of song, or promenade the deck with a friend, or take a book and sit down under the protecting awning in a comfortable sea-chair, which every cabin passenger is supposed to possess, and amuse himself in scenes far off. Reading is really the principal pastime at sea.

Among the many innocent amusements introduced to kill time none is more interesting than a "mock trial," if properly conducted by witty persons and good speakers.

Probably the most disagreeable thing on a voyage, except sea-sickness, is the blowing of a fog-horn. This is often done, especially off the Banks of Newfoundland. Its usefulness, however, in warding off collisions with other vessels makes it indispensable. It is a pity that it cannot also ward off an iceberg. There is little chance of escape for a ship if she collides with one of these ice-mountains, which sometimes rise three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and are sunk fifteen hundred feet below it. The surgeon of the "Servia" told us that he once

saw an iceberg six miles in length and about three hundred feet in height above the surface of the ocean.

On English steamers there is always divine service on the Sabbath, the hymns being sometimes accompanied by parlor-organ music.

Everybody daily consults the chart of the vessel's course after the chief officer has taken his noon observation and noted thereon the latitude and longitude. There is often much betting as to the distance the ship will make in the next twenty-four hours, or as to the time of her arrival at Queenstown, Ireland, the only port of call before reaching Liverpool.

One of the first points near the Irish coast to be seen through the telescope is Crookhaven, from which the arrival of the ship is telegraphed over both continents. Next comes the rock of Fastnet on the island of Cape Clear. The excellent light-house on this rock can be sighted at night at an immense distance. This place is only seventy-five miles from Queenstown. When it is seen there are no longer any diversity of amusements on board. The cabin passengers are then divided into two parties—one straining their eyes at the savage and lofty cliffs on this part of the Irish coast, and the other in writing, for Queenstown is the place to mail and receive letters. The steamer's mail is unloaded here, and reaches London by rail and a short water transit across the Irish Sea at Holyhead before the steamer arrives at Liverpool. In about four hours after passing Fastnet the steamer is abreast of the boldest promontory on that part of the coast—the Old Head of Kinsale. From this place can be seen in the distance Roche's Point, which marks the entrance to Queenstown harbor. In-going steamers deliver their London mail and such passengers as are not bound for Liverpool—including tourists who prefer seeing Ireland before visiting England—to a tender lying off Roche

Point. Out-going steamers from Liverpool usually lie off Queenstown, while waiting for the London mail, from three to ten hours, thus giving the passengers time to run ashore and visit the river Lee, and sometimes Cork, and drink in the charms of the beautiful country surrounding Queenstown. We availed ourselves of this privilege on our return voyage.

After steaming well up the St. George's Channel, we were often near enough the shore of Ireland to see its pretty villages, country-seats, castles, churches, green fields, and beautiful woods.

The few fences to be seen were either stone or hedge. Much of the land seemed to be occupied by tenants whose small patches had no metes and bounds visible at a distance. Their crops appeared to consist of potatoes, oats, and barley. The landscape was varied by lovely roads stretching from the sea-shore far over the valleys and hills. These were lined by patches of shrubs with yellow flowers or blossoms,—probably that beautiful and useful shrub, the heath. Much of this lovely landscape may be seen before touching at Queenstown as well as for some distance after leaving it.

In going up the channel no land was visible on our starboard till within a few hours of Liverpool, when the green shores of Wales were to be seen in the dim distance. It being high tide, we were not detained at the Mersey bar, but steamed up the harbor to within two miles of our landing, when passengers and baggage were transferred from the "Batavia" to a tug, which carried us safely to Princess Landing.

We then went into the custom-house—not the main building, but a floating branch establishment at the wharf —to wait until the landing of all the luggage.

In due time our valises and trunks were landed, examined, and marked with chalk "customs." The principal

contraband articles searched for by the officials were sugar, tobacco, spirits, and American reprints of British books.

Being anxious to hurry on to London we were fortunate in reaching the Midland Railway station in time for the train on the afternoon of the day of our arrival in Liverpool. So that had no other opportunity been afforded us of paying our respects to this sister city of our own New York, we might have come home remembering only its crowded streets and the dismal rain that poured down upon us while we were struggling to reach the railroad station. Fortunately three subsequent visits gave us a better view and more favorable opinion of this great commercial emporium, through which the products of the manufactories of Great Britain are distributed to all parts of the world, and into whose ports are received the rich products of Asia, Africa, and America, pre-eminently the last.

The constant entering and departing of ships, the handling of wool, grain, cotton, bacon, beef, fruits, clothing, fuel, liquors, groceries, drugs, materials for house and shipbuilding, dry goods, and, in short, all the necessaries and luxuries of life, in elevators, warehouses, and depots, make the docks of Liverpool highly animating and interesting.

The harbor, with its forests of masts flying the colors of all nations, shows the enormous extent and ramifications of the commercial relations of this rich, populous, and growing city. Yet with all its wealth and the beauty of its main thoroughfares, it has many narrow, filthy, dark lanes where sickness, foulness, and abject poverty reign supreme. The contrast between commercial opulence on the one hand, and of helpless poverty and degradation on the other, is more marked in Liverpool than in any other city that I have seen either in Europe or America. The city's chief development is coeval with that of the United

States. It has a population of seven hundred thousand people.

It is built on sloping hill-sides upon the southeastern shores of the Mersey, a very short river, but broad in front of the city. The water is too shallow for large vessels to reach the upper part of Liverpool. In fact large ships cannot enter the river at all except at high tide on account of the shallowness of the bar at the mouth of the river.

Many intelligent observers believe that in time Liverpool will be annihilated by the filling up with sand of the mouth of the Mersey. They call our attention to the Dee, which was at one time the more important of the two estuaries, but in consequence of the gradual accumulation of sand in its bed is now navigable for fishing-boats only.

Liverpool has fine hotel accommodations. The best houses are the Compton, the Northwestern, and the Adelphi. The first is constructed of Stourton stone, is seven stories in height, and fronts on both Tarleton and Basnett streets. The Northwestern forms part of the Lime Street station of the London and Northwestern Railway. It is an immense building, of the French renaissance style of architecture. The Adelphi Hotel occupies a beautiful site on Ranelagh Place. The architect has succeeded, by the novelty of his design and the free use of white brick and stone dressings, in giving a very striking appearance to the exterior of the building. It is the favorite resort of American travellers.

The people of Liverpool are justly proud of their docks, which are unequalled for capacity and extent. They do not, however, possess the solidity of those of London. Their construction has already cost from thirty to forty millions of pounds sterling. One may form some idea of their extent by undertaking to walk around the quays sur-

rounding them. It would occupy an ordinary walker about a day to pass around them all. They have a frontage on the Mersey or harbor of about eight miles.

The most modern machinery has been erected upon them to facilitate the trade of the port. Some of the cranes are capable of lifting and carrying about fifty-five tons. The largest of the latter are chiefly used in handling the engines of steamers. Eighteen of these water areas are graving-docks, used for the purpose of cleaning and repairing vessels.

The hydraulic lift, lately invented by Mr. E. Clark, by which vessels of any size may be lifted bodily out of the water for examination, will soon be added to the means already in use at these docks.

Liverpool has many fine private and public buildings. Among the latter may be mentioned St. George's Hall, the Free Public Library and Museum, the Picton Reading-room, the Walker Art Gallery, the Liverpool Exchange, the Custom-house, the Liverpool College, and some fine churches.

The buildings of Liverpool, however, are not old and famous enough to suit the average American tourist, who goes abroad intent on seeing something more ancient than what he has been accustomed to behold in his own country. This taste for the antique is particularly prevalent with ladies, except in the matter of dress, which is worthless unless new and *à la mode de Paris*. To obtain the means of securing the latter, they do not even object to old age in their husbands.

The Liverpool merchant princes reside a few miles out of town, and take their invited guests by rail instead of private carriages to their homes. If living some distance from a railroad, they will either go with the invited person on the train to some place where their private carriage is waiting, and thence home, or request the friend to take a

train for a certain station where he will be met by the carriage.

We were so fortunate as to be able to see something of their home-life on our second and last visit to the city.

Even if the skies are nearly always dressed in mourning, and are forever weeping, the sunshiny hospitality of these happy homes thaws out the feeling of isolation, and sometimes desolation, which, in a foreign land, such elements are apt to engender in sensitive persons.

The commercial aristocracy of Liverpool have but little sympathy with the hereditary titled aristocracy of the kingdom. It is well enough for an American to bear this in mind if he does not wish to appear snobby by showing too great a desire to see the nobility—even at a distance. I made this discovery while drawing comparisons between the upper and the lower houses of Parliament—my host expressing some surprise that I should have been more pleased with the House of Lords than with the House of Commons.

I should have avoided this *faux pas* by remembering that one of his partners was a member of the latter, but was not eligible to the former.

The railroad journey from Liverpool to London was all the more enjoyable on account of our having just made a long sea-voyage. Although we had been ten days without news of the doings of the great world around us, and had consequently laid in a good supply of newspapers at Liverpool for our railway trip, the novelty and beauty of the English rural scenery through which we passed attracted our attention so completely that it was impossible to read. It is true that the lover of the rough sublimity of nature would be disappointed in passing through England, as he would not be hurled along the steep banks of gigantic rivers, or through dismal forests of mighty oaks or firs, or on the giddy verge of mountain precipices, or far over the

plains in sight of wild beasts and savage men, or across the Niagara in plain view of mighty whirlpools and madly dashing cataracts, as in America, but he would see a country where art and nature were so kindly and harmoniously united as to ravish the senses with calm delight, where the blending of cottage, castle, and spire with field and forest is a never-ceasing feast for the quiet soul.

What American can travel over our quiet, peaceable, orderly land without a feeling of gratitude that it is his mother country? Although we made many journeys over England, the peculiar beauty of its many landscapes never failed to delight us. It is a pity rural England is so fast being encroached upon by forges, steam-mills, the larger towns and railways. For its landscapes, though devoid of large rivers, lakes, and mountains, are quiet and beautiful. There are meandering crystal streams, straight and winding hedge-rows, bright green meadows, and long avenues and groves of dark green wide-spreading oaks, embellished, as when we first passed from Liverpool to London, in harvest time, with fields of golden grain.

The railroad, however, does not mar the beauty of the country so greatly as with us. There are no unsodden, ragged banks, no unsightly telegraph poles, no rude wooden shanty stations, and no rotten, tumble-down wooden bridges.

With the exception of Switzerland there is no country in Europe visited by us where the railroad cars are like those of America. They are mostly divided into three separate compartments, each having a door on both sides. These divisions are respectively for first-, second-, and third-class passengers. The baggage van is commonly in the same car.

In Great Britain, France, and Italy the train is not accompanied by a conductor as with us. In many parts of

Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland this official is present.

When unaccompanied by a conductor, as in England, the tickets are examined at the various stations along the route by uniformed railroad officials called "guards." The tickets are only surrendered at the end of the journey, be it a way station or the terminus of the road. The way stations for upward-bound trains are all on one side of the road, and those for downward trains on the other. It consequently often happens that in endeavoring to get on, the passengers have to cross the road. This is effected by a bridge above the rails or through a tunnel underneath. Only the servants of the company are permitted to walk on the tracks. This precaution prevents many accidents. Trains do not usually, as in America, give warning of their departure or arrival by the clanging of bells or the shrieking of steam-whistles. These things are regulated quietly by a motion or word of command from the station-master. It is very common both in England and on the Continent for the guard, after examining your tickets, to lock you in the car.

This is sometimes a source of annoyance, especially when on a long journey on a fast express, where the stoppages are short and the "station guard" is too busy to attend promptly to a summons to unlock the door, so that one may secure refreshments or attend to other matters for which there are no accommodations on the train.

These are serious objections to the compartment system. Another objection is the danger of being shut up in one of these small divisions at night with a disagreeable, perhaps murderous, companion. Helpless females have been insulted, and many persons robbed and murdered in these lonely compartments.

In a tedious journey from Berlin to Nuremberg I had

to travel nearly all night alone in one of these small railway apartments, and durst not fall asleep for fear that the guard might let in a thief or highwayman.

In one of my night journeys in England the only person in the car besides myself was a beautiful young woman bound for London. She seemed at first rather afraid of me, but after a while we entered into a conversation, and she became quite chatty.

According to her story she was a school-teacher. But as no one had conducted her to the train, and no one was in readiness at the London station to receive her, it is possible that she may have been playing a little game of deception. In our conversation I was careful not to make any inquiries as to whether she expected friends to meet her at the station, for the reason that her loneliness might have suggested a little courteous attention on my part in securing her a cab or in assisting her through the crowd.

Had I even felt assured of her respectability it is doubtful whether I would have been justified in offering her such civilities without her requesting them, and if she were an adventuress she might have compromised my reputation. So I considered it the wiser course to let her look out for herself. It is asserted that although English girls of good character would not walk the streets of London alone at night, they will often travel without an escort on railroads, and by so doing run the risk occasionally of finding themselves at railway stations dependant upon the guard for assistance to a carriage. The girl alluded to appeared neither to request nor obtain help from any source. It is therefore highly probable that my apparently ungallant conduct, though prudent, was unnecessary.

I have stated that in some parts of Germany a conductor accompanies the train. This is true of Holland

also. He cannot, however, pass on the inside from car to car, as with us, but moves along a little projection on the exterior. As he is thus enabled to stop at one's door at most unexpected moments, while the train is in full motion, he often startles a nervous person very greatly by his sudden appearance and cry of "Ticket." The shock is worse if the unfortunate passenger happens to be taking a nap after a long day's journey.

Some writers describe the English railroad officials as very uncouth and overbearing, while others speak of them as prototypes of urbanity and kindness, and as being in this respect far superior to those of every other nation, and especially of those of the United States. Both these views, according to my experience, are incorrect. As a rule this class of persons in America, as in Europe, is as fairly polite and attentive as the nature of their business will permit. It ought not to be expected of a ticket-vender, when he is trying to accommodate several hundred persons with tickets in the short space of half an hour, that he should shake hands with strangers and inquire as to their health and that of their families. Nothing else than such attention will satisfy some people.

It may be set down as a rule that an excessive amount of attention from railroad guards and porters, if given, will be with the expectation of what the French term a *pour-boire*—drink-money.

It is astonishing what an effect a small piece of money has upon these people. A shilling quietly placed in the hands of a station guard will secure to a party of four or five persons a compartment capable of holding eight persons from Liverpool to London, or *vice versa*. In such cases the door is locked and the window labelled "taken." All way-station guards and ticket examiners duly respect the notice. This abuse is common not only in Great Britain but all over the Continent.

In starting from London I once found the train so full that I almost despaired of securing a seat in either a first- or second-class car. Not as a bribe, but simply with the object of rewarding a very attentive guard for his exertions in having me comfortably seated, I endeavored to hand him a small piece of money, which dropped beneath the train. I was greatly amused at the anxious glance he cast towards the spot where it fell, and at the rapidity with which he picked it up so soon as the train moved from over it. As the cars halted immediately afterwards, it looked a little as if the start was made in order to enable him to secure his coveted prize.

It is incomprehensible why such an abuse as *pour-boire* taking should be so common among men holding such responsible positions as station guards, and who must possess an average share of honesty; especially when under such strict *surveillance* that detection and dismissal are very apt to follow in course of time. They probably look upon these gifts as their perquisites, just the same as do cabmen, restaurant and hotel porters. Many of the latter have no salary, and rely solely on gratuities from customers. In fact, the head porter of a large German hotel makes so much money in this way that he is generally under stipulation to pay a percentage of it to the proprietors of the hotel.

At many of the principal hotels in London guests are notified that the employés are strictly forbidden to receive donations, but I have never heard of an instance where one of these servants, from the boot-black up to the head porter, has declined to receive any thing offered him. This is the rule all over Europe. It is true in regard to the lesser officials in almost every station in life. There are a few exceptions, however, notably the custodians of some of the large picture-galleries in Paris.

This servant-feeing is so common all over Europe that

it is almost impossible to get properly served in a restaurant or hotel for any length of time without yielding to the exaction. In the former it is expected at every meal, in the latter, if one is stopping for only a day or so, on the eve of departure. A regular roomer or boarder is expected to donate when his weekly bill is settled. At some of the restaurants we are expected to give something to the cook and beer-boy as well as to the waiter. In like manner if one takes a ride in a cab or hansom in London, or a coupé in Paris, the boy who rushes up to open the door expects a gift as well as the driver. In London I once had this demand made by a man who had watered the cabman's horse before I had engaged the vehicle. I was at the time hurrying into the cab to get out of the rain, when an outstretched arm prevented the door from shutting out the pelting drops. Upon asking the fellow his wishes, he said that he was the waterman who had watered *his 'onhor's 'orse.* I answered, on closing the door abruptly to keep out the rain, that I had had too much water for nothing to be under the necessity of paying for more, especially when I had not ordered it.

This practice of "tipping" servants, as it is called in England, extends all over Europe, and is as common in the households of the aristocracy as in hotels, restaurants, theatres, and other public places. Unless an American be a Vanderbilt or a Jay Gould in wealth he had better never accept an invitation to spend a few days with the nobility in England, for the tax upon him by their thirty or forty servants would pay his board at the best hotel in London for several months. Fortunately the average American need have no fear upon this point, for he is just as likely to be invited to sip nectar with the gods as to dine with one of the noble families of her majesty's dominions.

The driver of a hansom, if he takes you only a short distance, will be satisfied with four pence, but the liveried coachman who drives you in Hyde Park must have his four shillings. This of course is besides the fare for the carriage. I once insulted a driver in Paris by offering him on our return from an evening party a little less than his expected "drink-money"—five francs. I had already paid about thirty francs for the carriage. A *pour-boire* in Paris for a coupé driver is so small a pittance that no one hesitates to give it, especially when he finds with what pleasantness it is received.

These douceurs go by the name of "*a tip*" in England, "*Trinkgeld*," drink-money, in Germany, and "*buona-mano*" in Italy.

In the latter country small pieces of money will generally satisfy a driver or other beggar, but one has to deal them out from early dawn till midnight, if awake so long. The slightest favor in Italy, whether asked for or not, must be requited with a gift. The urchin who insists on holding open the door of your carriage as you get in or out, or who runs alongside of it and turns summersaults, or the little girls who pounce upon you from all quarters as the coach rolls along, and hurl their nosegays in your lap, will cling to the footboard of your *vettura* until paid. In driving through some of the villages of Italy the stranger is beset with a perfect army of little vagrants—male and female,—who will run alongside, cutting up the most grotesque antics. If nothing is thrown to them they often become very insolent. I have sometimes bought peace by hurling in the rear of the carriage a penny or two and driving off as fast as possible while they scrambled for the coveted prize. But begging is by no means confined to children. In driving through Naples, but more particularly the smaller towns skirting the bay, one will meet at every turn the blind and the lame de-

manding alms; and just as often a grown-up, lazy fellow in good health, who will be offended if not rewarded when he salutes you with a profound bow. In fact, if you chance to catch the eye of a man or maiden among the lower classes, he or she has thereafter a claim upon your exchequer. If you attempt the ascent of Vesuvius, or go out sight-seeing anywhere beyond the main part of Naples, a banjo band will play for you and demand recompense. In both Rome and Naples a troupe of serenaders will discourse sweet music at your window while you are at meals or going to bed, and often intrude themselves into the dining- or breakfast-room, and after playing a while pass around the hat. This practice is universal on steamboats.

In some parts of Ireland, especially at the Lakes of Killarney, barefooted women will follow you for miles in order to serve you with a cup of milk, whisky, or water, and be offended if not rewarded for their importunity.

A sojourn of a few days at a hotel or inn at any wayside village or town in Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Ireland, or England, will so endear you to the employés, from the boot-black up to the head porter, that they must have the opportunity of touching their hats in a parting salute. With this end in view, they will range themselves in a line in the hall at your departure. If you satisfy their expectations by a few douceurs they will part with you with marked tokens of affection, some of them perhaps shedding tears, but if you fail in your duty in this respect you had better avoid their disappointed glances and not stop at the same house in your future visit to the place.

At the hotels of the large cities they rarely show such a formidable army on the day of your leave-taking, but manage to secure a good many offerings during your stay, so that when ready to go it is only the chamber-maid, boot-

black, head waiter, head and assistant porter, and coachman who will expect a souvenir. In Rome the head waiter of a prominent house did not give us satisfaction, so on starting for Naples we failed to respond to his polite bow except in the same manner. On our return to the hotel we could not secure proper service at table until the attention of the proprietor was called to the matter.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

ARRIVING in London at night and driving to the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square, where we supposed that they had reserved rooms for us, in accordance with our telegram from Liverpool, we were told that, in order to secure lodgings there, it was necessary to apply six weeks in advance. At Morley's Hotel we met with the same want of success. Finally, accommodations were obtained at the Charing Cross Station Hotel. This is an excellent house for commercial travellers, but for that reason not very pleasant for families. Prior to our future visits to the city we generally engaged apartments in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, or at the Langham Hotel, Langham Place. This hotel is a favorite with American ladies on account of its fine accommodations and proximity to the best shops in London.

On looking out of our window the next morning, we were curious to know whether the Charing Cross in the front yard was the one erected by Edward I. to mark the last of the nine crosses which indicated the resting-places of the corpse of his beloved wife on its way from Lincoln to Westminster in 1291. We ascertained that it was only a reproduction of the old cross, which stood where the statue of Charles I. now stands, on the south side of Trafalgar Square. This is the principal point of intersection

for the West End omnibus lines, and is, in fact, the geographical centre of London. It is full of historic interest, and has for hundreds of years been the great thoroughfare of the city. It is of practical importance for a stranger to know what place is indicated by the thousands of notices to be seen on omnibuses and other vehicles running to and from this focus or common turning-point, otherwise he may be misled, as we were, in taking an omnibus, or in giving directions to our coachman while we were stopping at the Charing Cross Station Hotel, and subsequently when we desired to call at some office, shop, or other place in the vicinity. The old and true site is not very far from the present position of the cross; but in a crowded street like the Strand, especially of a rainy day, when omnibuses are full, it is a source of great inconvenience to have to change vehicles after being misled by the supposition that the cross in front of the Charing Cross Hotel or station is the one meant by the notices on the omnibuses and other conveyances.

Our party learned to like London, and look upon it as a home after wandering in other lands; but our first feelings, although in the midst of four millions of people, were tinctured with loneliness.

The day succeeding our arrival being Sunday, we attended divine service in the forenoon at St. Paul's Cathedral, and in the afternoon at Westminster Abbey.

St. Paul's is so closely hemmed in by business houses that, notwithstanding its huge proportions and its location on an eminence, it is impossible to view it to advantage. Its mighty dome, being surpassed only by that of the Cathedral of Milan and of St. Peter's, cannot be seen when you are near it, nor the main building at a distance, on account of intervening structures. It is, however, an imposing edifice, of elegant proportions and magnificent dimensions, and is a wonderful monument of the architec-

tural ability of Sir Christopher Wren. The smoky fog of ages has so begrimed the exterior as to give it a dark and dismal appearance. Its interior is not so beautiful as that of St. Peter's in Rome, and the unsightly blank spaces on its walls compare very unfavorably with the art-covered interior of the Roman cathedral. It is also much smaller. Its breadth is 250 feet, length 500 feet, and height to top of cross 365 feet; while the breadth of St. Peter's is 440 feet, length 630 feet, and height 437 feet. The dome does not glitter with beautiful mosaics, as does St. Peter's. The building is, however, improving, and it is filled with a large number of commemorative reliefs and statues of poets, authors, divines, philanthropists, and statesmen; nor are these works of art above mediocrity. A memorial in St. Paul's is considered of secondary importance to one in Westminster Abbey. Still a few of England's noble dead are found resting here—such as John Howard, the great philanthropist; Turner, the painter; Dr. Johnson, the illustrious lexicographer; the Duke of Wellington; and Lord Nelson, the hero of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.

The Sunday services are well attended,—especially by strangers. But only those near the clergyman can understand what he says. This, however, seems to be the case in all the grand cathedrals abroad. In St. Peter's half a dozen priests might preach at the same time at different points of the building without interfering with each other. In the afternoon we attended service at Westminster Abbey. The chapel as usual was perfectly jammed. After service it was closed, but the congregation were permitted to linger for a while among some of the monuments of this old and famous receptacle of clergymen, judges, actors, artists, poets, generals, admirals, authors, warriors, statesmen, earls, dukes, princes, queens, and kings. Numerous distinguished persons, who have their bodies rest-

St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

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ing in other cemeteries and some in other lands, have their memory preserved by tablets, medallions, and monuments placed by their friends in Westminster Abbey. Many of the most important chapels and chambers are closed to the public on the Sabbath. As we visited the Abbey every time we passed through London, we had an opportunity of seeing every thing of interest in this classical old building. It is by no means a sanctuary for the memory or remains of the members of the Church of England only, but for the great in every department of life. Some of our historians, poets, and philosophers are even permitted to lie side by side with their British cousins.—Longfellow for instance.

To secure a niche, slab, or tomb in the Abbey is considered by the distinguished Briton as the highest honor that can be bestowed upon him. This is well illustrated in the speech of Nelson on the eve of one of his victories, —"A peerage or Westminster Abbey." Although his name is so revered by his countrymen, and so many lofty monuments have been reared to his memory, he has no memorial in Westminster Abbey. St. Paul's has the honor of holding his remains.

Lord Palmerston is one of a very few who did not seem to care for a resting-place in the Abbey, but he found it nevertheless.

King Edward and all his successors on the throne of England have been crowned in Westminster Abbey, and most of them have here found a sanctuary for their ashes. In the language of the poet we may say:

> "That antique pile behold,
> Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:
> It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
> There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep,
> Making the circle of their reign complete,
> These suns of empire, where they rise they set."

Among those who have been interred or who have

monuments in Westminster Abbey, we find in the list of poets, the names of Cowley, Gray, Dryden, Milton, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Spenser, Southey, and Thomson; in the list of actors, Mrs. Siddons and Garrick; of scientists, Newton and Watts; of authors, Ben Jonson, Addison, Macaulay, and Thackeray; of statesmen, Chatham, Peel, Canning, Pitt, and Palmerston.

The Abbey existed in the eighth century, and the largest part of the present building dates back to the thirteenth century.

It has a breadth of 203 feet at the transept, a length of 511 feet, and its towers are 225 feet high.

While an American may not be able to appreciate the reverential awe with which an Englishman enters this grand old building, he must be insensible to all the subtle influences of history if he can look upon it unmoved when he recollects that no modern nation can boast of such a famous and glorious old historical place as Westminster Abbey, which, in some of its parts, is nearly as old as England, and has been an asylum for Christians almost from the dawn of Christianity. It has seen England change from Saxon to Norman, from the latter to English, from Roman Catholic to Protestant, from the latter to Roman Catholic, and finally become Protestant again. It has seen her under the government of a king as absolute as the monarchs of Persia, then under a president or protector, and lastly under a monarch as limited in authority as the President of the United States; and it will see her in the near future as a shining republic. A child of the forest, it has become the centre of the most populous city in the world. It has seen the English people change from semi-barbarism, when rude warfare was the constant pastime, to a condition of the highest enlightenment upon the face of the globe.

All the monuments in Westminster Abbey are open to

the public except those in the chapel. To see them it is necessary to secure the services of the sacristan, who takes small parties around, at intervals of a few minutes, at sixpence for each person. Of course, in these hurried visits one can get only a general view of the beauties of the interior of this vast building, or rather collection of buildings, and of the tombs, the most interesting of which are found in the chapel. These are occupied by royalty alone. In fact it was the original intention that the entire Abbey should be as a place of sepulture, exclusively for the families of the kings. Subsequently it became the custom to permit the distinguished dead of the nation below the rank of royalty to be entombed in the transepts, aisles and nave. Even after several visits, our brains were unequal to the task of fully grasping the wonderful history of the place.

Space will permit only a cursory glance at a few objects of interest. The chapter-house is shown the visitor where was held, 600 years ago, the first session of the House of Commons, and where its deliberations were made for three centuries thereafter. Prior to its being used for the latter purpose it was reserved, as its name would indicate, for the meetings of the chapter, the governing body of the Abbey. The present dean and chapter meet for deliberation in the Jerusalem Chamber, an unpretentious building in point of architecture. It was here that King Henry IV. died, consoling himself that if he could not breathe his last in the city of Jerusalem, the next best thing was to die in the chamber of that name. This chamber is also noted as the birthplace of Presbyterianism. Here the celebrated Westminster Assembly framed the Longer and the Shorter Catechism, the Directory and the Confession of Faith, which have cemented together one of the largest and most earnest Protestant denominations in the English-speaking world. Here, too, the committee which had lately revised the Bible, held its sessions.

The cloisters attract the attention of such persons as are desirous of seeing how the monks lived between the 11th and 14th centuries, when Westminster Abbey was still surrounded by a forest.

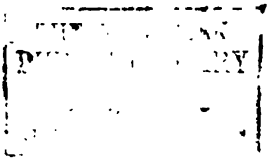
As a specimen of mediæval architecture the most celebrated chapel is that of Henry VII. The latten screen around the tombs of the latter and his queen, is considered a masterpiece of artistic workmanship. In this chapel are to be seen lying side by side the tombs of Bloody Mary, the last Roman Catholic sovereign of England, and Queen Elizabeth; and near by is the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, who was beheaded during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

What a commentary on life's antagonisms!

The last two sculptures are of an inferior order, but probably are true representations of the originals. The poor unfortunate Mary has by far the more noble head, yet she is described as the weaker woman, for she was in the habit of falling in love with "pretty men," but could not control them; while the queenly, sagacious Elizabeth, who was undoubtedly a great monarch and could govern the sterner as well as the weaker sex, has a poor, narrow, pinched-up head, with an abruptly retreating forehead. This seeming phrenological contradiction of the character of the two women may doubtless be easily explained by those thoroughly conversant with the influences brought to bear upon them.

Everybody is interested in the Coronation Chair, which contains the famous "Stone of Scone," on which all Scottish kings had been crowned. Edward the Confessor found this stone in the Abbey of Scone and brought it to England. He replaced the chair surrounding it by another which has been used for coronation purposes from the time of Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria. Scotland made many ineffectual attempts to recover this celebrated stone.

Westminster Abbey, London.



In that part of the Abbey called the Poet's Corner we find many interesting monuments. The tomb of Chaucer, the father of English poets, is here, so is that of Shakespeare, the creator of the true English drama. No royal tomb attracts so much attention as the monuments of these immortal bards.

We left the Abbey with the same feeling of awe and reverence that possessed us on entering it. We felt as if the eyes of the celebrated dead of almost a thousand years were upon us as we gazed in silence and wonder upon their tombs.

In accordance with the promptings of the restoration mania, they have lately commenced to scrape the walls of the Abbey on the outside, so as to show the natural color of the marble. This process weakens the building, and will be followed by only transitory results in the way of beautifying it, for the sooty London fogs will soon spread over it their black mantle of mourning.

The restoration of old buildings seems to be the fashion at present. On our first visit to Venice, in 1881, we had the pleasure of seeing the Doge's and other pălaces in the color that ages of atmospheric changes had pencilled upon their white marble walls. On our return the following year, all was changed. The spirit of renovation had been abroad. Whether for the better is a question of taste.

But London is not Venice. A thousand days of the former's black fog will undo the renovator's work as effectually as a thousand years of Venetian sunshine. However, the foul breath of the steamboats that have lately invaded the watery streets of the latter may soon assimilate her atmosphere to that of London.

There are two legal holidays in London, Sunday and Monday. All places of business are closed on these days, even the drug-stores, or, as called in England, chemist's.

shops. Needing a little medicine for a patient one Monday, I was told that the chemist had gone to the country. It seemed as if almost everybody had followed his example, for the streets were nearly deserted. The shops and restaurants were all closed. There were very few hansoms, cabs, or omnibuses to be seen on the public thoroughfares. In short, the crowd, din, and turmoil of five business days of the week had disappeared like magic. The streets of Pompeii could hardly be more quiet.

The law for Monday holiday, or bank holiday, as it is termed, was made to give more rest to laborers. I am not sure whether it embraces every Monday or only certain Mondays, but it is an unmitigated nuisance, as most of the workmen, although they disappear from the streets, manage to go somewhere to spend their money in drink and are unfit for work even on Tuesday. As we wanted to purchase an outfit of clothing as soon after our arrival in London as possible, we felt seriously inconvenienced by the bank holiday.

It is time perhaps to say that I am not using the first person plural in the same sense as a journalist does, for I did not travel alone, with the exception of three months in Austria and Germany, where I visited the hospitals and medical schools, while the ladies of my party went to Paris to make their purchases preparatory to the return of two of them to America. The "we" during the first year of our travels included two nieces, my eldest daughter, wife, and self. During the second year it meant my own family of six persons. I would say to any person who contemplates a foreign trip, to be sure to go with some pleasant companion if he would wish to make the trip enjoyable. There is nothing so doleful as to wander in a foreign land alone. As there was no impropriety for the young ladies, when chaperoned by my wife, to visit during the day many of the chief objects of

interest in London without my presence, I was at liberty to give my attention to matters appertaining to my profession during the first ten days of our stay. Consequently, while they were passing their time in the fashionable shops, in the picture-galleries, and museums, I was dancing attendance upon the International Medical Congress, of which I shall give a short description in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

BEING a delegate to the International Medical Congress, it became necessary on arriving in London to exhibit my credentials and register my name.

The Congress was formally inaugurated in St. James' Hall by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, on the 3d of August, 1881. There were over thirty-two hundred members present. A larger body of representative medical men from all parts of the world never before convened. The glittering array of stars, crosses, and other decorations worn by many of the Continental representatives, formed a striking contrast with the plain attire of the delegates from the land of the stars and stripes. I would have travelled a thousand miles, if necessary, to have had the opportunity of seeing any one of about five hundred celebrated professors and authors there assembled. Such men, for instance, as Professor Virchow of Berlin; Professors Brown-Séquard, Le Fort, Tarnier, Pasteur, Charcot, and Trélat, of Paris; Professors Erasmus Wilson and Huxley, Dr. Matthew Duncan, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir W. Gull, and Sir Wm. Paget, of London; Professor Esmarch, of Kiel; Dr. Hans Ritter von Hebra, of Vienna; as well as many distinguished physicians and surgeons from our own country.

Besides medical men there were present the Bishop of London, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and many cele-

brated scientists. There were no female delegates. It is said that the Congress was influenced somewhat in excluding females by the known desires of its royal patron, the Queen of England.

Sir William Jenner, the temporary chairman, made a short address, after which the permanent officers were elected; the most important being Sir James Paget as President, and Mr. William (afterwards Sir William) McCormac, General Secretary. After Sir James Paget took his seat as President of the Congress, the Prince of Wales made a very neat and appropriate address, which was listened to with marked attention. Then came the opening address by the President, Sir James Paget, who handled his subject in a classic, dignified, and pleasing manner. He urged upon the Congress the necessity of directing its labors toward the discovery and development of facts rather than toward the enunciation of theories. He also defended the plan that had been adopted, of arranging the subjects to be discussed into appropriate sections, as a time-saving and useful method.

The Congress was in session from the 2d to the 9th of August. There were six general sessions, which were occupied chiefly by addresses from medical orators of great eminence—such as Dr. Féréol, Dr. Billings, Professors Volkmann, Virchow, and Huxley. All the work was done in the fifteen sections. The leading ones—surgery, medicine, and obstetrics—discussed the most interesting and practical subjects. Each speaker was limited to ten minutes, except the readers of papers and those who introduced debates, who were allowed fifteen minutes. The papers, speeches, and addresses had to be either in German, French, or English. The consequence was that whenever a paper in the first language was read in a section, some of the French and English members would leave for some other section, where the discussion hap-

pened to be in a language understood by them. And so in regard to French and English papers, only the members remaining who comprehended the tongue used in the debate. Of course, there were many members who understood all three languages—Dr. Robert Barnes, for example. The French physicians, as a rule, understood only their own language, but many of the Germans were conversant in French or English, and some of them in both. I met at Sir Andrew Clark's dinner one of the German members who had the reputation of understanding eight languages. As there were so many renowned speakers at the sectional meetings, I at first resolved to be only an attentive listener. Calling at the obstetric section one day, I heard a famous professor from Dublin make an assertion in his debate so at variance with my life-long experience that I hoped some one would rebut it, but the hour for debate was nearly exhausted, and no one had done so. At the impulse of the moment I felt that if no one else would protest against such a harmful rule of practice I must, so handing my card to the president of the section, he announced my name as the next speaker. Although inexperienced in public speaking, and my remarks being more or less of an extempore character, I have reason to believe that they were appropriate and well appreciated. There was a rule that every speaker who desired his speech published should, immediately after its delivery, give it in writing to the secretary of the section. As I did not comply with the order, my remarks did not appear in the Transactions of the Congress. The speech of the Dublin professor was so published, shorn, however, of the passage to which I had taken exception. My day of retribution was not far off. Having just published a work on "Modern Midwifery," which was courteously and very favorably reviewed by all the leading medical journals in the United

States and England, especially the *London Medical Times and Gazette* and the *London Lancet*, I was surprised to find an unjust and harsh criticism of it in a Dublin journal. I was afterwards informed that the reviewer was a great friend of the professor.

There were one hundred and nineteen meetings of the sections of the International Medical Congress. The written and spoken communications numbered eight hundred and twenty-four. Most of these were from medical men speaking by authority upon the results of special and original experience. Therefore it is fair to conclude that the Transactions of this Congress will greatly redound to the advancement of the science of medicine.

There were, however, a few hints thrown out in the London newspapers, that the Congress could not accomplish much scientific work because of the numerous distractions thrown around it in the social world of that great city. Had its members responded to all of the many demands made upon their time by the hospitality of the people of the city and the surrounding country, this would have been true, but I think it will be granted that, as a rule, the attendants upon the Congress only answered the social courtesies as means of recreation after hard work in the section-meetings. Besides, it should be remembered that the most important work of the Congress was really accomplished by its members in the preparation of their papers before the actual session, which, however, was the grand motive power. Be this as it may, the members of the Congress will always remember, with feelings of mingled gratitude and pleasure, the hospitalities showered upon them by the people of the greatest city in the world.

The Prince of Wales was present at several of the entertainments given to the meeting—for instance the *con-*

versazione at the South Kensington Museum. All the members and about two thousand other persons were invited to this social gathering. The reception and executive committees of the Royal College of Physicians gave a reception, and the Royal College of Surgeons gave a *conversazione* to the Congress. The latter was also invited to a pyrotechnic display and farewell banquet at the Crystal Palace. With these exceptions, there were no general invitations; but the special ones for a limited number of persons were so numerous and so admirably arranged that every one was entertained to his heart's content.

The Lord Mayor of London gave a banquet to a certain number of the members at the Mansion House, and subsequently a good reception at the Guild Hall. Quite a number of doctors were excluded from the latter because they wore frock coats. There is nothing that offends an Englishman more than for an invited guest to come to his house to dinner or in the evening without a dress coat.

The invitations that afforded me the greatest pleasure were to Sir Trevor Lawrence's charming place, called Burford Lodge, and to the garden party of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Although we had been in London only a week, its mantle of smoke and fog had so obscured the heavens that I longed for country air and sunshine. So the following invitation was accepted with pleasure:

Sir Trevor and Lady Lawrence
request the pleasure of
Prof. R. Glisan's
Company at Burford Lodge, Dorking,
August 7th.
An answer will oblige.

We were directed to take a special train from Victoria Station at 1.30 P.M.

The sky was unusually propitious on the day of our visit. Near Burford Lodge is an eminence called Box Hill, overgrown with beautiful evergreen shrubs and trees and many charming flowers. After partaking of a sumptuous lunch, I, at the suggestion of Sir Trevor's little son, who acted as guide, took a stroll along one of its many meandering paths. On reaching the summit I was delighted with one of the loveliest landscape views to be seen in any country. Stretching out far beneath us for a great distance lay a beautiful valley, threaded by a murmuring brook, whose laughsome waters went rippling and sparkling on beneath the soft rays of the setting sun. One could see for miles around cottages, villas, churches, gardens, green lawns, groves, undulating valleys, and sloping hills, resting in harmonious quietude. The hedge-bordered roads, as they wound through the valleys and over distant hills, increased the charm. What an Eden! Surely Sir Trevor and his charming wife must be happy here.

Young Lawrence and I having gathered a bouquet of wild-flowers, I presented it to his mother on our return as a peace-offering for her son's long absence. In assuring me that she had felt no anxiety concerning him, her mellow voice and courteous manners convinced me that English ladies can be as graceful and charming as those of any other nation.

On the return of the loitering guests a number of complimentary speeches were exchanged, when we took our leave for London. Some of the remarks were gems, others oratorical abortions. A speech in English was attempted by a German, and one by a French, professor. They did remarkably well—especially the latter. The former made a few laughable mistakes, which produced much merriment.

It is doubtful whether an invitation to visit her Majesty the Queen would have given more pleasure to the mem-

bers of the Congress than did that of the Baroness. Only a limited number were invited—probably one hundred and fifty. Her grounds are situated within easy carriage ride of London, and command a fine view of this great city. They are nearly as extensive as Central Park, New York. Of course, the trees are much older and grander than any to be seen in the new artificial parks of the United States. In size they are more like those on Druid Hill, near Baltimore, Maryland.

The Baroness looks quite young for a lady of seventy. Her husband is an American, and about forty years of age. She is the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett. Her fortune, of about fourteen million dollars, was left her in 1837 by the widow of her grandfather, Mr. Thomas Coutts, on condition of her assuming the name of Coutts. Her many charities have given her a world-wide reputation. She was not raised to the peerage until June, 1871.

Most elaborate preparations were made in the way of music and luncheon for the entertainment of her guests. There was only one obstacle to perfect success—the weather. A heavy rain drove every one into the house before the attractions in the garden could be fully enjoyed. The company, on arriving and departing, shook hands with her ladyship and husband. She adroitly warded off all attempts on the part of guests at compliment for the blessings her charities had conferred upon thousands of her race.

On dismissing my hansom I neglected to engage the driver to return for me, partly because I thought a vehicle could be engaged in the village adjoining Holly Lodge. While inquiring of the gate-keeper about a conveyance the carriage of a celebrated London physician was announced. On learning that I had no means of conveyance to the city, the doctor kindly invited me to

take a seat with him. After getting in himself he was seized with a terrible cramp of the leg and foot. His frightened daughter begged me, if it were possible, to relieve her father. I directed him to extend his toes, while I applied friction to the muscles of his calf. In a few minutes the agony was over. It is strange that the doctor had never heard of this simple and sure means of relieving cramps of the leg, feet, and toes. It is a remedy so long known to myself that I cannot remember how I learned it, but I have found it of invaluable service to many sufferers. Not long since a lady who had been a martyr for twenty years to frequent agonizing spasm or cramp in the toes of one of her feet, applied to me for relief. She stated that she had at great expense consulted many physicians without any beneficial results. I frankly informed her that a permanent cure by medication was extremely doubtful, but that she might always find quick temporary relief by the method spoken of above. She tried it with the happiest results.

But to return to my newly made professional acquaintance. The doctor, on reaching his residence, insisted on my going in. After looking at some fine old paintings in his library I took my departure, with a promise to return on the following Wednesday to dine with his family and a few friends. His dinner was not so elaborate as that of Sir Andrew Clark, of Cavendish Square, given to a few members of the Congress the Saturday previous, but I found it quite as enjoyable.

As before stated, all the members of the Medical Congress joined in a parting banquet at the Crystal Palace. This was a very pleasant affair, and will long be remembered by the three thousand doctors there assembled to dissect something more inviting than fell to their lot in anatomical and physiological halls during their student life. The entertainment was of a most excellent charac-

ter, and everybody seemed to be in the highest spirits. The numerous after-dinner speeches were generally excellent of their kind and were universally cheered.

We visited the Crystal Palace several times subsequently, but never under such favorable auspices as on the occasion just mentioned, when extraordinary exertions seemed to have been made to please the visitors. One of the finest features of the evening was a display of fireworks on a most magnificent scale. There were, for example, the "Old Gold Cloud," produced by the discharge of twenty-five 5½-inch shells; the descent of numerous parachutes with stars of changing colors; the monster glowworms; the aërial wheat-sheaf, formed by the flight of 400 rockets; and the fire portraits of Sir William Paget, of London, Professors Charcot, of Paris, and Langenbeck, of Berlin. The portraits were admirable likenesses. The final flight of 1,000 immense rockets in the form of an aërial bouquet was sublimely beautiful. The pyrotechnic display was skilfully combined with an exhibition of water-works from the grand fountains in the palace grounds. After the pyrotechnic and aquatic display we were entertained till a late hour by a grand concert, with music from a powerful organ having 4,568 pipes. I do not know the number of performers engaged in the concert, but the orchestra is capable of seating 4,000 persons and seemed to be full.

After the concert we returned to London, well pleased with the unbounded hospitality that had been extended to the Medical Congress by the citizens of the metropolis of the world.

There has been another session of the Congress since then, in Copenhagen, and we are to have one in Washington City in 1887. It is to be hoped that the latter will be as successful in a social and scientific point of view as the one held in London.

Although my visit to the Crystal Palace under the auspices of the International Medical Congress was my first, it was not my last, for too many interesting things are to be seen there for one to be satisfied with a single inspection. The palace is constructed entirely of glass and iron, and was opened in 1854. The materials of which it is composed were chiefly obtained from the demolished Crystal Palace of the first Exhibition of 1851, located in Hyde Park. The palace is located in Sydenham, south of London, about twenty minutes' ride on the railroad from London Bridge. The two water towers, one at the south and the other at the north end, are not connected with the Hyde Park building. They are 282 feet high. The highest part of the main building is 175 feet. It is about 390 feet wide and 1,500 feet long. It occupies a whole day to walk through the various courts of this immense building and secure a glimpse of the numerous reproductions of the works of art and architecture of ancient and modern times, of the thousands of specimens of the whole range of manufacturing industry, and choice collections of plants from every climate under the sun. Besides the concert hall just mentioned, there is a large theatre situated in the central transept of the building. The southern half of the main structure is devoted to an exhibition of the products of industry, and the northern half to the treasures of art. The entire length of the palace is traversed by a nave some ninety feet in width.

In the division of the building devoted to industry we may see representations of industrial art of every nation, from its infancy in the remote ages of the world to the present era of grand activity and development. In the department of art we may saunter for days through a succession of courts filled with copies of the sculpture, paintings, etc., of all nations, from the time when the Egyptians were the most civilized people on the globe,

until now when the genius of civilization has taken up her abode in other hemispheres, leaving Egypt a monument of the past.

These grand mutations in the affairs of nations make one wonder whether the Caucasian race will forever hold its intellectual supremacy among the divisions of mankind.

The extensive grounds of the palace are charmingly laid out into flower-beds, terraces, lawns, woods, lakes, and fountains. The latter are supplied with water from the tanks on top of the two towers of the palace. They have a total capacity of 12,000 gallons, and are so high that the main fountains are made to throw water to the height of 230 feet. When they are allowed to play in full force, and their hissing jets are tinted with the brilliant colored lights of a grand pyrotechnic display, as was the case on the evening of the festival just alluded to, the effect is magnificent and sublime.

CHAPTER IV.

SIGHT-SEEING IN AND OUT OF LONDON—THE DARK SIDE OF THE METROPOLIS.

SIGHT-SEEING in London and its neighborhood, if one be in a hurry, is the most fatiguing pastime imaginable. As we expected to return to this city several times during our stay abroad, we resolved not to attempt too much on our first visit. We managed to carry out this programme very well except in the picture-galleries, where the junior members of the party insisted on taking elaborate notes. For most of these, after visiting the other great depots of ancient and modern art—Venice, Florence, Rome, Paris, etc., and seeing the originals of many of the copies on exhibition in London, they had no further use. Of course there may be seen in that city many famous original works of art, but her people awakened at too late a day to the proper appreciation of the fine arts to secure the lead in this direction. While they, during the reign of Elizabeth, were being electrified by the genius of poetry, the Italians were luxuriating upon the creations of the pencil of Raphael and Titian and Leonardo da Vinci. These artists are dead, but their conceptions on canvas are almost immortal. If Italy be true to herself she will always retain the masterpieces of these great geniuses as a source of pleasure and profit to herself and for the delight and instruction of mankind. London's enterprise and immense wealth may, however, eventually

make her master of the situation, as she can afford to outbid all other cities for such of these treasures as may from time to time be thrown upon the market. It will take centuries of art culture before her own artists can ever hope to rival the old Italian masters.

Of the many miles of paintings seen by us while abroad, it is curious how few we can recall to our mind when talking of those in any particular gallery. I find that we are not singular in this experience. Shelley is right when he says that "in a picture-gallery you see three hundred pictures you forget, for one you remember." The tourist will learn after visiting even a single city, like London, Paris, Florence, or Rome, that it is just as impossible to study all the pictures he sees as it is to read all of the many thousands of books he may find in a large library. The sooner he arrives at this conclusion the better will it be for his peace of mind. When we first went into the National Gallery, London, we took a general survey of its treasures, but in subsequent visits we found it more instructive to select a few of the masterpieces and study them carefully. It is a disgrace to the proud city to allow such a shabby building as the National Gallery to occupy so desirable a site as the northern side of Trafalgar Square. Fortunately Landseer's noble lions at the foot of Nelson's column, and the beauty of the latter itself, as well as the Church of St. Martin in the Fields, on the east side of the square, absorb so much of the attention of passers-by that they are not apt to notice the Gallery. Its selection of paintings is really very fine. Many of them are considered *chefs-d'œuvre* even when compared with Continental collections. This is especially true of the landscapes of Turner, the strange illustrated sermons of Hogarth, the horses of Rosa Bonheur, and Landseer's dogs.

I can never recall to my mind without a smile, one of

the first pictures beheld on entering the building—that of "Dignity and Impudence," so aptly represented by Sir E. Landseer by a blood-hound and a Scotch terrier looking out of the same kennel. Nor am I less amused when I think of Hogarth's "*Mariage à la Mode;* or, Profligacy in High Life." How different the emotion when I remember the picture by Correggio of "Christ Presented by Pilate to the People"! I almost imagine myself a spectator of the grand and affecting scene. The noble attitude of our Saviour is not marred even by the deepest of human suffering. The grief depicted on the beautiful face of the Virgin, as she falls fainting into the arms of Magdalen, moves one to tears.

"The Sun Rising in a Mist," by J. M. W. Turner, is much admired by visitors. Turner thought so much of his pictures that he could not even see a copy of them carelessly treated without being offended, as is well illustrated by the following authentic anecdote:

Happening one day to pass a print-shop, he noticed in the window a copy of one of the engravings from his famous "Liber Studiorum." The print was in a very dirty, ragged state, and Turner naturally felt aggrieved at seeing the work of his hands in this dilapidated condition. Entering the shop, he asked to see the master, and when the man came forward Turner proceeded at once to blame him in no measured terms for having neglected so valuable a print, and for having allowed it to become so disfigured. The man protested that it was no fault of his, as he did but offer the engraving for sale in the same state in which he had bought it from some other dealer. This did not satisfy Turner, however, and he and the man continued arguing in this fashion for some time, each making the other more angry by contradiction. At last the printseller lost all patience. "Perhaps, sir," he said, "when you have quite finished what you have to say, you

will kindly tell me what you have to do with this engraving, and what business it is of yours whether the print is clean or dirty." "This is what I have to do with it," answered the enraged artist; "it was I who drew the original of that print; my name is Turner, and I did every line of that engraving with my own hand. Now do you wonder that I am angry at seeing my work in so disgraceful a state?" "Indeed, sir," replied the printseller, "so you are the great artist himself. All my life long it has been my wish that I might some day have the good fortune to see Mr. Turner. And now that I have seen him, I sincerely hope that I may never see him any more."

Although from time to time we whiled away many a pleasant hour in the National Gallery, yet as a description of what we enjoyed would prove very tedious to the average reader, we must bid adieu to the productions of many of the noblest artists both ancient and modern, and prepare ourselves for a trip to the royal castle of Windsor.

Consulting the guide-book as to the best day to be shown through it, and the clerk of the weather as to favorable skies, we took an early train from London, and after a delightful ride of about an hour halted at Windsor, the ancient but small town that adjoins the castle. The latter may be seen for many miles around, and at a distance is beautiful and grand, but like the occupant—Queen Victoria—loses much of this charm on closer inspection.

It must not be inferred from this remark that I have had the honor of being presented to her Majesty, so as to judge of her personal charms, for I have only seen her once, and then through a field-glass while she was reviewing the National Volunteers at Edinburgh in the summer of 1881. She was absent during our visit at her English residence. This was fortunate for us so far as it related to seeing the castle, for when she is present only the terraces, stables, chapels, and tower are open to the pub-

lic. Visitors are required to register their names and obtain tickets of admission at a book-store in the town. The next difficulty is to fight your way through an army of guides who surround and persistently persecute you with an offer of their services. Many persons employ these fellows under the impression that they will act as *cicerones* through the various departments of the castle; but all they can do is to show the way to the entrance, when a special warden of the building takes you in hand. After showing you through a number of rooms he will pass you over to another as dignified-looking as himself, who will deal out his explanations in proportion to his anticipated "tip," the measure of which he has gained by a signal from his predecessor as to how he was remunerated for his services. However, he is never impolite, and can misplace his *h*'s with as much urbanity as any other of his station in old England. The castle was erected by William the Conqueror. It is a fortified stronghold with battlemented walls and towers. It has been enlarged and embellished by each successive royal occupant since the time of its erection until it has become an exceedingly large and handsome building. The interior of the castle is divided into an upper and a lower ward of a quadrangular shape. It has thirteen towers, one of which—the large round tower—is a famous piece of architecture, and affords from its top a magnificent view of twelve of the most charming counties of England, as well as the meanderings of the beautiful river Thames as it glides through lovely meads and spire-capped cities to the sea.

I shall enumerate some of the principal rooms through which we were permitted to pass, in order to show what a vast space royalty demands, viz.: King George's Hall; Grand Reception Room; the Throne Room; the Ante-Throne; the Rubens Room, containing a fine collection of this great master's paintings; the Ante-State Room;

Prince Albert Memorial Chapel; St. George's Chapel, named after the patron saint of England, who killed the dragon; the Queen's Audience Chamber; the Queen's Presence Chamber; the Guard Chamber; St. George's Hall; the Grand Vestibule; the Zuccarelli Room; the Waterloo Chamber; and the Vandyke Room. The last contains twenty-two pictures, one half of the number being portraits of Charles I. and his family; the king and Henrietta Maria having seven. In the Waterloo Chamber there are about three dozen full-length portraits of distinguished persons who shared in the great struggle that ended in the downfall of the first Napoleon. No stronger testimony of the latter's greatness is needed than the fact that every man who helped to crush him at Waterloo is revered by his own countrymen. It is amusing to witness the veneration with which every Englishman looks upon the starred and gartered heroes in Waterloo Chamber. The artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence, has immortalized himself in the eyes of his countrymen, even though he has drawn all his heroes' legs according to one model.

The most beautiful feature of Windsor Castle is Prince Albert's Memorial Chapel, an old building, remodelled by Queen Victoria at an expense of about a million dollars. St. George's Chapel is also worth seeing. It is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, having exquisite stained-glass windows, with elaborate designs, and is richly decorated. It contains the remains of several of the kings of England, viz.: Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry VIII., Charles I., George III., George IV., and William IV.

No one should visit the Castle without taking a drive through Long Walk, which extends in a southerly direction through the Great Park—sometimes called the Model Farm and Windsor Park—for about three miles. It is lined on each side by stately old elms, which have witnessed the bloom and decadence of many royal families. To the

left of the walk we get a glimpse of the mausoleum of the Prince Consort and other members of the royal family. It lies half hidden in a lovely shrubbery, surrounded by a grove of gigantic forest-trees. I have seen vast herds of deer on our western plains, but none so large as the one in the royal park of Windsor. There were also many hares, rabbits, grouse, and other animals and birds. While looking at a beautiful pheasant, our admiration was somewhat dulled at seeing it seize a poor little mouse, and carry it off into the bushes. Perhaps it was a deed of charity, to keep the mouse from being run over by passing vehicles, though such an explanation corresponds with one given by the once formidable and blood-thirsty Comanches of the southwestern plains of the United States, massacring a number of negroes who had fled from their masters, and were passing through the Comanche country on their way to Mexico. Being asked why they killed them, they made answer that it was from motives of pity, as the negroes, if left undisturbed, would have starved before reaching their destination.

The Long Walk terminates at Snow Hill, where is a bronze statue of George III., with one hand pointing towards Scotland, which he loved so well. After leaving the southern extremity of the walk, we drove on to a lovely garden, containing a grape-vine eighty-one years old, full of the largest and most luscious-looking grapes that I have ever seen. If the Queen had allowed me the choice of taking a basketful of them or being made a Knight of the Garter, I should have been tempted to have chosen the former, notwithstanding the garter is considered the greatest prize that a European can win. He will peril soul and body for this empty bauble, though it confers neither privilege, power, station, nor wealth, and is no token of merit, character, ability, or courage. Perhaps the reason why it is so coveted, especially by Eng-

lishmen, is that the number of the knights of the Most Noble Order is limited to fifty, composed chiefly of princes and kings, with the English sovereign at its head. St. George's Hall in Windsor Castle is devoted to the commemoration of this ancient order. The names and arms of all its knights from its formation are to be seen on its ceiling and walls.

A few days after the visit to Windsor we paid our respects to Hampton Court. It is situated some fifteen miles from London, on the north bank of the Thames, which flows by it free and pure, as it is not yet contaminated by the filth of the great city a few miles below.

The palace, though not ugly, is yet not beautiful, except when seen from a few points in the distance, such as the heights of Esher, St. George, and Richmond. It is then seen looming up in the midst of an ocean of surrounding foliage. Although it can lay no claim to great antiquity, yet from the time of Henry VIII. to that of George III. it has an historical interest of the greatest importance. No one can visit it without being reminded of Cardinal Wolsey, the last of the Catholic prelates of England, who, born in obscurity, attained power and magnificence superior in many respects to that of the monarch on the throne. Notwithstanding his fondness for ostentatious display, he was a man of great intelligence and rare taste in architecture. The buildings he erected, however, were not for the public benefit, but to subserve his own love for pomp and show. The handsomest part of Hampton Court was built by him so that he might have a place large and royal enough to accommodate his many thousand guests and eight hundred servants. He always spread three grand tables. A priest presided at the first, a knight at the second, and his comptroller at the third. He kept up the same magnificent display when attending term at Westminster Hall or Henry VIII.'s court. His grand

style of life was better suited to the Orient, than to the sober English realm.

Cardinal Wolsey presented Hampton Court to Henry VIII., who made many additions to it and used it as his residence. James I. also spent much of his time there, as did also the unfortunate Charles I., who found it a happy palace and a lonesome prison. Oliver Cromwell too, when he was made lord of Hampton Court, Windsor, and Whitehall, loved to live in the first-named palace; and here he died a miserable wreck of his former self—haunted for months prior to his decease with a fear of death that he had never experienced amid the roar of many battle-fields.

Edward VI. was born in this palace, and here Jane Seymour breathed her last. It was the country residence of William III. It was for a while the home of Queen Anne, and subsequently in succession of George I. and II. The incidents arising from the occupation of the palace by so many of the rulers of England give it an interest not only to the people of England, but to the whole world. Every tourist is delighted at seeing its three famous courts, its quadrangles, its cloisters, its fountains, its galleries, its corridors, its magnificent suites of rooms; its halls and chambers, with their exquisitely grained ceilings and windows, containing quaint armor and weapons of war; its walls ornamented with the masterpieces of Lely, Holbein, West, and the cartoons of Raphael. As in Windsor Castle, there are many portraits among the pictures. Those of the beauties of Charles the Second's court attract much attention, but are pronounced by many critics inferior specimens of art. Queen Victoria, in the second year of her reign, dedicated Hampton Court palace and its adjacent parks to the public forever. It is the most popular resort for the people in England. As many as fifty thousand persons have paid it a visit in a

single day. In fact, the palace and its grounds are generally so crowded on holidays, that it is not pleasant for strangers, unless they desire to see the visitors rather than the building and its surroundings.

The lawns and gardens around the palace are charming. There are many beds filled with flowers and plants of richly colored leaves, arranged with much taste and skill. The largest grape-vine in the world is to be seen here. Its stem has a circumference of thirty inches. It is said to be one hundred and thirteen years old. Its grapes were not so large and luscious-looking as those seen at Windsor; probably because the vine is not so carefully pruned and cared for as that at the latter place.

The merry laugh of children attracted us to the "Maze" close by the Hampton palace. It is a wonderful labyrinth of walks through hedges of hornbeam planted by William III. We joined in the sport, but soon found ourselves so bewildered that we were glad to ask the assistance of a guide to show us the way out again. To "thread the maze" is a favorite sport with visitors, particularly the English.

There are many shady promenades in the palace gardens, but none more lovely than Queen Anne's Bower, which is a charming retreat for lovers.

The grounds adjoining the palace are called Hampton Court Park and Gardens, which are separated by a public road from the famous Bushy Park. The latter contains eleven thousand acres, through the centre of which extends a broad avenue lined on each side with five parallel rows of gigantic horse-chestnut trees several centuries old. They were in blossom when we were there, and I think that I have never seen any thing more beautiful. The horse-chestnut is a favorite shade-tree all over Europe, especially in Austria and France. Paris has many of them in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and is constantly

planting more. The whole length of the avenue will soon be lined with them. They will have to be removed before they attain any thing like the size of those in Bushy Park, or they will cause destruction of property and life on being blown down. A severe storm, a few months prior to our visit to the park, had levelled to the ground a large number of the tallest trees. Young ones were being transplanted in their stead. Two hundred years hence these may look as majestically beautiful to some future visitors as the giant ones pointing their lofty branches to the heavens did to us as we drove from Richmond to the palace.

No city has been so reckless of her old historic monuments as London; yet, strange to say, she has spared one building—the Tower—that has been longer in continuous service of the crown or government than any other of its kind in the world. This venerable old pile has been either a palace, prison, fortress, treasure-house, or seat of government for nearly nine hundred years. It is more widely known as a prison. At present it is used as an arsenal and fortress. It is situated east of the city, that is, outside of the ancient city walls, but of course in London, on the bank of the Thames. It is rather a mean and uninteresting-looking building, but attracts visitors on account of its wonderful history. When that part of it called the White Tower was first erected, no such countries as Spain, Germany, or France were known. It had centuries of romantic, wild, cruel, and despotic history before even the Vatican of Rome was erected. The races who raised the Kremlin in Russia and the Escurial in Spain were wandering herdsmen or robbers on the plains of Asia when the Tower was a palace for the most powerful rulers in Europe. It has not the fairy beauty of the Doge's palace of Venice, but has a much earlier history, and has outlived it in usefulness to the government. The

Conciergerie of Paris is the only building in Europe, not a ruin, that possesses an historic interest approaching that of the Tower of London. Visitors are no longer required to employ a yeoman of the guard to guide them through the building, but may inspect it alone. They are obliged to follow a prescribed round, and are not permitted to return by the same route they entered. The wardens, who are old meritorious soldiers, have in consequence of this new order lost their chance of picking up a good many shillings from visitors. They are stationed in various parts of the building, but are very chary of giving information unless a "tip" is quietly dropped into their palms.

The Tower of London is a very irregular mass of buildings surrounded by a strong wall and deep moat, which at present contains no water. It has several towers, the most ancient one being called the White Tower or Keep. The latter was erected by William the Conqueror in 1078. On its second floor is the Chapel of St. John, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in England. But its chief characteristics to the professional eye are massiveness, strength, and deficiency of light. Although stripped of furniture and no longer used for service, the visitor, remembering the sanctity of the place, involuntarily uncovers his head. The immense thickness of the walls of the White Tower was enough to discourage the stoutest-hearted prisoner from attempting an escape by working through them. It was in this tower that Richard II., in 1399, abdicated in favor of Henry of Bolingbroke. It was here also that Prince James of Scotland was imprisoned in 1405. Most of its rooms are at present used as an arsenal. There are enough rifles and other small-arms here to equip a hundred thousand men. It is curious to notice the various fanciful shapes in which these arms are stacked. There are roses, passion flowers,

and sunflowers composed of pistols, sword-blades, and other small weapons; the rising sun made of bayonets and the springs of ramrods. On one of the ceilings is the "Prince of Wales' Wedding Cake." It is made of various arms and is really a most charming ornament. Adjoining the White Tower is a gallery, built in 1826, called the Horse Armory, in the centre of which is a row of twenty-two equestrian figures in full equipment, showing the kinds of armor used by horse-troops or dragoons from the time of Edward I., in the thirteenth century, to James II., in the latter part of the seventeenth century. All kinds of ancient armor are to be found in this room, many of them being trophies of war.

One acquires an excellent idea of the gay paraphernalia of war as he looks upon the shining trappings of infantry and horsemen as they were accoutred in the middle ages, when war was not only the amusement but the chief business of rulers and their people. He gains an idea of its horrors also, as he gazes upon the vast array of death-dealing instruments and bullet-riddled flags displayed for the edification of the curious.

In the Wakefield Tower we saw the Crown Jewels or Regalia, valued at £3,000,000. These articles are exhibited in a glass case strongly guarded, and are all genuine except the Koh-i-Noor diamond, which is only a model, the original being at Windsor Castle. This celebrated stone weighs 162 carats, and is one of the largest diamonds known. The English obtained it in 1849 on their conquest of the Punjâb. Among the many jewels in the Regalia, Queen Victoria's crown, a masterpiece of the modern goldsmith's art, attracts the most attention. It contains nearly three thousand diamonds.

I have been led to speak of the White Tower because of its great age, and of the Crown Jewels because they were among the first things shown us; but there are so

many historical reminiscences in the various parts of the Tower of London that it is difficult to find space for even a general allusion to the most important of them. Only the great were imprisoned in the Tower, and only the chief of these, such as queens and others of high rank, suffered death here. Prisoners of lesser rank were executed on Tower Hill, a large plot of open ground near the Tower of London. The favorite mode of executing prisoners was upon the block. The one on which Lords Kilmarnoch, Lovat, and Balmerino were beheaded after the rebellion of 1745, and the accompanying executioner's mask and horrid axe are to be seen in one of the rooms of the Tower. To the credit of England, however, there are not many instruments of torture preserved in this wonderful building. There are to be seen only a few collars, thumbscrews, and chains, and a model of the cruel rack. We saw in the Bloody Tower the place where the sons of Edward IV. were supposed to have been murdered by the order of Richard III.; in the Brick Tower the prison-room of Lady Jane Grey; in the Bell Tower the dungeon of Princess Elizabeth, who was imprisoned by her sister Queen Mary; and in the Bowyer Tower the place where the Duke of Clarence, the brother of Edward IV., is said to have been drowned in a butt of malmsey.

Sir Walter Raleigh underwent his first imprisonment by Queen Elizabeth in the Brick Tower for the crime of seduction, and was kept there until he married the maid of honor whom he had seduced. His third and last imprisonment was here also.

There is so much of the history of England crowded within the portals of the Tower of London, where every stone is a chapter, every room a volume, and every tower a library, that one well versed in the past of this eventful nation may read its minutest parts with the most intense interest. But ordinary travellers like ourselves could not

be expected to study its history with such absorbing attention. Still, some of our party were sufficiently interested to make a subsequent visit on our return to London two years later.

On the 17th of August we left the rain and smoke of the metropolis for the sunshine of the charming Isle of Wight, off the south coast of England, and about eighty miles from London. The train took us to the old town of Portsmouth, where we crossed a part of the English Channel, called the Roadstead of Spithead, to Ryde. The railway passed Box Hill, where I had spent such a pleasant day at Sir Trevor Lawrence's the week previous, and thence on over the beautiful country of South England. In steaming out of the harbor of Portsmouth, we saw lying off Gosport the "Victory," so famous as the vessel on which Lord Nelson fought his last fight and gained his last victory. We also had the pleasure of witnessing, just outside of the harbor, a regatta, reviewed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess and royal retinue, in a yacht. The pier at Ryde, on which we landed, extends about five hundred yards into the water. Ryde is a thriving, pleasant-looking town, of some 17,000 inhabitants, having very steep streets, at the summit of which one has a fine view of the roadstead of Spithead and the Solent and surrounding fortified heights. It is one of the most agreeable and fashionable watering-places in the south of England. We took a train for Newport, the capital of the Isle of Wight. The latter town was the "new port" of Carisbrooke, hence the name. Our chief object in going to Newport was to visit the ruins of the famous old Carisbrooke Castle, on a neighboring hill. At the time of our visit to this wonderful old ruin, we had not seen many of the ancient castles of Great Britain, or of the Continent, but after an inspection of the most of them, we came to the conclusion that for pictur-

esqueness of location and preservation of original character, Carisbrooke is second to none but the Heidelberg Schloss. From the top of the ruins of this stronghold, which crowns the summit of a steep hill about a mile from Newport, there is a view of the surrounding landscape, surpassing in loveliness all other sites in the garden land of England. The ancient lord of the island, who resided here, could take in at a glance almost every thing going on in or around his dominion. The earliest building was of Saxon origin, but the oldest existing part of the present ruin, the keep, was erected by the Normans. The chief portions of the remainder of the building date back to the thirteenth century. Crossing the moat on a stone bridge, one enters a gateway, arched between two towers and closed by two massive doors, and finds himself in a large grassy court-yard. He may next either ascend to the top and walk around the crumbling old walls and enjoy the landscape view, or proceed to the old well and see water drawn up from the depth of about one hundred and sixty feet by a donkey's treading on the inside of a large windlass wheel, or mount at once to the suite of rooms where Charles I. was kept in captivity for nearly a year before his execution. We were shown the window through which he endeavored to make his escape, and would have succeeded could his body have followed his head, as he had asserted it would when the programme was arranged for his deliverance. Horses were in readiness near the castle to convey the king to a vessel on the shore, when a faithful royalist made a signal for him to start. But alas, that fatal little window would only let his head escape, while it held his body so tightly, that for a while he could not even draw himself back into his prison. After the execution of the king, his son Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, were imprisoned in the castle. She was only thirteen years old

when her father died, having left some months previously with his dear daughter a loving message to her mother, and a Bible which made a pillow for the bereaved child as she passed from earth to heaven, nineteen months after her father was beheaded.

At the village of Carisbrooke, not far from the castle, we were shown a part of an old Roman villa unearthed in 1859. Although there was not much to be seen besides the outlines of the basement and its tessellated floors, we were much pleased at this first sight of an ancient Roman ruin.

From Newport we took the train for Shanklin, where we spent the night. Next morning I complimented the landlady upon the pleasantness of her hotel and the beauties of the town as an extensive watering-place, and was surprised to learn that she was discontented and desired to remove to a newer country where she might make more money. Her inquiries concerning Oregon were many. Of course I recommended my State, but cautioned her not to give up without careful consideration an old and pleasant home for the trials and uncertainties of life in a new country so distant from mother England. We engaged at Shanklin a "trap," or carriage, to convey us to Ventnor, and give us abundant time to walk through the Shanklin chine, or ravine, and the landslip, on the route. The former, with its precipitous sides covered with charming trees and wild-flowers, is certainly a very lovely place. But we could not refrain from a smile when the English *cicerone* pointed with pride to what he was pleased to term its splendid waterfall—the playful dashing of a diminutive brook. That poor fellow would grow mad with excitement at the first sight of a genuine American cascade or fall.

The landslip, a little further on, is simply a slide of a very large segment of the island into the channel, leaving

a bluff bank at the breaking point several hundred feet high.

At Ventnor we changed carriages for Newport, stopping on the way to see the Blackgang chine. This is an irregular opening in the rocks, extending from the beach to a height of over five hundred feet. St. Catharine's Hill near by is much higher, and commands a magnificent view of sea and land.

Shortly after leaving Blackgang we observed the road spanned at various points with numerous flags. The houses and lawns also for several miles were decorated with the same evidences of some charming festivity. We learned that it was in honor of the marriage of the daughter of the rector of the parish. We returned to London much pleased with our excursion to the Isle of Wight.

Through the courtesy of our minister to the Court of St. James, Mr. Lowell, and the Earl of Levin and Melville, I had the opportunity of making several visits to the Houses of Parliament during our sojourn in Europe. I should have liked to take my lady friends with me, but women are not admitted in the visitors' gallery of the House of Lords during the session. The families of peers are admitted into a private gallery. There are seats at the rear of the main floor, where members of the House have a right to seat a few ladies, if accompanied by one of themselves. The rule is not quite so rigid in the House of Commons, but it is even difficult to secure admission for ladies there, except when the House is not sitting. The ladies of our party, were, however, fortunate in being shown the Lower House and the libraries of both Houses by a member from Leeds, Mr. John Baron, who stated that he did so as a compliment to Americans, who had once shown a great deal of kindness to his two sons when on a tour through the United States.

At my first visit to the Upper House I had the pleasure

of hearing an exciting debate upon the Irish Land Bill, participated in by Lord Carlingford, the Earl of Cairns, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Waterford, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Dunraven, the Earl of Kimberly, and other distinguished speakers. During the debate I attempted to make a few notes of the personal appearance of the members, but was prohibited from so doing by an officer in the gallery. I heard afterwards that no one but the proper clerks of the House and newspaper reporters had the privilege of taking notes of the proceedings, or of any thing connected therewith. I never saw such a host of reporters as were present on that occasion. The discussions, though of an exciting nature, were conducted with the utmost decorum. In fact the gravity of the speakers was too great to suit the taste of Americans, who are accustomed to more fire and vehemence in political debates of all kinds, especially in the halls of Congress. During a friend's visit there a few years ago he wrote me concerning the charming manner or style of discussions in the House of Lords, but another equally observing person stated that the halting, hesitating method of speaking by the peers was insufferably tedious. My friend must have been particularly fortunate, and the other visitor very unfortunate in the speakers heard. While peers are more courteous and gentlemanly in their bearing towards each other than senators of the United States, their style and eloquence are by no means superior. I presume that I was not lucky in hearing their best speakers, but such as I did hear would not for a moment bear a favorable comparison with Clay, Calhoun, or Webster, whom I heard in 1850, in the Senate of the United States, upon the last great Compromise Bill introduced by the former. The Marquis of Salisbury is the greatest orator in the House of Lords, and perhaps in Parliament. He is handsome

and commanding in appearance, and always commands the greatest attention when speaking. His speech is generally delivered in a quiet conversational manner, but is replete with sentences that rasp the heart-strings of his opponents. His victims often quail beneath his powerful and direct thrusts. Either personally or politically he is the most prominent man in the House of Peers, and I considered myself extremely fortunate in hearing him exert his full powers in the debate on the Land Bill, in which he was opposed to Mr. Gladstone's measures to quiet Ireland at the expense of the landowners.

As a rule, great orators are to be sought in the House of Commons rather than in the House of Peers. The latter has produced no such eloquence as once fell from the lips of Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke, Grattan, and Canning. Debates in Parliament and in the Congress of the United States have in these latter days lost much of their interest, because the press nearly always takes hold of the questions of the day and exhausts them before the legislators have a chance to expound their views upon the subject. The House of Peers is becoming very unpopular in England. Radical demonstrations for its abolition are constantly being held. Only lately a meeting of one hundred thousand people was held in Hyde Park, and resolutions were passed that the House of Lords is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished. An immense procession marched through the principal streets of London displaying banners with such inscriptions as "The Lords are opponents of civil and religious liberty, and must be abolished," and "Down with the Lords." As the procession passed the head-quarters of the many conservative clubs at the aristocratic or west end of the city, it raised a groan which was any thing but soothing to the nerves of their occupants.

The chief points that John Bright and other leading Radicals make against the peers are that their rank and wealth are inherited and not acquired by any acts of personal merit; that they own about one fifth of all the land in the United Kingdom; that they are possessors of over four thousand livings of the Church of England; that they manage to monopolize the office of lord-lieutenants of counties, and as such to have the appointment of nearly all the county magistrates; that there are entire counties in which the representation is wholly under the control of two or three peers of the realm; that they are not taxed so heavily as small land-owners. Many believe that, chiefly owing to the animosity of the people against the peers, England is almost ready for another revolution. The Prince of Wales has been reported as saying that he would be the last king of Great Britain. His great popularity may enable him to steer the royal ship clear of shoals, but he must exercise great vigilance and wisdom, for breakers are not far ahead.

The statues of Chatham, Fox, and other celebrated orators just alluded to, are to be seen among those of Mansfield, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Clarendon, and others in St. Stephen's Hall, which occupies the site of the old House of Commons. The House of Lords is dimly lighted. The seats for its two hundred and thirty-five members are placed longitudinally, those for the government side being arranged to the right of the throne, and the opposition to the left of the same. The woolsack, where the Lord Chancellor reads prayers at the opening of the debates, is situated near the centre of the House. At the opening of Parliament the Prince of Wales sits here to hear the Queen read her speech.

Although the House of Lords is only forty-five feet by one hundred feet, the House of Commons is still smaller. The two divisions, however, occupy but a small part of

the Houses of Parliament, or New Palace of Westminster, which contains in all eleven courts and eleven hundred apartments. This building was finished in 1859, upon the site of the old palace, which was burned down in 1834. Unlike its predecessor, it has never been used as a royal residence. Its outside is built of magnesian limestone, pretty but not very durable, and the interior of Caen stone. It is considered to be one of the largest gothic structures in the world. It has several towers, the Clock and Victoria Towers being the most imposing, the height of the former being three hundred and twenty feet and that of the latter three hundred and thirty-six feet.

The old and famous Westminster Hall forms a vestibule to the two Houses of Parliament. It is seventy-four by two hundred and seventy feet, and has been the scene of more tragic events than any other building in England, except perhaps the Tower. Not the least of these occurrences was the effort made January 24, 1885, to blow up this old hall, together with the House of Commons, with dynamite. Both were seriously damaged. On the same day, and about the same time, the White Tower, the most celebrated portion of the London Tower, was seriously injured by a dynamite explosion. It is awful to think of the harm that may be accomplished by this agent when in the hands of malicious persons.

It was in this celebrated hall that in 1535, when Sir Thomas More received his sentence of death, his son rushed past the guards and clasping his father in his arms begged permission to die with him. Here the unhappy Charles I. was tried and condemned. He watched his trial and listened to his sentence with great calmness and resignation, and only gave way to emotion when his request, after the reading of the sentence, to make a few remarks, was denied him by Bradshaw, the Lord President. He then exclaimed: "I am not suffered to speak.

Expect what justice other people will have." As he was going out, a sympathizing soldier who asked his blessing was rudely struck down to the floor by an officer. The king remarked: "Methinks, sir, the punishment exceeds the offence." This was Charles the First's last appearance at Westminster Hall. He shortly afterwards met his fate in front of his own palace. Not long subsequently Cromwell was made Protector of the Commonwealth of England. Under his stern rule the three kingdoms were united, and England became the most formidable power in the world. Cromwell was more powerful than a king, and the people and Parliament would in the zenith of his civil and military fame have made him king had it not been known that the army was opposed to such an act. At his death his body was borne through the street, with far more pomp than had ever been displayed at royal funerals, to rest among the English sovereigns in Westminster Abbey. But in the short period of fifteen months it was torn from its magnificent tomb and suspended from the gallows at Tyburn, and his head was hung on the high gable of the roof of Westminster Hall, over the place where he was seated during the trial of Charles the First, and there it was suffered to remain for thirty years, when its oaken stick support, being weakened by a worm, gave way and let its ghastly load tumble to the ground. It was secreted by the sentry, but found in his house after his death, and sold for exhibition. A distant relative of Cromwell subsequently purchased it, and finally a descendant of the Lord Protector got possession of it and still holds it.

The name of Cromwell is revered by a large class of people, both in England and America, but it is odious to all lovers of the Established Government of Great Britain.

It was also in Westminster Hall that the remarkable

trial of Warren Hastings for alleged misgovernment in India occurred. He was, in February, 1788, impeached at the bar of the House of Peers by the House of Commons. The array of legal talent employed by the defendant was remarkable for learning and eloquence; but the prosecution attracted most attention, as it was conducted by more famous speakers than had ever appeared together since the Athenian era. Among them were Sheridan, Fox, and Burke. The opening speech of the last was so full of energy and pathos that the vast audience was worked up to a pitch of uncontrollable emotion. Many of the ladies became hysterical, and some went into convulsions. Numerous trials of men of rank and high position had taken place in Westminster Hall, but that of Warren Hastings was the most imposing of them all. Westminster Hall has witnessed the inauguration of more than thirty kings, but these, and other similar events, seem insignificent when compared to the great legal encounters that have occurred there from the middle ages until our time. Although it is no longer the forum for the display of legal lore and eloquence, Great Britain and America have reason to be thankful for the many principles of law obtained from this fountain-head.

Allusion was made a few pages back to a monster Radical demonstration held in Hyde Park. The latter is the principal recreation ground of London, but has been much used of late for political meetings by the opponents of the Conservatists, and for open-air revivals by certain classes of Christians. It is the largest and most famous of a succession of handsome parks extending from the vicinity of Westminster Abbey in a northwesterly direction through the west end of London. It has an area of four hundred acres, and is joined on the northwest by Kensington Gardens, which contain three hundred and sixty acres. It has a pretty artificial lake, broad lawns,

and well-paved roads shaded with venerable trees several centuries old. Representatives from all grades of society are to be seen here, but it is more popular with the rich than with the poor. It is here, during "the season," that the aristocracy of the west end turn out on their noble horses and in their fine carriages. Although there are many fine "rides" and "drives" in the park, the representatives of rank, wealth, and fashion confine themselves to two—the "Rotten Row" for equestrians, and "the Queen's Drive" for carriages. The fashionable hour for riding is from twelve to two, and for driving, from five to seven P.M., and the fashionable season is June, when Parliament is in session and "everybody" is in town. If the session of Parliament happens to be prolonged into August, as it was during our first visit to London, then the rank and fashion not only of London, but of all parts of the United Kingdom, and indeed of all parts of the world, continue in the city. The most magnificent display of wealth and rank that we witnessed in the Park was in June, 1883. We then saw the Prince of Wales' family on horseback. His children are fine riders, and so indeed are all English ladies and gentlemen who visit this famous place. Their horses are superb. It was a great pleasure to see so many noble, slender, thoroughbred horses, with nimble feet, dash along the smooth road in perfect submission to their graceful and expert riders. The carriages in the drive are frequently so numerous that they have to be marshalled into six columns—three going in one direction, the other three in the opposite direction—all in a walk. The long procession of carriages with princes, and dukes, and marquises, and earls, and lords, and ladies of wealth, rank, beauty, and power, surpasses in pomp any thing of the kind to be seen elsewhere in the world. Such a sight is not obtainable even in the gay Prater of Vienna, or in

the Champs Elysées, or the Bois de Boulogne of that gayest of all cities—Paris. The park is open to carriages but not to cabs. If a visitor desires a drive in the park he has to hire an expensive two-horse carriage, with a coachman in livery. Of course the ladies of our party had to be gratified with a few fashionable drives, but I enjoyed myself more in going through the park and the adjoining pleasant and picturesque Kensington Gardens, on foot, with my children and their friends, when we could lounge around under the shady old trees or skim the Serpentine Lake in a boat at our leisure.

Among the many notable things in and around the park, space permits the mention of but two or three, among which is the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington at Hyde Park Corner, near Apsley House, so long his London residence. Opposite the grand entrance at Hyde Park Corner is a colossal statue of Achilles, erected in honor of the grand duke and his fellow-heroes from the metal of cannon taken at Salamanca, Toulouse, Vittoria, and Waterloo. The Albert National Memorial, at the south end of the park, erected by Queen Victoria in honor of the Prince Consort, is a beautiful structure. The prince is represented in a sitting posture. The pedestal of his monument is decorated with numerous figures in high relief, of great sculptors, musicians, and painters. The denizens of the great city of London are fortunate in having these and many other large breathing-places in their midst. If they had not, it would seem as if all would die of suffocation. It is a wonder they do not anyhow, when visited with one of those dreadful black fogs. I do not mean the fogs that mantle the city so frequently at certain seasons—especially in November,—but the monster that comes only occasionally, about which I shall have something to say further on.

Contrasting with the brightness of London gayety and

wealth, is its natural gloom, and the shadow of its poverty and vice.

As London grows its fogs become thicker. If this rule continues to hold good, the citizens of this vast wilderness of human beings must some day in the not distant future expect to die from asphyxia, as the fog is not wholly composed of moisture, but a combination of this, and soot and smoke, and much increase in its density will make it perfectly intolerable. Even now it is occasionally so thick that when it settles upon the city every thing in the streets has to stop. One may find himself standing still on the sidewalk, unable to move without jostling against people as bewildered as himself. It is related that during the great fog of January 31, 1880, a shrewd fellow, stumbling against a befogged policeman, lifted his cane and knocked off the latter's helmet, whereupon the outraged member of the municipal force observed: "Come, now, what do you mean?" "I wish to be arrested," replied the stranger. "Taken up! why, what for?" "Because I want to get out of this fog, and I know if you arrest me I will at least get a fire and a bed. Now, take me up, or I will report you for neglect of duty."

On that night the audiences of theatres and other places of amusement were unable to find their way home, but wandered in the streets until daybreak. Omnibuses and cabs floundered on the pavements, and in many cases had to halt until the fog demon began to vanish.

On occasions of this kind persons may sometimes find their way by employing a guide with a link torch. But this is not always safe, as he may be led into some out-of-the-way place and robbed. A lady acquaintance told me that she was once caught in one of these black fogs, when she employed a guide to light her home, but suspecting that he was trying to play some foul trick upon her, she suddenly fled into a surgeon's office, which she recognized

by its red light through the transom of the front door, and there remained until the fog disappeared, when the surgeon sent her to her apartments in his own carriage.

The fogs are occasionally so inky black that gas lamps and torches are of no earthly use to anybody. The sounds of the streets are only ghostly echoes, or muffled, as if the pavement were covered with a carpet of snow. These fogs do not choke an acclimatized Londoner as much as they do strangers, but he dreads them nevertheless, as they impede his progress in his daily rounds of business or pleasure. Unfortunately they are most frequent at that season of the year when the temperature is low, especially in November, December, and January.

A December fog may come as a low-lying mist, lifting its mantle a little as the sun rises, and settling in tops of trees, where nothing but a strong northwest wind can drive it away. Or after rising a little it may obstinately settle down again and blockade every avenue of sight or locomotion. If out-of-doors, one becomes chilled to the bones, and had much better be in a vault or a catacomb, for the gloom would be no greater and the dampness less. Dewdrops become pendent on buildings, trees, plants, leaves, and flowers, and tumble down upon you without mercy. As the temperature grows colder, the fog may thin itself enough for you to see that the tops of gates are no longer wet, but covered over with a fine white powder, the shrubs and trees assume a grayish hue, and the late hanging dewdrops have suddenly been transformed into pearls. But the latter gleam not, for there is not upon them the smallest ray of sunshine. The ground becomes hard, the violets and laurels are encased in an armor of ice. All the birds are supremely wretched, especially the rooks and jackdaws. Even the sparrows, usually so saucy and jolly, give up love-making and quarrelling, and hop about in a mood of utter misery and disconsolateness. If a person

is so fortunate as to reach his apartments and find a good coal fire blazing in the grate, and something warm to eat and drink, the horrid experience of discomfort through which he has just passed, gives way to a sense of real pleasure. But if, on the contrary, there be none of these comforts awaiting him, he may just as well face the fog demon out in the street as in doors, for he is as much at his mercy in one place as in the other. A hundred million pounds sterling awaits the man who can invent a machine for extinguishing a London fog.

The tourist who wanders along the crowded business streets of London during business hours, and into its banks, particularly the Bank of England, into the Royal Exchange, and the great commercial houses, where centre the trade of the world, or into Hyde Park during the season when Rotten Row and the Queen's Drive are thronged with the representations of the wealth, rank, and fashion of every part of the earth, might be led to believe that there are no poor in the great city. But let him turn into another quarter of London, where the houses are old and dingy and the streets narrow, where he will see thousands of haggard and ragged children playing in foul-smelling gutters; gaunt, miserably-dressed and often besotted mothers and fathers sitting on dirty steps or reeling along the sidewalks; fierce, tiger-looking men ready to spring upon him when the slightest chance of robbing presents itself; or deft-fingered pickpockets, who can relieve him of his watch or pocket-book in the twinkling of an eye. Let him wend his way through narrow passages and dark, ill-smelling alleys, if he can by any possibility do so without being jostled by the wretched, ragged creatures that crowd the way; let him ascend the stairs of almost any of the tall houses that line the street and examine, as he goes from story to story, each worse than the last, the apartments of its inmates.

The rooms are too dark and the odors too offensive for an exact census, but it may be ascertained that each little eight-by-ten-foot room contains from three to a dozen miserable human beings of both sexes living in a common herd. What can such filthy and squalid creatures know of decency, refinement, or the happiness of life? Can such hunger and wretchedness produce any thing but cankers upon society? If a nursling of this hot-bed of vice escape in a measure its foul contaminations and grow up like a flower in a dunghill, the stony hearts of the jostling crowd in the streets too often drive him or her back to the old haunts, or to suicide. These excrescences of civilization rarely rise above their peers, but continue to doze and fight away their miserable existence in their dens by day, and swarm in the gin-shops and low brothels at night. This is a picture only of the degraded poor of London—their number is great.

There is a larger class of respectable poor who find it almost impossible to earn a comfortable living. The tenements in which they live are usually shockingly crowded, and their supply of the necessaries of life very scant. This condition of things, in spite of many laudable attempts at remedy, has been growing worse from year to year. Owing in part to the fact that many of the old houses where they have been in the habit of living in a crowded condition have been removed and blocks of offices and warehouses have been reared instead, the poor have to crowd closer than ever in the old rookeries that remain, or in small wooden rooms built on props in the backyards. They cannot go out into the suburbs as they could if living in a smaller city, for they have to be in the workshops or in the markets too early to live far away. Or if employed in the jobbing trades, it is still more necessary to be close at hand. The natural consequence of their being thus compelled to live in a certain

district is the necessity of paying the competition price for their lodgings. Hence much of their earnings has to go to the landlord for rent, leaving in most cases hardly enough to buy sufficient poor clothing and food to sustain them. Even the better class of poor who have employment in the city cannot afford to live in the suburbs, because they have to sacrifice too much of their rest and sleep in traveling by railway in going home and returning next morning to their work. Besides this inconvenience, their railroad fare, and an occasional dinner in town, when added to the cheaper rent in the suburb, practically make it more costly in the long run than a high rent close to their work in town. The fact is that the earnings of even the higher class of poor laborers in London are rarely sufficient to keep them supplied with the necessaries of life. No wonder then that so many of the half-starved girls of these people are led into temptations that promise for them at first a life of comparative ease and luxury, but which soon ends in the most degraded misery, shame, and death.

Although the English people as a nation are second to none as regards morality, yet a stranger who chances to be caught out late at night in some of the most busy thoroughfares of London would hardly believe it. In truth the exhibitions of profligacy and vice on the Strand, Waterloo Place, Haymarket, Piccadilly, Regent, and Oxford streets during many hours of the night and even of the day are so shocking that decent London people are often led to avoid them, but as many of the best shops and places of amusement are located in these thoroughfares, strangers have an opportunity, willingly or unwillingly, to see in this section of London a greater public display of vice than in any other Christian city in the world. It would appear too, from recent exposures made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the character and amount

of hidden immorality existing in this great metropolis is perfectly appalling. It seems strange that a city so full of wickedness can assume, as London does, such a rigid religious air on Sunday. The majority of her citizens respect the Sabbath and attend church, and, excepting the period just before and just after the hour for church, when the congregations are going and returning from divine services, the city is as quiet and well-behaved as a New England village. All places of business are closed, even the saloons and restaurants, and the vast bustling crowds of the week have entirely disappeared from the streets, and nobody seems to know whither they have taken their flight. Returning to the subject of street immorality, I may relate that during our first visit to London I accepted an invitation to dinner at the house of a medical gentleman in the West End, some three miles from our hotel. Neglecting to request the coachman who drove me thither to return later in the evening, and not finding any vehicle when ready to go home, I concluded to walk until I could find one. Exhilarated by the fresh air, and the night being so clear and beautiful, I deemed it more conducive to health to walk than to ride home. Having gone in a westerly direction from my hotel, I very naturally took an easterly one in order to return. Frequently while abroad I found my way through the streets of large cities, when the sky was obscured with smoke, fog, or clouds, by the use of a small compass. Under similar conditions on the plains of America I have steered my course by noticing the direction which the leaves of a compass plant pointed; or, when in a forest, observed on which side of the trees the moss grew, but with a clear sky I could always get my bearings from the sun during the day, and by the stars at night. Thus in the great wilderness of London, on the night to which allusion has just been made, I found my way by noting the position of the north star, and headed for Trafalgar Square.

Of course I could not move in a direct line, as every portion of the way was improved with buildings, but had to tack about from street to street, like a vessel sailing against the wind at sea, until reaching my destination. In order to avoid disagreeable streets I selected those most brilliantly lighted. I thus ignorantly chose the very ones, as I afterwards learned, most noted for a display of profligacy—such as Oxford and Regent streets, which were crowded with unchaperoned, handsomely dressed women, some of whom were young and pretty.

If I ventured to look toward one of them, and often when I did not, she was sure to speak to me, and if I declined to stop for a conversation, she would accompany me for a short distance and request me to treat her to some wine or escort her home. As a rule it was easy to recognize the character of these women, but I was a little puzzled for a while in regard to one of them. She was dressed in a becomingly modest style and possessed intelligent, beautiful features. She accosted me in a soft, musical-toned voice, and said that she was lately married, and that she and her husband had come to London to spend a few months; that he had been suddenly called away that evening on important business, and that he permitted her to accompany him to the railroad station under a promise from her to return home, on the departure of the train, in the cab that brought them to the station. That she missed the vehicle and was afraid to engage any other. She then asked me to be so kind as to see her home. I told her that it would be impossible, but that I would request a policeman to do so; that the London police were the most faithful and trustworthy in the world, and that she ought to feel safer under their protection than under the care of a stranger like myself. She politely declined, and went her way.

The majority of these women were Belgian, and spoke

very poor English, but this one used the language charmingly. Having thus passed through several miles of Oxford and Regent streets, and reaching a more quiet portion of the city, I began to congratulate myself upon the termination of such annoyances, when a powerful English woman seized my arm and insisted upon my seeing her home. I endeavored to free myself from her iron grasp, but the effort seemed helpless until I threatened to call for the police, when she slipped off into a house near by, leaving me to wonder at the audacity of London depravity.

After leaving Regent Street there was no one to be seen, not even a guardian of the night, when I beheld a perfect giantess, half intoxicated, coming towards me. Being near Charing Cross Hotel I crossed over the street in order to avoid a disagreeable encounter. She ran to head me off, but by hastening my gait a little I was soon beyond her reach. On arriving at my room I wondered whether this was the experience of every *unprotected male* who happened to walk the London streets alone at midnight. It is related that Dickens used to roam all over the great city at the dead hour of the night for silent meditation, like Henry Clay through the forest of Kentucky, or Patrick Henry through the woods of Virginia, while mentally arranging some masterpiece of oratory. But times have either changed, or the great author never wore a white necktie that *nymphes des pavés* might see that he had just been dining out.

Although the London police are the most faithful and efficient of any in the world, they are powerless to check the vice and prodigality that is fast giving London the worst reputation in Europe. The truth is that they are not supported either by law or public opinion in arresting these fallen creatures for their shameless conduct on the streets, and hence their apparent neglect of the performance of their duty. In Berlin the *demi-monde* are per-

mitted to promenade only in a certain street. And neither there, nor in Vienna or Paris, are they allowed to solicit patronage on the public streets. It is true that they have many artful devices to overcome this obstacle, yet, although I have been compelled to be much on the street in both Vienna and Paris, in returning from medical colleges and hospitals, I have never been so greatly molested as in London. The Parisian woman seems to avoid any thing like forcing attention, but she is more diplomatic and artful, and therefore more dangerous to the susceptible, if her dread foe, the policeman, is out of sight. She hates the exposure of an arrest and registration as a woman of the town. And somehow or other she generally manages to escape, for out of about thirty thousand of these women in Paris, not more than two thousand of them have at any one time been subjected to registration or official control. What a horrible city for young students! Vienna is no better. Both places have the finest hospitals and medical schools in the world, but many of the promising young Americans who go to these cities, especially to Vienna, to finish their education, are led astray by these fallen creatures, and have their health and prospects ruined for ever. One would think that aside from the moral aspect of the question the thousands of incurable wretches seen by medical students in some of the hospitals would keep them from going astray. And so it might be in most cases if they did not at first learn to indulge in that preliminary vice, intemperance in ardent spirits. Wine and women play sad havoc in this world of ours.

The use of malt and spiritous liquors is too frequent in the United States, but how fearfully more common in Europe! There they are served at nearly every meal, almost to the exclusion of coffee and tea. They are used even in the schools. Although I paid extra for the school-

ing of my two boys at a Paris academy, under a stipulation that they were to be allowed water, coffee, tea, milk, and chocolate instead of wine at table, it was almost impossible to secure a conscientious compliance with the contract.

Liquor drinking was a constant source of annoyance to me while abroad. We were told in Liverpool that we ought not to drink the water in London. Friends in the latter city warned us against the Paris water. Parisians in their turn said the water of Rome was a deadly poison. In Rome we learned that nobody ever thought of drinking the water at Naples. An English lady told my wife and daughter that it was dangerous to use coffee made of it. We drank water freely wherever we went, without any deleterious effects. However, the English friend's statement to my wife kept her from drinking it in Naples, until she found that it did not hurt me.

Many persons who never before tasted wine have done so in travelling over Europe, because of this universal advice to avoid water and drink spirits; and, of course, a large proportion of them have returned to America confirmed spirit drinkers. This liability to intemperance is one of the greatest evils of foreign travel.

I had heard the senseless cry against water too long in my own country to be fooled by it abroad. While going up the Missouri River in the summer of 1850 as medical officer of United States troops, during an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, I was warned against drinking river water as surely fatal. I drank nothing else, and was almost the only person on board the boat who had not the cholera or some of its premonitory symptoms. On arriving at Camp Arbuckle in the Indian Territory I was told by my friends that the night and early morning air and the water were so loaded with malaria, that the use of brandy or whiskey was necessary for the preservation of health. I

was about the only one at the place who declined to follow this advice, and the only one who lived there for four years without being ill for a single day. It is unnecessary to multiply examples of personal experience, or that of others under similar circumstances. This silly bugbear of the unwholesomeness of water is a device of his Satanic Majesty to lure frail humanity to its ruin. Of course, I do not deny that the water of some localities is more unwholesome than that of others, or that it may not become so impregnated with the germs of disease as to generate certain maladies; but I do maintain that as a general drink it is far more conducive to health than any spiritous substitute, and when it is deleterious, an admixture of alcoholic liquor will not, as a rule, render it wholesome.

In several countries of Europe the habit of drinking is on the increase. This is so in Germany, where in many localities there is a drinking-shop to every thirty-one inhabitants, including men, women, and children; for they all drink, but mostly beer, and of a much lighter quality than that drunk by the English.

The drinking habit is also very general in England. I never saw an English person of either sex, in England or while travelling on the Continent, take a lunch or dinner without wine, beer, or spirits. The higher classes drink much more temperately than formerly, but the laboring class are becoming more addicted to hard drink than ever. They use beer chiefly. The English beer is said to be heady, strongly narcotic, and depressing. The person who drinks it freely becomes not intoxicated, but stupidly besotted. In England the chief amusement of laboring people and of many skilled artisans is to become drunk on Saturday night, and remain besotted until "blue Monday," and often until Tuesday and Wednesday. They thus keep their families impoverished and miserable, and put their employers and the government to much annoy-

ance and expense. This habit of drunkenness is at the bottom of most of the distress and crime in England. If it were confined to the men it would not be so bad; but the women are almost as fond of beer as the men, and a female drunkard is more mischievous than a male one, because the home of a drunken mother must be a nursery of ignorance and vice to her unfortunate children.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAND OF BRUCE AND SCOTT—THE EMERALD ISLE—A PILGRIMAGE TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON, AND A DRIVE TO WARWICK AND KENILWORTH.

SCOTLAND, though not a large country, is one so full of historical and poetical associations, that the European traveller is not true to himself if he pass it by, as many do, for the sake of having more time to spend in France and Italy. Our little party of five persons were unanimous in a desire to visit that country and Ireland before going to the Continent.

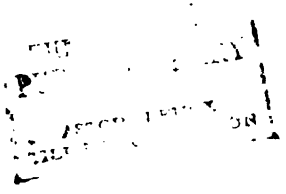
It took us only eleven hours to go from London to Edinburgh, a distance of three hundred and ninety-three miles. Through the courtesy of the guard we had a whole section of a first-class car to ourselves all the way. The villages and towns are so numerous on the line of the railway as to give a stranger the impression that the whole island will eventually become one huge city. An American cannot help noticing the contrast between the houses he sees in England and Scotland and those of his own country. In the former they are built of brick or stone and in the strongest manner, the roofs being covered with tile or slate; in the latter, except in the largest cities, they are generally constructed of wood with a shingle roof. There is, however, an air of gloominess in most British houses, owing in part to the smokiness or haziness of the atmosphere, in the manufacturing towns especially, and

partly to the smallness or fewness of the windows. It would seem as if the people had not yet entirely outgrown the fashion set them by their warlike chiefs in the middle ages, who always had small porthole windows in their castles.

The farms are not separated from each other or divided by wooden fences as is customary in the United States, but by hawthorn hedges and stone walls; the former in Southern and Middle England, and the latter in Northern England and Scotland. All railroad bridges are constructed of stone, brick, or iron. We can see none of the American half-decayed man-traps that so frequently hurl into eternity hundreds of human beings.

As we passed through California the grain harvest was in full progress, and so it was along our entire route in the United States. On our first arrival in England the green fields were still green, but we were in the midst of harvests again on the way from London to Edinburgh. In one of our drives in Scotland, not observing any corn, I inquired of the coachman whether the farmers raised any. He replied in the affirmative, and shortly afterwards pointed towards a field of oats as confirmation of his answer. Upon explanation and further inquiry on my part he said that he had seen Indian corn, but that it was not produced in Scotland, nor eaten except by horses. I felt as much abashed as the Scotchman did when Samuel Johnson told him that oats are a grain eaten by horses in England but by men in Scotland. The chatty coachman told me that I ought to visit Scotland during the hunting season. I inquired whether he ever hunted. He replied no, as the game law was very strict in every part of Great Britain. No one except the owners of land by freehold or lease could hunt on it; and in many instances not the tenant himself unless he had a special clause to that effect in his lease.

Monument of Sir Walter Scott, Edinburgh.



A Mr. Winans, from Baltimore, Maryland, now a resident of England, pays about eighty thousand dollars per annum rent for a hunting ground in Scotland. He is a retired railroad engineer and contractor. As I once knew his father's family very well, it is possible that I might have secured an invitation to join his hunting party if I had made myself known to him. But I had no desire to try the experiment.

Edinburgh is a most charming city—probably the most picturesque in Europe. It is divided by a deep ravine or gorge into the Old Town and the New Town. The castle is located in the former just upon the border of this ravine, above which it rears its rocky front four hundred feet into the air. Its summit is girded with walls crowned with a formidable array of heavy batteries. This ancient military stronghold has a very interesting history. We were shown the little room where Mary, Queen of Scots, gave birth to James VI. of Scotland, who was also chosen to be James I. of England. When only eight days old he was let down in a basket from the cliff in order that he might escape assassination, for he was born in troublous times.

Of course we saw the celebrated piece of ordnance known as Mons Meg, which was employed by James IV. at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489, and at that of Norham Castle, on the borders, in 1497. It is formed of staves of wrought iron surrounded by hoops. It is thirteen feet long and twenty inches in diameter. It is supposed to have been made at Mons, in Belgium, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and although a formidable weapon in its day, is now only looked upon as a relic of past ages.

Edinburgh, or Edinborough, as the Scotch prefer to call it, has justly been called the modern Athens. It has, however, become the custom of late for many, if not most, of her eminent professional and literary men, so soon as

they have gained reputation abroad, to remove to the great centre of the world—London,—which has among its inhabitants more Scotchmen than Edinburgh itself. The city has many beautiful streets, public buildings, private residences, public and private parks and gardens. The public are, however, excluded from the majority of the gardens and parks, which are visited exclusively by persons living in the streets abutting on the same, who pay a certain rental for this privilege. Edinburgh is full of churches. The new Episcopal Cathedral of St. Mary, at the head of Melville Street, is claimed to be the largest church that has been erected in Great Britain since the Reformation, if St. Paul's in London be excluded. The present St. Paul's has really been erected since the Reformation, but its several predecessors trace back to the earliest times of the Christian religion.

The most famous religious edifice in the city is St. Giles' Church, where John Knox thundered; where James VI., who was born in and escaped from Edinburgh Castle, as has just been related, took leave of his Scottish subjects when called upon to reign over England as James I.; the place where the Covenanters were imprisoned; and where Jenny Geddes hurled a stool at the head of the dean of the church while he was reading the liturgy.

In order to appreciate fully the size and appearance of a large city I always seek a general view of it from the top of some monument or other height. There are several such places in Edinburgh where this can be obtained, but none so favorably situated as Calton Hill, from whose summit one may take in at a glance nearly every object of interest in and around the city. Standing there on the top of this hill to the east of Edinburgh, and three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and looking westward, one may observe the beautiful buildings and regular

streets of the New Town, and to the south and southwest the huge sombre buildings of the Old Town, some of them from seven to twelve stories high. To the southeast rises the lovely hill called Arthur's Seat, and below, Salisbury Crags, around which curves a beautiful roadway named the Queen's Drive, long to be remembered by us as the point from which we and about two hundred thousand other spectators stood for hours in a drenching rain to witness a review of the Scottish volunteers by Queen Victoria, of which we shall have something to say farther on.

Of course the immortal Nelson had to be remembered by so important a city as Edinburgh. Although she has not given him so tall a monument as that in Trafalgar Square, London, it is more picturesquely situated, as it crowns the summit of Calton Hill. Close under the hill is Burns' monument, and not far west may be seen on the south of Princes Street the lovely monument erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. Holyrood Palace lies at a little distance to the southeast of the hill. This famous old building was as usual closed to visitors on the arrival of the Queen, much to our disappointment. A lovely sunny day is called in England and Scotland, queen's weather. The rainiest weather that we experienced abroad was in Edinburgh, notwithstanding the presence of her Imperial Majesty.

August 26, 1881, will long be remembered in Scotland, and particularly in Edinburgh, for the national review of the Scottish volunteers by her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The scene was grandly impressive. This was the first review of her Scottish troops by the Queen since 1860. Notwithstanding the pouring rain, her Majesty moved around the assembled host from left to right in an open carriage drawn by four horses. As the royal cortege entered the park the Queen was greeted with rapturous

cheers from the multitude and the firing of a royal salute by the troops. Of several hundred thousand people gathered on the hill-sides overlooking the review and in the seats extemporized in the Queen's Park, very few left the ground until they had got a glimpse of her Majesty, notwithstanding the driving rainstorm. The Queen, of course, carried an umbrella, which obscured the view of her face, but by perseverance with a good opera glass I got a glimpse of her features. There is, perhaps, no better place in the world for spectators to secure a fine bird's-eye view of troops than the Salisbury crags and the slopes of Arthur's Seat. Those of us who went there early had the pleasure of seeing the different lines of march of the volunteers as they moved towards the review grounds from the West and East Meadows. In the latter they presented to us at a distance a striking resemblance to beds of variegated flowers. Even the preliminary review of the troops in three divisions was a grand sight. We were present at the division review in the East Meadows, and got a sight of the Duke of Cambridge, and his Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by Sir Garnet Wolseley who subsequently added to his already well-earned fame additional laurels by his brilliantly successful campaign in Egypt.

The number of volunteers who participated in the review was, according to the official "field states," 1,654 officers and 37,819 men, or a total of 39,743, commanded by Major-General A. Macdonald. The army corps was divided into three divisions, commanded as follows: First division, Major-General Sir Archibald Alison; second division, Major-General W. G. Cameron; third division, Major-General Sir J. C. M'Leod.

Notwithstanding the cold, drenching rain, which resulted in much sickness and many deaths both among the spectators and the troops, the review was a grand success.

Every military manœuvre was carried on with the regularity of clock-work, and there was no disorder among the spectators. Even after the grand pageant was over and the troops were marched through rain and mud to certain points in the city, in order to be disbanded, the most perfect discipline was preserved. The review was very instructive in a military and patriotic sense, as it proved that her Majesty can rely upon her citizen soldiery for the defence of their country, should an emergency demand the services of more than the regular force.

Although many armies have marched during the past nine hundred years through the streets of Edinburgh, the city had never witnessed such a grand military display.

I shall not attempt a further description of the vast number of things that interested us in Edinburgh, but shall have a little to say concerning a trip we made from there to Melrose and Dryburgh abbeys, and to the charming home of Sir Walter Scott. The day was beautiful, and gave us an opportunity of experiencing how much more lovely Scotland looks to the tourist in sunshine than in storm.

The celebrated ruin of Melrose Abbey is situated in the town of Melrose, about thirty-one miles southeast of Edinburgh. The abbey was founded in 1136 by David I., and destroyed in 1322 by the English army, under Edward II., but was rebuilt soon after in a more magnificent style by Robert Bruce. The present structure has several times received harsh treatment from the English armies. Notwithstanding this and the mutilation of its sculptures during the Reformation, and the breaking down of portions of its walls in order to obtain materials for other buildings, and the ravages of centuries of exposure to the elements, the ruins still afford the finest specimens of Gothic architecture and sculpture to be seen in Scotland. The ruins consist chiefly in broken, roofless walls and

magnificent windows of the conventual church and a few cells of the cloister. The east window is a gem of elegance and beauty. Under the floor of the chancel sleep many of the Douglases and other great families of Scotland. It is easy to distinguish by the openings the older or Gothic part of the building from the more modern or Norman additions, the latter being indicated by circular and the former by pointed arches. As old ruins are more interesting to sightseers than to readers, I shall pass on to our visit to Abbotsford, which is situated about three miles west of the abbey.

It is sad to think that the building of this charming home by the author of the Waverley novels was the means directly and indirectly of so impoverishing his latter days as to detract much from the enjoyment of his old age. In order to raise funds for its enlargement and embellishment, he was compelled to overdraw on his publishers, which gave them a right to ask the favor of his endorsement of their bills in return. The consequence was that when fortunes were swept away by the great financial depression of 1826, he became responsible for several hundred thousand dollars more than he could raise at the time. He died six years subsequently, after having paid about half a million dollars of his debts. The balance was fully settled after his decease from the assets of his interest in the copyright of his numerous works. It is hardly necessary to state that Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, where he chiefly lived until 1811, when he purchased a portion of the place afterwards named by him Abbotsford, because it was situated on that part of the Tweed where the Melrose abbots used to cross or ford. He made many successive additions to the little villa first erected on the spot by himself, and also to his farm, until both became of large dimensions. His chief recreation during the intervals between literary labor was

Melrose Abbey.

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in embellishing his mansion and grounds. He planted most of the trees with his own hands.

Visitors are expected to give a small amount to the person who shows them around through this very interesting mansion. Its rooms are not filled with choice and costly works of art by the hands of the old masters, as are those of the old villas of Italy; but there are many curious collections of old armor and other memorials of ancient times. The largest apartment in the building is the Library, which contains about 20,000 books; but the most interesting room is the study adjoining the library, where may be seen the author's arm-chair and writing-table, whence emanated those magnificent gems of literature to be found in the library of almost every intelligent person in the world.

It seems strange that this great man was not buried on some part of his beautiful grounds, and that he should claim the right of sepulture in Dryburgh Abbey, which has but little to attract the attention of tourists except the tomb of Sir Walter himself; and stranger still that his tomb should be located in almost the only place in the abbey grounds where the rays of the sun can never penetrate to freshen the appearance of the grass and flowers around it.

Our tour of Scotland would have been very incomplete without a glimpse of Stirling Castle and the lakes of what may be called the lower or southern Highlands. The castle is situated in the town of Stirling, thirty-six miles by rail northwest of Edinburgh. It stands upon a rocky height, two hundred and twenty feet above the plain, and overlooks Bannockburn, where Robert Bruce drove back King Edward II. and his English army of invaders, and several other fields associated in history with Wallace, one of Scotland's greatest heroes. In fact, this celebrated old stronghold is connected with nearly all the impor-

tant events of Scotland prior to her union with England. Although these grand historical associations add so greatly to the charm of the place, yet the traveller would be interested in it if he had never heard of the clash of arms that so frequently reddened the plains below; for the surrounding landscape of rivers, valleys, and mountains is charmingly picturesque. We saw the ancient Greyfriars Church, near the castle, where James VI. was crowned in 1567, on which occasion John Knox preached a sermon. The latter's Bible is on exhibition in a little room connected with the church. In the cemetery belonging to the latter there are many ancient and modern monuments. Some of the epitaphs are very curious. One of them reads thus:

"Alexander E. Mennesy, Chief Constable, Stirlingshire.
Our life is but a winter day.
some only break the fast and away;
others to dinner stay,
and are full fed:
the oldest man but sups,
and goes to bed;
large is his debt
that lingers out the day;
he that goes soonest
has the least to pay."

Having seen the most interesting things in and around Stirling, we took the train for Callender, where we changed for a stage-coach to Loch Katrine. A small steamboat carried us along the length of the lake, a distance of eight and one half miles. Among the passengers were several Americans, who had evidently never been impressed by reading "The Lady of the Lake" with the fact that the beauties of nature are heightened by associations with history, poetry, or romance, for they could see nothing in Loch Katrine as beautiful as many similar lakes in the United States. I must confess that even with the inspi-

Stirling Castle.

FOUNDATION

ration acquired by a fresh perusal of this celebrated poem, which describes the lake exactly, I could not help thinking that the charms of this very interesting sheet of water are overrated.

In point of size and beauty Loch Lomond is the superior of Loch Katrine. In fact it is generally considered the queen of the Scottish lakes. It is seven miles wide and twenty-four miles long. Its scenery is more varied than that of Loch Katrine. The northern portion is surrounded by mountains, such as Ben Lomond on the east and the Arrochar Hills on the west, while the southern half is less rugged but surpassingly charming. The highest peak seen from either lake, Ben Voirlich, is only three thousand and ninety-two feet above the ocean. This height is by no means appalling to a person who has lived for a quarter of a century under the shadow of Mount Hood in Oregon, and who has stood on the summit of the Rigi and looked perpendicularly downwards six thousand feet to the green plains of Switzerland, and upwards ten thousand feet more to the region of eternal snow.

After seeing the lakes we spent several very pleasant days in the flourishing commercial city of Glasgow, and were highly pleased with its rapid growth, thrift, enterprise, beauty, and solidity. All the buildings are constructed in a substantial manner of stone and have slate roofs. Of all places in or near this flourishing town the ship-yards appeared by far the most interesting. Ships were being built there for all parts of the world—mostly of iron, including the spars.

The city is situated on the Clyde, and until within a few years could not be reached directly by very large vessels, which had to change cargo at Port Glasgow, but since the river has been deepened the largest ships can reach Glasgow without difficulty. The method by which the increased depth was made and is maintained is con-

sidered a masterpiece of engineering. General Simpson, of the Engineer Corps U. S. Army, is here for the purpose of making a special report upon this subject. He states that the same principles have engaged the attention of the United States engineers for a long time, and have been applied on some of the tributaries of the Mississippi.

It was a relief to us to find some place in Scotland where the buildings were nearly all new, for although we enjoyed the views of old castles, old churches, and other historical places, a change of scene was necessary to enable us properly to appreciate similar sights thereafter. We subsequently often had the same feeling, especially in Rome, after spending six weeks in visiting its ruins, its villas, its palaces, and many of its three hundred and sixty churches, all full of choice treasures of art. We were, however, novices in sight-seeing at the time of our visit to Scotland, or else the revered names of Bruce, Douglas, Queen Mary, and Sir Walter Scott, to be seen at every turn of the street or highway, would not have produced an excess of gratification.

Glasgow, like our own New York, appears to have but little reverence for old buildings. She tears them down, and erects in their stead handsome modern houses of all kinds. Her apparant disloyalty to past ages may be partly due to the fact that she is essentially a commercial city, and in part to her never having had many old historical buildings. She can, however, boast of at least one relic linking her with the ages gone by—the Cathedral, the greatest part of which was erected in the twelfth century on the site of another destroyed by fire. It is sixty-three feet broad and three hundred and twenty feet long, surmounted by a tower and spire two hundred and twenty-five feet high. The readers of Scott will remember that in the crypt of this building he has located the scene of Rob Roy's warning to Francis Osbaldistone.

Abbotsford—Residence of Sir Walter Scott.

TECHNICAL INFORMATION

On passing down the Clyde on our way from Glasgow to Belfast, Ireland, we had an opportunity of seeing an immense number of vessels from all parts of the world at anchor in the river, while both banks were lined for miles with ships in process of construction. At the junction of the Leven and the Clyde we saw the enormous rock of Dumbarton. It is nearly six hundred feet high. In the fort on its summit Wallace was imprisoned for a while prior to his being sent to London.

A few miles further down the river we passed Port-Glasgow, and a little below it Greenock, the former being the place of anchorage of all the large vessels trading with Glasgow before the deepening of the Clyde by the jetty system.

We took our leave of Scotland with mingled feelings of respect and admiration for her glorious history, and for her intelligent kindness to strangers, and particularly to Americans. Her people will always find a hearty welcome in the land of the setting sun.

When we first beheld the shores of Ireland, after being ten days at sea, its green fields and shady groves seemed like some celestial country. Two years subsequently, on our homeward voyage, we took advantage of the steamer's detention at Queenstown and drove over the same lovely landscape. It was in the month of May, when nature had assumed her gayest colors, when the green hawthorn hedges that lined the roadways were covered with white blossoms filling the air with fragrance and intoxicating the senses. If our experience had ended here we should have wondered how the sons and daughters of Ireland could leave such an earthly paradise for the distant shores of America. A more general view of the country in the month of September, after visiting Scotland, confirmed our impressions of the great loveliness of its southern shores, but our first glimpse of its northern section at

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Belfast on a stormy day made us feel how easy it is to arrive at extreme conclusions in regard to a place from partial inspection under different circumstances. Belfast and its surrounding country may look beautiful in the sunshine of May, but oh how dreary it seemed to us! To heighten our disgust of the place, we were unlucky in the selection of a carriage to convey us through the town to the railroad station, and were fooled by the coachman into ordering breakfast at a most forlorn hotel where the food was so illy cooked that we paid for it and left it untasted, much to the apparent delight of the red-nosed bloated-faced landlord. As we were leaving the house for the railroad station our coachman hinted that it was customary for him to drink to the health of guests to whom he recommended the hotel. I told him that he could eat the breakfast prepared for us as we had no time to indulge in such a luxury. Notwithstanding our unpleasant experience in Belfast it is only justice to state that it is a large, flourishing, manufacturing and commercial city, and I have no doubt that had time permitted we might have passed a few days there very pleasantly. In our subsequent travels we never followed a coachman's recommendation in selecting a hotel.

The one hundred and twelve miles of railroad travel between Belfast and Dublin, the capital and metropolis of Ireland, gave us an opportunity of seeing a beautiful country, but by no means so charming as the more southern part of the kingdom. We found the Shelbourne Hotel at Dublin to be a splendid house for American tourists. The city with its three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants presents a brisk commercial aspect, and contains many beautiful residences and good-looking women. The environs are very lovely, especially Phœnix Park, the largest in Great Britain, containing one thousand seven hundred and fifty acres. It is covered with many

groves of fine elms, oaks, horse-chesnuts, hawthorns, and other trees, but has not many flower beds. It contains many monuments of noted men, the highest being the Wellington Testimonial, erected in 1817 by the city. It is a four-sided obelisk of granite, two hundred and five feet high.

The Zoölogical Gardens in the northeast part of the park contain many interesting birds and animals. It is related that about twenty years ago a young lady visited the park with a little child, which she placed to rest upon the wall of a pen containing some bears, one of which seized the child and destroyed it. The poor woman became permanently insane. We were also told that three of the tigers made their escape several years since and created great excitement until captured, which was effected by the keeper's dropping pieces of meat along a line leading into the cage, which was closed when the fugitives entered to eat the food.

Dublin contains many noted buildings, the most famous being Trinity College and St. Patrick's Church. The former can boast of such distinguished alumni as Burke, O'Connell, Goldsmith, and Moore. It is to be hoped that the discipline of this institution has been revised since the days of Oliver Goldsmith, who was once personally chastised by one of its tutors. It would seem that poets never thrive very well in our old-fashioned colleges, where mathematics and the dead languages absorb so much of their time. Neither Sir Walter Scott nor Lord Byron succeeded very well in college life.

St. Patrick's Cathedral is probably the most splendid church in Dublin. It has stood for six hundred years, and can boast of the fact that it occupies the site where St. Patrick himself erected a house of worship. The present structure is a late restoration of the old one.

At Dublin we took the Great Southern and Western

Railway for the Lakes of Killarney, where we arrived August 31st. The scenery along the route was surpassingly beautiful. As the train passed Clondalkin we saw in the distance one of those curious old round towers so common in Ireland. It is said to be eighty-six feet high. There are several to be seen on this route. They can be ascended on the inside by a series of ladders. They are so old that their origin and use are shrouded in mystery, but it is commonly believed that they are ancient watch-towers.

We reached Killarney on a charmingly beautiful day, the first after three months of almost incessant rain. A few more days of rainy weather would have totally destroyed the crops and produced a famine, for the country was already bowing under the pressure of hard times, produced by the almost total absence of tourists, who were kept away by the inclement weather and the disturbances in the country on account of the land troubles. The Irish Land Bill, which I had heard discussed so excitedly in the House of Lords, and which had just become a law, was the absorbing topic of discussion by all classes in Ireland, and resulted in many local broils and much bloodshed. During these troubles English people were afraid to travel through Ireland. Americans, however, had no cause for alarm, as the people everywhere were rejoiced to see them.

We spent two days of unalloyed pleasure in sight-seeing at the beautiful lakes and their surroundings, except the annoyance from a host of mendicants. These are importunate at all times, but the almost total absence of tourists during the summer made them ravenous when the first opportunity was afforded them to renew the practice of their profession.

The Lakes of Killarney lie in the hollow of wild and rugged mountains, whose lofty summits are swept bare

and bleak by perpetual storms from the ocean. In charming contrast to the upper portion of the mountains, the foothills and the borders of the lakes are clothed in green foliage, grass, and lovely flowers. At the time of our visit these three sheets of water were smooth and unruffled by the wind, while the sun shone down upon us with its most soothing rays. They contain many beautiful islands,—gardens of Eden for lovers and poets. The most lovely of all, Innisfallen Island, situated in the lowest and largest lake, was the favorite of Thomas Moore, as may be seen from the following lines:

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well;
May calm and sunshine long be thine;
How fair thou art, let others tell.
While but to feel how fair be mine."

The poet probably made his visit on just such a charming day as that with which we were blessed. The island has truly been called the gem of Killarney. With the exception of the crumbling ruins of an old abbey erected in the sixth century, the tourist can here see nature in her utmost purity and loveliness. There are hill and dell, sunny and cheerful glàdes bounded by pretty lines of underwood, rocks, bowers, and thickets, and old forests of ash and holly as dark and gloomy as those frequented by the ancient Druids.

We also paid our respects to the Sullivan's Cascade, situated across the lake from Innisfallen, at the foot of Tomies Mountain, which rears its precipitate height 2,430 feet towards the skies. We found this sprightly waterfall rushing towards the lake with a hop, skip, and jump in the most playful manner possible.

We next passed over to Ross Island, on the eastern side of the lower lake. Both this and the island just mentioned belonged to the demesne of the Earl of Kenmare, who had just finished a large and beautiful mansion on

the hill a few miles off. He and a member of Parliament by the name of Herbert own nearly all the country in the vicinity of the lakes. Large portions of these immense estates are enclosed with high walls. On the eastern side of the island are the ruins of Ross Castle, once a formidable old work of defence. It was erected by one of the lords of the lake, O'Donoghue, in the fourteenth century, and was used by his descendants for several centuries as a royal residence. The lords of the lakes assumed the name of king, and the O'Donoghue family were the last that bore this title.

Every boatman and guide have some wonderful legend to relate of this celebrated family; the most remarkable, and the one believed in by many of the credulous and superstitious part of the community, is that one of the O'Donoghues returns to the earth every seventh year and drives his white horses over the lake at sunrise, his castle being restored as he reaches it, but remaining so only a few hours.

In a military sense the castle is quite celebrated, especially as being the last stronghold in Munster that surrendered to Cromwell. It was taken by the latter's forces under General Ludlow in 1652. It withstood all assaults by land, but the general operated upon the credulity and superstition of the garrison by making an attack from the lake. The Irish garrison believing that according to a prophecy the castle was impregnable except when besieged from that quarter, they heroically resisted all land attacks, but surrendered on the first approach of the fleet.

There is little save the outer walls of the old building remaining, but the visitor, by ascending the spiral stairway leading to the top of these, can command a splendid view of the surrounding country.

Having seen every thing interesting associated with the lower lake, we returned to the hotel, and after a refresh-

ing night's rest, took an early start next morning in a kind of rough carriage, called a car, for the Gap of Dunloe. Here we left the vehicle, and some of us rode on ponies, and the others walked, through the canyon, four miles to the head of the upper lake. This gloomy mountain defile separates the Tomies Mountain from the Macgillicuddy Reeks, and runs in a southerly direction.

If we are to believe certain imaginative writers, the traveller is in constant peril of limb and life in passing through this narrow gorge, from overhanging cliffs, ready at the least jar to fall upon him. If this be so, we were prevented from seeing our peril by the incessant demands upon our purses by the guide, who blew the trumpet that we might hear its echoes; by the man who startled and almost deafened us by firing cannon without informing us of his intention to do so, and then with a bow and a "beg pardon" told us that he would accept any thing our honors desired to give him, but if the gratuity happened to be less than a certain sum, he was sure to fix a price himself. The women, who had little things to sell, also paid us marked attention. The queen of these female venders of trifles was the grand-daughter of the celebrated Kate Kearney, who was a great belle in her day. The majority of them had "mountain dew"—Irish whiskey—or bottles of goat's milk to offer us, though some had little articles of woodwork for sale, others bouquets, others again only glasses of water. Their importunities were constant until we gave them something or made a purchase. If we purchased of, or donated to, any one of half a dozen women who chanced to surround us, it became necessary to treat them all alike, or the slighted ones would follow us to the end of the gap. The conduct of these women is apt to cause a stranger to form a false notion in regard to their moral character, which is said by persons who ought to know, to be generally good.

Nearly all along the road before reaching the gap we were beset chiefly by begging-girls, instead of women, as the latter were not so able as the former to spring on the car when in motion, and hold on until a sale of a bouquet could be effected. When these little beggars got too thick, I adopted the ruse of tossing a penny so far in the rear of the car that it was impossible for them to catch up again after running back for the prize, and in the scramble tumbling one another head over heels in the most ludicrous manner.

After passing through the gap, we arrived at the upper lake, where a boat and luncheon, provided by our Killarney landlord, were awaiting us. This lake is the smallest of the three, and has more rugged beauty than the others, being nearer the mountains. Having glided over its placid surface, we passed through a winding channel, called Long Range, to the middle lake.

The most remarkable point of interest connected with the latter is a perpendicular cliff, named the Eagle's Nest, where sound returns in most startling echoes. Of course, the guide blew his horn for our benefit, and the young ladies were somewhat in dread that a cannon might also be unexpectedly discharged, as was done in the Gap of Dunloe. The cliff was at one time a favorite resort for eagles, but they have forsaken it for places beyond the reach of scrutinizing tourists and the noise of French horns.

Leaving the Lakes of Killarney with reluctance, we drove to Muckross Abbey, that belongs to Col. Herbert's demesne, which, together with the fine roads leading to and around it, is kept in a good state of preservation by the owner. To meet these expenses, this gentleman demands a toll of a shilling each, being the same amount asked at the gate leading to the upper and middle lakes, which also belong to him.

The people of Killarney and the vicinity deem the charge exorbitant, but a tourist has no means of forming a correct opinion upon this point from one-sided testimony.

The abbey was founded in 1440. A large portion of the church and monastery is still standing.

In the middle of the choir is seen the vault of the Macarthys. Several of the kings of Munster are buried in the abbey. A yew tree about three and one third feet in diameter, and probably about as ancient as the abbey itself, is still standing in the centre of the cloister. The abbey is an Elizabethan modification of the Gothic style of architecture, and is, of course, beautifully situated on an eminence, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, as the old monks in Ireland, as well as everywhere else in Europe, were wise in their day, and always selected the most healthy and picturesque sites for their habitations.

From Killarney we went by rail to Cork, and after spending a night there, made an early morning visit to the celebrated Blarney Castle.

The first thing attempted by the ladies of our party on arriving at the castle was to hasten to the top of the ruin, for the purpose of kissing the Blarney Stone, but finding it not very accessible, they gave up the attempt. They consoled themselves with the assertion of an architect of Cork, that the original Blarney Stone had lately been removed. This lordly old castle, which is very high, and has walls about ten feet in thickness, would have lasted for ages, if Cromwell had not greatly damaged it with his cannon. The tower is still beautiful in its mantle of ivy, which is the great beautifier of old ruins in Great Britain and elsewhere.

The ruins of these old castles add greatly to the picturesqueness of landscapes, and will always command an in-

terest to tourists, if they do not to readers. They are, nevertheless, only monuments of an era of barbarism, when the country was kept in a constant state of excitement by the quarrels of its many chiefs, each of whom had his castle and his retainers. They are all built more like fortifications than habitations for the peaceably inclined part of mankind. In short, they are powerful reminders of a bygone age of universal insecurity.

More Americans than Britons visit the birthplace and tomb of the immortal bard of Avon, yet the majority of our countrymen who go to Europe ignore them, and, in fact, all other parts of England. If they chance to stop a few days in London, they may take a glance at the Tower, St. Paul's, and the Abbey, and if it happen to be in the season, may worry our minister for invitations to balls and for presentation at court, and will then hurry off to Paris. Still the number of us who do go to Stratford is immense. We called there on our way from Ireland to London, after a whole night's trip by boat and railway, which almost unfitted us for seeing any poetry in the place that has supplied the English-speaking world with this sentimental commodity. This lack of enthusiasm on our part may have been owing to the fact that there is remaining in Stratford very little of the town of Shakespeare's days, but in lieu thereof a new, raw, uninteresting brewery and railroad place, not unlike those seen at railway stations in western regions of the United States, except that instead of deer and bear skins, buffalo robes and Indian trinkets, there are to be seen in every shop or store guide-books, photographs, paintings, statuary, and other things relating to the man who was forced in his boyhood to leave the place on account of his wild pranks, but who finally returned to make it as immortal as his fame. Until a brewery was built in, and a

Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

railroad to, Stratford, it prospered mostly upon the expenditures of Shakespeare visitors.

Although Stratford-on-Avon presents very few of its characteristics of Shakespeare's day, yet if the poet would visit again his native place, he could see the house in which he was born, the school in which he received his education, the cottage in whose chimney-corner he made love to his sweet Anne, and the church which protects his dust and tomb. He could also hear the gentle murmuring of the Avon, and see it wind its way through the same smiling country that inspired his youthful genius.

Our first visit was to the house in Henley Street, where Shakespeare is supposed to have been born. Although the preponderance of testimony tends to prove that he first saw the light of day in this cottage, he may have been born in either of the three buildings owned by his father at the time of his birth. One of these is in Greenhill Street, and another at Ingon, about a mile and a half from Stratford. The cottage in Henley Street is a rude, unsightly specimen of the oak-framed domicile of the Elizabethan style of architecture, rendered more hideous by modern attempts at "restoration." As this poverty-stricken, rustic, kennel-like cottage belonged to Shakespeare's father in his most prosperous days, it shows from how low a position in life the great poet had risen. This is of course to his credit, but Shakespeare, it seems, notwithstanding his return in after years to spend his remaining days in Stratford, was ashamed of his lowly origin, and furnished the money to obtain for his father a coat of arms from the Herald's College, that he himself might be considered as being "a gentleman." There is not a line in his writings that would lead the reader to suppose him possessed of such human weakness. We climbed up a rude stairway to the low-ceiled room where little Will was born. The well-worn old oaken floor is doubtless the

same on which he at first crawled and then learned to walk and run. The ceiling is too low for him to have done much romping. The remainder of the upper part of the house has been converted into a museum of doubtful relics of the great poet. The female custodian who conducted us through the house repeated her stereotyped description of the principal Shakespeare souvenirs, but failed to interest us very much, as we saw nothing that the poet had ever certainly had in his possession but a begging letter from one Richard Quincy, of Stratford, who desired the loan of thirty pounds. Whether Mr. Quincy ever received a favorable reply or not, his modest request will live in history as long as the fame of the bard himself. And why? Because this paper, Shakespeare's will, the record in the parish church register of his baptism and burial, are the only well authenticated facts existing that such a man as William Shakespeare ever lived. Why did he not give the world at least a synopsis of his biography? It was formerly the custom for visitors to inscribe their names on some part of the interior of the house, but this is no longer permitted. One is, however, requested to write his name in a register. The autographs of such men as Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens may be seen recorded in the latter, and scratched with a diamond on the window-panes also. There may be seen on the walls, and probably in the register, the autographs of Byron, Thackeray, Kean, Tennyson, and other illustrious men; also, the name of Dora Jordan, the beautiful and fascinating actress. There are so many thousand names recorded on the interior of this old house that it does not appear possible for another inscription to be made without erasing some other name. As the French conductor says when his omnibus or tramway-car is full, it is "complet."

Much of this scribbling upon the walls was doubtless a

true devotion to the shrine of genius, but the greater part was probably the result of personal vanity.

> "How many write upon these walls.
> To look upon their own queer scrawls;
> Yet surely thought would better speed,
> To open Shakespeare!—and to read."

Our cicerone showed us many things in the museum purporting to have belonged to Shakespeare. Among others the little box in which his "will" was found, the old desk on which he wrote, and his old arm-chair. Also pictures or local souvenirs of every locality where Shakespeare was ever known or supposed to have visited in the neighborhood. Even fragments of the tree under which he slept off one night the effects of too much dining out, and the goblet made from the famous mulberry-tree that stood in his "New House" yard, and from which his friend Garrick drank at one of the Shakespearian commemorative jubilees held at Stratford.

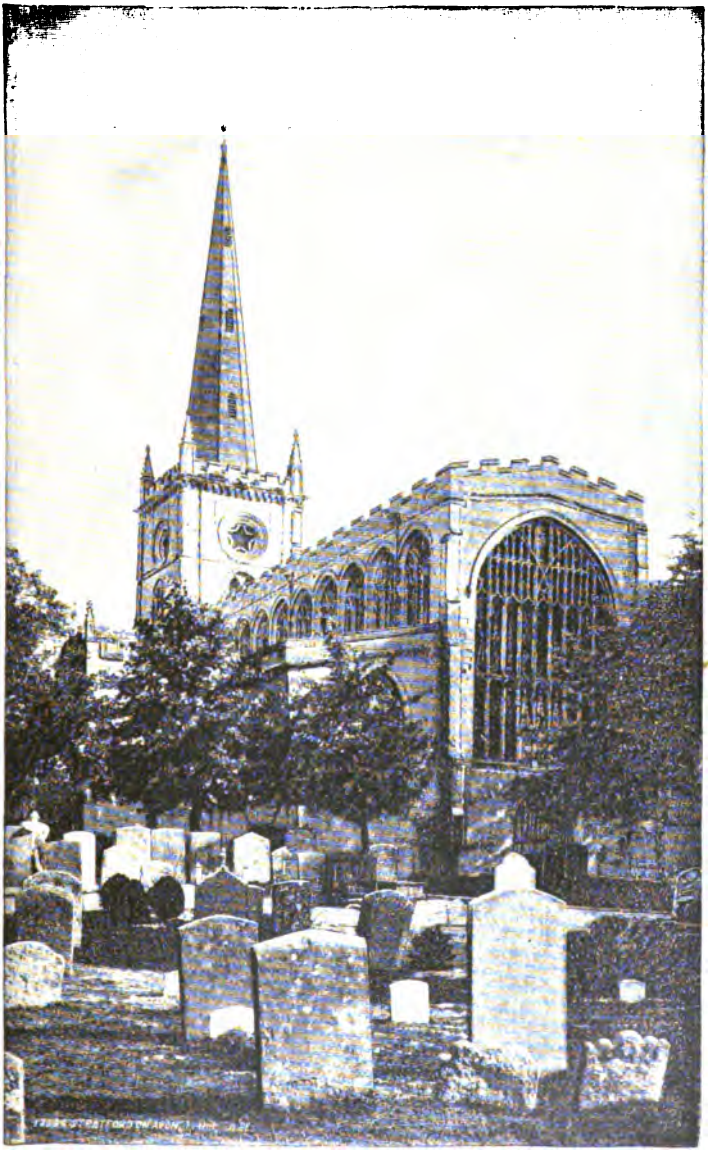
A tourist will ask himself whether there is not an absurdity in the curiosity of the age in seeking to see such trifles when even the fact of there ever having been such a man as Shakespeare is denied by some of our learned men. Or, even should this sweeping scepticism not be accepted, it is certain that his name was so long permitted to remain in obscurity that it was difficult to arrive at any positive facts concerning his personal history. He left no writings of his own having the least bearing upon his personal history. Not even a scrap of the manuscript of his great work has yet been found. His signature only of all he ever penned remains. This is most vexatious.

The old lady who took us through the house seemed worried if we desired to look longer at any thing than it took her to deliver herself of her speech, which she had probably repeated with the same accent, tone, and grimace on an average of twenty times daily for thirty years. A

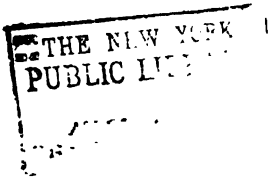
young lady of our party lingered behind to make a few sketches of such Shakespearian relics as struck her fancy, but was soon reminded that such a sacrilege at the shrine of the poet was not permissible.

Some years after Shakespeare's death, one part of the old cottage was used as a tavern, and another part as a butcher shop. It was not considered of much value until people commenced to make pilgrimages to it from distant lands; especially from the United States after Washington Irving wrote so charmingly about it and Stratford. Our celebrated showman, Mr. Barnum, saw that to purchase the cottage and remove it to America would be a good investment. With that end in view, he visited Stratford, and was negotiating for it, when the British Government, becoming enthusiastic as to retaining it where it stood, took the matter in hand, and bought it in 1847. Our next visit was to Holy Trinity, the parish church where Shakespeare was baptized and buried. It is only a short distance from the house in which he was born. It is situated on the banks of the Avon. From the yard gate to the church door we passed between two rows of limes in full foliage. The poet lies buried in the chancel of this venerable old building. An iron railing prevents visitors from walking over the flat stone which marks the spot where the bard is buried. The famous curse, written by himself, engraved upon the slab may have had the effect of preventing the removal of the bones of Shakespeare—even to Westminster Abbey,—but it did not keep visitors from trampling on the slab; hence the necessity of the railing.

There is a monument of the poet set in the chancel wall just above his grave. It was placed there by his nearest relatives a few years after his death. It is very ugly, especially the bust. As a specimen of art, the whole thing is a miserable failure. The gravestone of



Church, Stratford-on-Avon.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the wife of Shakespeare lies just beneath his tomb; and there are other tombs of his relations near by. It is said that his wife and daughter desired to be buried in the same vault with him, but the malediction against the disturbance of his remains prevented their wishes from being carried out.

Diverse reflections fill the soul of pilgrims at the shrine of Shakespeare. Some, on beholding his tomb, and remembering his literary genius, are inspired with a noble ambition to accomplish a name for themselves, that they may not be forgotten as soon as they are laid in the grave. Others are apt to take a more despondent view, and ask themselves if "the paths of glory lead but to the grave," what is the use of even the most gifted person's leading a life of constant care and struggle that he may be remembered only a little longer than the average of mankind? For oblivion in this world must at last be his portion. "All is vanity," says the preacher. What is life without a hope of something better beyond the grave? In the burial-ground surrounding the church are many ancient as well as modern tombs. It is remarkable how few of the inscriptions upon them are of a poetical character. Perhaps the poetical nourishment furnished by the Avon was exhausted by the immortal bard himself. I am strengthened in this belief by the fact that the river, whatever it may have been in Shakespeare's day, has become a small, sluggish, and uninteresting stream, full of mud and eels, which some of the worshippers of the bard eat, under the strange delusion that they will become poetically inspired. On leaving the church, we wound our way to the site of "New Place," where once stood the house bought and improved by Shakespeare after he had become famous and well-to-do in the world, and where he passed the last few years of his life in retirement. The only thing to be seen there is a vacant lot with a few

trenches, at the bottom of which may be observed, by looking through a wire netting, a few stones, which were a part of the foundation of "New Place," long since torn down by the Reverend Francis Gastrell while in a pet because of the high taxes he had to pay on it, and from the annoyance given him by Shakespeare pilgrims. The famous old mulberry-tree that once stood in the garden, and is said to have been planted by the poet himself, had been cut down by the same person before the destruction of the house, because it attracted too many visitors, and thus interfered with his desire to live a quiet life.

Of course it is necessary for pilgrims to visit Shottery to see the cottage where Shakespeare did his courting. The first thing shown us there was the famous courting chair, made of birch. Of course we sat on it, but the romance of the thing was spoiled by a surmise that whenever the gentle Will attempted to sit in it he found a marked distinction between a birch in a chair and one laid on the back by the irate old Hathaway, who never loved his son-in-law. It is highly probable that the turtle doves had to do their wooing in the garden, or by soft whispers in the chimney-corner after the old folks had gone to bed.

By chimney-corner, when speaking of these old houses, is meant a corner in the fireplace itself, which is broad and deep enough to hold a small family.

The courtship, however, ended in wedlock, which was by no means congenial, as the bride was much older than the groom, and possessed a bad temper as well as an anti-literary type of mind. In fact, could she have obtained the possession of her husband's manuscript before it went to the press, the world of to-day would know nothing of the gentle Anne or the famous poet, who, by the by, never alludes to any of the Hathaway family in his immortal verse.

I shall not go into rhapsodies over the Hathaway house, which is a story-and-a-half, wood-and-brick, thatched building. It has a more antiquated appearance than the house where Shakespeare was born, and bears evidence of being a farm-house of a well-to-do yeoman in the time of Henry VIII. The Hathaways had occupied it for many years prior to the visits of the youthful Willy.

We were shown Anne's bedroom and bed. It is reached by a ladder-like stairway. The old carved bedstead, if not really Anne's, belonged to some other person of the period. It is elaborately made. Whether she ever regretted leaving her father's home for such a house as that with which Will Shakespeare could afford to provide her during the early years of their married life, can never be known. But it seems very probable that Shakespeare himself must have regretted that he, a boy of eighteen, should have allowed himself to have been ensnared by a sour-tempered, ignorant woman of twenty-six. How any man with such a wife by his side could write poetry is past comprehension. It would seem indeed that Shakespeare did not write much of his verse under the soothing influence of his wife, but lived away from home the most of the time after marriage. Perhaps she was unwilling to exchange country life for the association of players in London, where her husband was the rising star. But as "all 's well that ends well," we must be satisfied that the famous bard at last found his Stratford home pleasant enough for an abiding place during the last years of his life.

Out of respect to our countryman Washington Irving, who once made a pilgrimage to Stratford, we went to the "Red Horse Inn" to partake of refreshments, which were served us in the room where he sat up so late at night writing up his "Sketch-Book," while now and then stirring

up the fire with a steel poker, much to the annoyance of the landlady, who was unaccustomed to guests that kept late hours. But when she afterwards found herself mentioned in the "Sketch-Book," she had the poker that was used by Irving engraved with the name of "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre"; and it has ever since been carefully preserved. Independent of the sentiment of the thing, this old poker, and a chair in which Irving sat, are as profitable to the inn as the name of Shakespeare is to a hotel of that name in Stratford. For it attracts many American visitors, who never complain of the stout bills when they know that something is added as a compliment to one of our country's most gifted authors. This mixture of utility and sentiment is found all over Europe—but nowhere more than in Great Britain.

Bidding adieu to Stratford we returned by railway to Leamington, and there secured a carriage for a drive to Warwick and Kenilworth. On arriving at Warwick we learned to our great disappointment that the earl had returned home and was preparing his house for a grand wedding—the marriage of his son, and that consequently the castle was closed to visitors. We went to St. Mary's Church, not far from the castle. This famous old structure was built in the eleventh century. Its chief attraction is the richly decorated tomb, altar, and effigy of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died about the middle of the fifteenth century.

We next drove through a charming country to Kenilworth, which Sir Walter Scott has made so well known to the world, and around which he has cast such an enchanting spell. The tourist is apt to feel uncharitably towards Oliver Cromwell for destroying this fine old castle of the feudal ages. Many an eventful page of history has taken place within and around its walls. To say nothing of the fierce struggles of the Normans and their

foes it is especially interesting as the place of captivity of Edward II. of England, as being a favorite abode of Lancaster, a spot for which Henry VIII., Charles I., and Queen Elizabeth had a particular liking; and above all as being the place connected with the sorrows of poor Amy Robsart, the wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The first thing we did on entering the ruins was to ascend Mervyn's Tower, where this unfortunate woman is said to have had apartments.

The buildings are erected around a quadrangular space of several acres, and evince a former strength and splendor; but, with one exception, no part of them is at present habitable. The highest part is Cæsar's Tower, supposed to be of Norman and not Roman architecture. The castle was presented by Queen Elizabeth to her favorite courtier, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who in 1575 gave her Majesty a magnificent entertainment at the castle at an outlay, in decoration, etc., of some sixty thousand pounds sterling. Like many other royal favorites he finally lost his popularity both with the people and the maiden queen.

As we visited many more castles and palaces on the Continent than in Great Britain, it perhaps would have been better to have written less about those of the latter, and to write more concerning the former than I intend to do; but we will bid adieu for the present to these historical old buildings and hurry on to the women's paradise —Paris.

CHAPTER VI.

PARIS—ALPINE SCENERY AND ITALIAN LAKES—THE QUEEN OF THE SEAS.

AFTER returning from Scotland and Ireland we tarried for a day or two in London and then went to Paris.

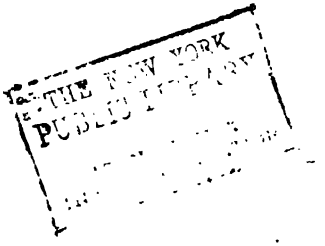
We crossed the English Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne. The general impression of the roughness of the voyage across this channel may be correct; if so we were very fortunate, for although we made the trip several times while abroad, between different points, we never experienced very boisterous weather.

Reaching Paris late at night we found the short detention at the station (*gare*), during the examination of our baggage by the custom-house officials, a little tedious, but we had no cause of complaint, for every thing was accomplished as expeditiously and politely as possible.

Our coachman was unsuccessful in finding the house where we desired to stop, so we told him to drive to the *Grand Hotel, Boulevard des Capucines.* This large, new, and famous hotel contains about eight hundred and fifty rooms, and is furnished in the most magnificent style, with modern improvements. It is gradually becoming the favorite hotel for American tourists, who understand a little French and desire to learn more.

The American consulate, the American bankers, and various other accommodations for Americans are concentrated in this vicinity.

Pont au Change, Paris.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Had we been asked during the first twenty-four hours after our arrival in Paris to give our impressions of the city, we might have expressed a feeling of disappointment, for in leaving London with its vastness, smokiness, and gloom we expected to see in Paris the brightest and fairest city under the sun. But as the god of day had suddenly withdrawn behind dark clouds that mantled the skies, and the rain was pouring down in torrents on the night of our arrival, we felt despondent.

The city was herself again when the rain was over, and so were we. What a change! The fashionable streets, avenues, and boulevards were then crowded with gay, well-dressed men and women, from all parts of the world, who seemed to vie with the Parisians themselves in sprightliness and gayety. The *Avenue des Champs Elysées* was full of handsome equipages, going and returning from the *Bois de Boulogne*, that paradise of lovely parks. The shops looked more inviting than those of any other city we had seen. If we entered to make a purchase, however small, we were greeted with a polite bow, a smile, and a pleasant word, which caused us to spend our money with pleasure. If this were all hypocrisy, it was pleasant nevertheless. The English might very profitably take lessons in graceful manners from their neighbors over the Channel. If we made any inquiries of a Frenchman in the street, we were sure of a polite answer, which we could not always expect under similar circumstances in the British capital, except from the police, who are always polite, obliging, and reliable.

Even if the gay, fashionable, beautiful, wealthy, and renowned people of the world did not concentrate in Paris, or if its tastefully arranged shops, glittering restaurants, brilliantly lighted streets, and broad shaded avenues were things of the past, the city would still be a brighter and more cheerful place than London—the latter

being so interminable and dark; its atmosphere is so full of smoke, and its brick walls so black with soot. Paris, on the contrary, is built of stone of a light cream color, and is blessed with a warmer sun and a clearer sky. Our stay in the city at the first visit was for a few weeks only, but we returned to it several times during our trip abroad, and spent there altogether over a year. During that period, my own time was chiefly occupied in attendance upon lectures at her numerous hospitals, and at the Faculty of Medicine of the Academy of Paris, about which I shall have someting to say in another chapter. Of course my company was always at the service of the ladies of our party when they desired to visit any place of common attraction to us all. There were enough of them, however, to go where they pleased without being chaperoned by myself. Much of their time was given to learning French, music, painting, and to shopping, and visiting the art galleries. While thus engaged, they were always willing for me to follow the bent of my inclinations, provided that I kept them properly supplied with *l'argent*. When we met at dinner, they were generally so completely absorbed in the discussion of the charming things seen by them at the shops, or the *grands magasins du Louvre* or the *Bon Marché*, or the works of art at the museums, that they naturally felt no interest or curiosity in learning any thing of what I had seen in the line of my professional investigations. However, we often found it convenient to go together to places of amusement, to the art galleries, to parties, to the parks, and to places of interest in the environs of Paris. Some of these lovely spots I had the pleasure of visiting many times, not only with the ladies, but with my children, who were going to school in Paris.

As I thus had an opportunity of seeing this wonderful city by night and by day, in winter and in summer, in

sunshine and in storm, in the peaceful gatherings of business or pleasure, and in the excitement of a pending revolution, I may be able to say something of interest to persons who have not yet had the pleasure of visiting it. Unfortunately most readers care very little about facts, unless so embellished with romance as to render them almost imperceptible. It is therefore a difficult task to describe the most interesting things that one sees in a place like Paris so as to please alike the lover of truth and the lover of fiction.

To see the city well, it is necessary to travel by rail, by tramway, by the omnibus, by coupé, or carriage, on horseback, by boat, and even by the sewer; but the most thorough investigation can always be done on foot, or from the top of an omnibus or a tramway-car. My boys and I always preferred the latter method of travel, when we desired to secure a good view of all the principal streets, avenues, and boulevards. I went through some of these thoroughfares hundreds of times, and yet never without seeing something most interesting in the architecture of the buildings, and in the throngs of people hurrying to and fro.

To Napoleon III. is due much of the honor of beautifying the city by sweeping away many squalid purlieus of filth and vice, and substituting therefor broad avenues, boulevards, and spacious, handsome squares. Although his improvements were so many and so great that it may be said that he almost rebuilt the city, yet the conversion of the old ramparts of the city into broad and handsome boulevards was mainly accomplished long before his reign.

The oldest and most famous of these, the *boulevards intérieures*, were made in 1670, and extend through the northern and most interesting part of Paris from the Church of the Madeleine eastward to the *Place de la Bastille*, and crossing the river a short distance beyond that point,

sweep around in the southern portion of the city to near the place of starting.

This circle of consecutive boulevards changes its name at every slight angle and bend. Commencing at the Church of the Madeleine and going east, it successively takes the name of the *Boulevard de la Madeleine*, *des Capucines*, *des Italiens*, *Montmart*, *Poissonière*, etc. Outside of this irregular circle of boulevards is another more irregular still, opened at a much later period than the great interior ones. Beyond the second is a third girdle of new boulevards, running around just inside of the ramparts, called the *enciente*. The latter, prior to the siege of Paris by the Germans, in 1870–71, constituted almost the only fortifications the city possessed at the time, but it was demonstrated on that occasion that these ramparts were powerless to keep the enemy so far off that he could not fire into the city with his long-range guns. Hence a cordon of sixteen detached forts, two miles outside of this circle has been erected as an outer line of defence.

There are many other boulevards and avenues besides those just mentioned—the handsomest being the twelve radiating from the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile*, of which mention will be made hereafter.

All these great thoroughfares are very broad, handsomely paved, and shaded with trees. Many of the latter were transplanted into their new positions after they had attained a large size. The Parisians deem it an easy matter to remove even full-grown trees with all their roots and connecting soil, and to make them grow in their new locations.

Our hotel faced the *Boulevard des Capucines*, the very centre of the most fashionable business part of Paris. Here is splendor in the fullest sense of the word. All the finest cafés, restaurants, shops, stores, theatres, and opera buildings are concentrated in this neighborhood.

Next to the hotel is situated the Grand Opera House, the largest and most magnificent temple of the muses in the world. It has recently been erected at an expense of five million of dollars. It is capable of seating two thousand one hundred and ninety-four persons, and has besides several vast halls and saloons for promenading and refreshments between acts. The stage is seventy-four by one hundred and seventy-eight feet, and one hundred and ninety-six feet in height. The painting and sculpture alone of this building cost about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In its erection the architect called to his aid all the assistance that could be obtained from light, electricity, optics, acoustics, and the entire range of art. Every thing is on the most costly and elaborate style. There are polished granite, porphyry, and mosaics all through the building. The corridors, halls, and walls are adorned with paintings, and statuary of marble and bronze. We, of course, made an early visit to this lovely temple.

By the terms "finest shops," used above, I do not mean the largest, but simply the most beautiful, and those containing the masterpieces of industry and art in the greatest richness and profusion.

Although we were contented to spend a few weeks in the midst of all this splendor, elegance, and dazzling magnificence, we were glad on subsequent visits to seek more retired apartments on the *Avenue d' Antin*, a few doors from the *Rond-Point* of the *Champs Elysées*. We could radiate from there to all parts of the city with the greatest convenience. Without being disturbed by the noise, we could see from our windows all that was going on in the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*. Late in the afternoon of pleasant days this fashionable promenade is densely thronged with people; when may be seen two broad currents of vehicles, the one ascending the right side of the avenue, and the other descending on the left,

on its return from the *Bois de Boulogne*. There are phaetons, coupés, caleches, barouches, buggies, and hansoms, containing roués, demi-mondes, shopkeepers, lawyers, priests, doctors, merchants, bankers, counts, generals, and princes, all in elegant costumes, some driving their own vehicles, and others having pompous-looking coachmen and proud footmen. During this time it is almost impossible to cross the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, for there is no policeman, as in London, to order a halt now and then to the carriages, in order to afford persons on foot a chance to pass over. With this singular exception the Paris police are as efficient as those of any other city. There is a common belief among strangers that if they should be run over by a vehicle in the streets of Paris they would be arrested and fined for obstructing travel, while the careless and reckless driver would be permitted to go unpunished. Doubtles such injustice has been committed, but certainly not very often; for justice is dispensed as impartially in this city as anywhere else.

If one desires a good quiet drive or horseback ride to the *Bois de Boulogne* it is necessary to go in the morning. It must not be supposed that, because the roadway of the *Avenue des Champs Elysées* is almost every afternoon during the fashionable season crowded with vehicles, those who are unable or undesirous of driving have no space to enjoy themselves. It is quite otherwise. The broad sidewalks, and shady groves on each side, especially at the broad east end, or *Champs Elysées* proper, are full of pedestrians of both sexes, of all classes, and of all ages. The walking crowd consists chiefly of laborers, artisans, schoolteachers, clerks, shop-girls, servants, nurses, and children, all of whom are there to see the passing panorama of vehicles, and to enjoy the fresh air, the balmy breeze, and the joyous songs of the birds that hold their concerts in the shady trees.

As usual, at such places, there are numerous benches for the fatigued and seat-loving portion of the crowd. These are free. But for a few *centimes* one can enjoy the luxury of a chair. The *Champs Elysées* are full of soda-water, ginger-beer, fruit, and cake booths, and of *cafés chantants*, and puppet theatres. The *cafés chantants* are open-air concert halls of a light, gay, and fanciful style of architecture, surrounded by a group of horse-chestnut trees full of colored lamps. The hall is chiefly occupied by the performers. The audience occupies seats in the grove in front of the stage. When illuminated in the evening and the music is in full blast, the scene is lively and gay in the fullest degree. The entrée to these places is either free or nearly so, but generally proves, to the inexperienced foreigner, far more expensive than a visit to the Grand Opera, because of the importunities on the part of waiters to have the visitor call for fancy drinks, for which he is sometimes charged exorbitantly, and is, moreover, expected to give a *pour-boire* to the *garçon*. By importunities I do not mean Italian begging, but a peculiar facial expression which intimates that a person, paying little or nothing for the privilege of hearing such delightful music, ought to be willing to pay for refreshments.

The concert halls are only in full blast at night. During the day the amusements are mostly for children, who ride their wooden horses and drive their little teams, pulled by goats, to their heart's content. The majority of them, however, seem to prefer the performances at the puppet theatres, one or more of which are continually exciting the innocents to mirth. The most aristocratic little ones, attended by their nurses, secure seats close in front of the theatre, while the non-paying crowd of men, women, and children are kept farther off by a rope or chain. The performer, a ventriloquist, remains behind the scenes while manipulating the puppets and making

them recite dialogues and cut up the most fantastic capers.

The *Champs Elysées* are Elysian fields for children during the day, and the fun-loving middle classes of both men and women at night. There is no other place in Europe where nocturnal revelry assumes such a gay form as in these fairy-land groves. It is hardly the place for a modest man or woman at night, and yet most tourists take a passing stroll through its dazzling labyrinths when it is illuminated, and resounding from centre to circumference with the music of gay concerts.

The avenue is lined with magnificent cafés, restaurants, hotels, palaces, and public buildings, constructed of a creamy-white native limestone, as beautiful as marble. On our first arrival in Paris the pavement of the *Avenue des Champs Elysées* consisted in some places of asphalt, and in others of macadam, but in 1882 and 1883 the Nicholson pavement, consisting of wooden blocks, etc., was being substituted.

The shade trees lining the sidewalks were at first European horse-chestnuts and elms, but in 1883 the latter were removed to make room for more of the former, which are the favorite shade trees in Vienna also.

As subsequent to our first visit our rooms were opposite the celebrated *Palais de l'Industrie*, situated on the south side of the *Champs Elysées*, near the *Rond-Point*, we often found it convenient to visit its spacious apartments when there was an interesting exhibition of any kind, but especially the annual one of modern sculptures and paintings. The latter exhibition is known under the name of the *Salon*. It lasts from the 1st of May to the 18th of June. It is there that the reputations of artists are made or unmade. Many a person of this calling has heard the awards of the *Salon* with supreme delight or suicidal depression.

There is a circular building near the *Palais de l'Industrie* containing a panorama of the siege of Paris during 1870 and 1871. Nothing but the absence of the din of battle keeps one from imagining, while viewing this panorama from the inside of an immense circular hall on the top of the building, that he is not inside of one of the fortifications of Paris as a spectator of a fearful engagement. On one side is Paris with her glorious domes, towers, and spires, threatened with an approaching storm of shells and balls, which, as a necessary preliminary, were turned in all their hellish fury upon the fort where the spectator was looking on in amazement. The smoke from the terrible Prussian guns is plainly visible. Their balls and exploded shells can be seen lying all around, as if they had just crushed through the walls, or scattered the dying and the dead in every direction. I found myself at one time almost ready to render assistance to a wounded soldier near by, who was pale and bleeding, when a Frenchman began his routine explanation of the siege. His description destroyed the delusion.

One of the great marvels of the age is the rapidity with which Paris has recovered from the horrors of that war and the greater horrors of the civil war that followed immediately thereafter. Although the French were deeply humiliated when, after a siege of Paris lasting over four months, the Prussian cavalry marched through the Arch of Triumph down the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, yet they live in hope of some day wiping out this defeat. But the deeper disgrace of the diabolical acts of the Commune arouses in them a feeling of shame and dread. Of shame, because of the horrible butchery and vandalism committed by these fiends in 1871; and of dread, because they can never tell when these acts may be repeated.

A similar outbreak was imminent on the 9th of March, 1883, when, after months of angry discussions, a crowd of

ten thousand furious men rushed in front of our windows howling and yelling like so many American savages. I inquired of my host what it all meant. He replied that they were probably going to the palace of *Monsieur Grévy*, the President of the Republic, to hang him. I proposed that we should go and see the result. Following the crowd, we found them halted near the President's mansion. They permitted us to elbow our way through their ranks to the front, when we discovered that they were held at bay by the police and a large military force surrounding the grounds of the mansion. My companion recognized the *Prefet de Police*, who was in command of the city and military forces, and made an attempt to speak to him, when a policeman told us to march on. We had gone but a short distance, when the communists rushed towards the palace gate, and would have succeeded in making an entrance, had not a passing omnibus halted just in front of the gate and caused a moment's delay by breaking their ranks, thus enabling the military force to concentrate where most needed and disperse the mob, which was led by Paule Minck with a revolver in her hand.

Towards 5 P.M., several groups of the populace assembled before the *Palais-Bourbon*, but were dispersed by the cavalry, who made free use of their sabres.

About the same time that the rush was made towards the Elysée, the President's mansion, several thousands of the turbulent populace marched up and down the *Boulevard St. Michel*, where they created great consternation by smashing shop windows and pillaging the bakers' establishments. The notorious Louise Michel led the rioters, holding aloft a black flag. As the populace were rushing towards the *Place Maubert*, this woman was surrounded by some guardians of the peace, who took her banner, but permitted her to escape, as she trembled violently while

protesting that she was only endeavoring to restrain the ardor of her followers. She was, however, subsequently arrested for this and other misdemeanors and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. She afterward became insane while in prison.

On Sunday, March the eleventh, the insurgents, according to previous preparations, attempted to hold a monster meeting in the *Place de l' Hôtel-de-Ville*, but were dispersed by the police aided by the mounted republican guard. An explosive machine was hurled in front of the guard, but was removed by a policeman before the horses had time to trample on it, and thereby cause an explosion.

The anarchists kept up their odious demonstrations throughout the country as well as in Paris, and finally arranged for a monster meeting on the *Champ de Mars* to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of the insurrection of the 18th of March, 1871. The revolutionists declared their intention of having on hand several hundred thousand of their sympathizers well armed to resist any efforts on the part of the government to prevent the celebration. Paris was really terrified, as it was generally believed that a bloody crisis was at hand. Many people fled from the city. The government took extraordinary precautions to guard the public buildings, and quietly strengthened the garrison of Paris and the adjacent forts, and gave orders to the officers in command of distant forts to hold troops in readiness for emergencies. These precautions were quietly made, but it was manifest that the authorities did not intend to be caught unprepared. They made no menacing or ostentatious display of power to prevent disorder, but warned all peace-loving citizens to remain away from the vicinity of the *Champ de Mars*. My two sons, myself, and host concluded to reconnoitre. On arriving at the grounds where the demonstration was to occur, we found several thousand people walking around the *Champ de*

Mars, but if they desired to stop and talk they were requested by the guardians of the peace to move on. By this means the populace were not allowed to collect in large groups on the Field of Mars. The police force on active duty was very large. The soldiers were kept out of sight, but ready for any emergency.

The *Parc du Trocadéro* and all the hills overlooking the field of expected trouble, and the windows of the surrounding houses were full of excited spectators. In short the audience was present, but not the actors. So the affair ended in a complete anarchist *fiasco*. The authorities performed their duty with commendable precaution, tact, and vigor, and thus prevented a second edition of the terrible scenes of the spring of 1871.

Such outbreaks as these may occur in London and other cities without any peculiar significance; but not in Paris while France is passing through a crisis like that of the winter of 1883, when the poor were suffering from cold and hunger, and the anarchists were ready to take advantage of these conditions, and of the fact that the party in power —the Republicans—were almost paralyzed by divisions among themselves since the decease of their great leader, Léon Gambetta. A Parisian riot has no counterpart in the world. Even a bread riot may end in a revolution. Like a spark falling at random among rubbish it may be extinguished by proper and timely precaution, but allow it time to ignite the combustible material around it and thus gather strength, away goes the city in a terrible conflagration.

The celebrated *Avenue des Champs Elysées* is bounded at the west end by the *Rond Point de l'Étoile*, in the centre of which is the *Arc de Triomphe*, the largest of its kind in existence. The latter is surrounded by magnificent and elegant houses, and forms the centre from which radiate a dozen splendid avenues. It was designed to commemo-

rate the victories of the French army under the Emperor Napoleon I. On it are recorded the names of about six hundred fallen generals, and scores of hard-fought battles. It is constructed of solid masonry, and is seventy-two feet deep, one hundred and forty-six feet wide, and one hundred and sixty feet high. The façades and sides are adorned with colossal sculptured groups, representing prominent and interesting battle scenes connected with the great captain's victories. The structure was commenced in 1806, and finished in 1836. It is located on an eminence, from which the radiating avenues gradually descend as they extend off in the dim distance. The broadest and most splendid of these grand thoroughfares are the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, running easterly towards the centre of Paris; the *Avenue de la Grande Armée*, running westerly, and forming an extension of the former; and the *Avenue de Bois de Boulogne*.

The view from the *Arc de Triomphe*, after the illumination of the city at night, surpasses in beauty and magnificence every thing else of the kind in the world. One may also obtain by daylight from the platform at the top of the *Arc* an extensive view of the city and surrounding country.

I ascended the *Tour St. Jacques* and other similar places to secure a view of the various parts of Paris, but never cared to repeat any ascent except to the top of the *Arc de Triomphe*. The *Place de la Concorde*, at the east end of the *Avenue de Champs Elysées*, is the most magnificent and historically interesting square in France, if not in the world. It has a singular name for a square that has been so often baptized in blood. Its dimensions are about seven hundred by twelve hundred feet. It is bounded by the *Champs Elysées* on the west, and the Seine on the south, the Gardens of the Tuilleries on the east, and the Ministry of the Marine on the north. It is ornamented

with balustrades, rostral columns, fountains, an Egyptian obelisk, and by eight pavilions, surmounted by colossal stone statues, representing in an allegorical manner eight of the principal cities of France, such as Lyons, Marseilles, Brest, Bordeaux, Strasburg, etc. The last named is placed in mourning since that city has been added to the German empire.

I have passed across this beautiful *Place* about a thousand times. I have seen it in the quiet hours of the night, when its solitude was like a wilderness; in the early evening, when brilliantly lighted by gas and electricity; when its lamps, joining those ascending the *Champs Elysées*, as far as the Triumphal Arch, defined an avenue which seemed to have no end; when its silvery fountains were in an effulgence of glory, and the surrounding groves resonant with vocal and instrumental music. I have seen it when crowded with an ocean of human faces, eager to adore or sneer at the passing funeral pageant of one of France's greatest republican leaders, Léon Gambetta, but never with unalloyed pleasure. For even when looking at its two beautiful fountains, which pour their ceaseless streams into bronze basins, where tritons and nymphs are ever bathing, I could not repress the thought that its waters can never suffice to remove the blood-stains which have sullied its pavement.

It was here that the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were the innocent cause of the death of twelve hundred people and the injury of many more, owing to a discharge of fireworks in celebration of their marriage producing a stampede among the horses attached to the vehicles blocking up the square, and causing them to run among the crowd, who madly rushed over each other, doing more damage than the frightened brutes themselves.

It was here that a few years later the king and his be-

loved queen had their life's blood turned upon the ground by the ruthless guillotine, which continued its bloody work until the third of May, 1795, nearly three thousand persons having perished by its fatal stroke in the meantime. The most of these unfortunate victims of political changes met their fate on the spot where now stands the obelisk of Luxor, which was presented to the French government by the Viceroy of Egypt after it had stood guard over the great temple of Thebes for more than thirty-one centuries. It cost over two million francs to transport it from the ruins of Thebes to its present position. Its transportation occupied two years. It was landed in Paris in 1833, but not erected until 1836. As it possesses no political significance whatever, there is no reason why it may not be allowed to rest in its new home as many thousand years as it did in Egypt. If so, its recollections of a long life will be very interesting reading to some future generation.

Although it has occupied its present position for only half a century, it has been a silent observer of great events in the history of Paris. In 1871 it saw a conquering German foe bivouacked beneath its shadows, and a subsequent fierce struggle between the loyal citizens of Paris and the rebellious communists.

I shall have much more to say of Paris after having given a description of our first trip to Switzerland and Northern Italy.

We made two trips to Italy while in Europe—the first in the early autumn of 1881, and the second in the spring of 1882. The chief object of the first visit was to see the romantic country of William Tell, through which we passed.

Although the whole summer had been so rainy and stormy as to check travel in Switzerland almost entirely, we were blessed with most charming skies. The only

severe storm that we encountered, on our journey, was at *Bâle*, or Basle, a prosperous old commercial town situated on the left bank of the Rhine, and containing a population of nearly seventy thousand. Our rooms at the *Trois Rois* immediately overlooked the river, which being greatly swollen by the rain kept up a roar excelled only by the oft-repeated peals of Heaven's artillery.

As there was not much to be seen at Basle except the old cathedral, *The Münster*, we hurried on to Neuhausen, fifty-seven miles farther east. Our route lay chiefly along the north or right bank of the Rhine. We had thought the scenery of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France so beautiful that it could not be excelled, but are compelled to declare that the valley of the Rhine is more charming. While the country, both in France and the valley of the Rhine, through which we journeyed, was so paradisic, the houses, with the exception of the houses of the rich, were extremely ugly. The common people possess a fine taste for landscape-gardening, but very little for architecture.

In regard also to farming, they are far behind the citizens of the United States. During the entire trip, from Paris to Basle, we did not see any better method of cutting grass or grain than the old plan of mowing and cradling. This is perhaps owing to the fact that since the Revolution large landed estates of the nobility and church of France have gradually become more and more rare, and that the land of the present day is mostly divided up into small parcels, which the industrious peasants find can be tilled to better advantage by their own labor in the old-fashioned style than by employing expensive machinery like that found so useful in the immense grain-fields of Northwest America. These small patches are covered either with oats, barley, rye, wheat, vegetables, grass, or grape-vines, and collectively give the country the appearance of a large garden. There are no unsightly

fences as in America marking the boundaries of the little freeholds. Narrow paths, furrows, or ditches, answer the purpose. The larger possessions of the rich land-owners are divided and bounded by beautiful hedges, which are kept neatly trimmed. We occasionally noticed on the brow of a hill an old ruin, a castle, or a more modern chateau, but these grand buildings were rare in comparison with the numerous humbler cottages of the industrious peasants, which, by the by, are mostly collected into small villages.

Our visit to Neuhausen was with the object of seeing the Falls of the Rhine, which are the most imposing in Europe, but far inferior in grandeur to several in America, especially the majestic Niagara.

The breadth of the river, just above the falls, is one hundred and twenty-five yards, and the height of the fall is from forty-eight feet on the right to sixty feet on the left bank. The water, as it tumbles over a rocky ledge of irregular form, is separated into three cataracts by projecting rocks. On the highest of the latter is a pavilion from which the best view of the falls may be obtained.

Like the Falls of Trenton, and Niagara, the Falls of the Rhine have had their victims, some being drawn into its vortex by accident, and others by design in attempting to float over its foaming, boiling surface.

It was here that Lord Montague, a young English nobleman, paid the penalty of his rashness, in 1790, in an attempt to "shoot the falls."

There is something in the boiling foam and roaring of a swift cataract very tempting to bold, sensitive natures, and makes them heedless of danger in their desire to plunge into its rushing waters.

The proprietor of the Bellevue, at Neuhausen, where we stopped, stated that the summer of 1881 had been a dull season for tourists on account of the frequent rains,

which, besides being otherwise disagreeable, had so saturated the earth as to make some of the passes over the Swiss mountains extremely dangerous from landslides. These, when on a large scale, are very serious to property and life. As examples, I may cite the one that destroyed Goldau in September, 1806, and the next most formidable one that occurred while we were in Switzerland, September 11, 1881, causing destruction to a part of the village of Elm, with a loss of about two hundred lives. This unfortunate place is situated in the Sernf Thal, at the foot of the Laaxer and Stockle Glaciers, under the lee of the Tschingle Alp.

We had a most pleasant railway trip from the Falls of the Rhine to that most charming city Lucerne.

Although we had had no lunch on our arrival there and were extremely hungry we deemed it best to avail ourselves of the two hours of sunshine left us to see some of the sights of the place before ordering dinner. Of course we went to see the famous sculpture of Thorwaldsen, the colossal lion. The drawing, designing, and model of this work of art were done by the artist just mentiond, but its execution from the rock was by a Swiss sculptor, Ahorn, of Constance.

Its location is in a cheerful, quiet, shady spot a short distance out of town. It was intended as a monument in memory of the Swiss Guards who fell on the 10th of August, 1792, during the great French Revolution, in defending King Louis XVI. and his family. The lion is hewn out of a huge sandstone rock occupying its natural position on the side of a mountain. It is eighteen feet in height and twenty-eight in length. The design represents a wounded lion, fallen and dying with a broken spear fixed in his side, but even as he sinks in death he stretches out a paw to cover and protect, if possible, a shield on which are the *fleurs-de-lis* of the old royal arms of France. With deep-set eyes and drooping mouth, his almost human face ex-

presses in every line not only the agony of death, but the greater one, to a brave soul, of defeat. Nothing could more simply and fully express the sentiment intended to be conveyed—of bravery and fidelity.

The names of the Swiss Guards who fell in defending the French king are recorded on the rock below the one from which the monument is hewn. The whole guard, consisting of seven hundred and fifty privates and twenty-six officers, were cut to pieces by the infuriated mob without a chance of defending themselves, for though they were present at the Tuileries by command of King Louis, they were ordered by him after a slight skirmish to make no further resistance to the mob. They thus as well as himself became martyrs to his untimely clemency. The lion is the pride of Lucerne. A short distance above this monument is the Garden of the Glacier, lately uncovered, where is to be seen a large mass of rocks, some of which have smooth cup-like basins, each containing a smooth round stone or boulder. It is evident that the latter in being whirled around by the action of water made its own bed and itself smoother. It is the accepted theory of geologists that these results were effected by glacial action. This is possible, but in my opinion the phenomena could have been, and probably were, produced by the action of water alone upon the rocks. I have seen these phenomena in active operation where there was no ice, especially in the mountain streams of Oregon and at the Giessbach Falls in Switzerland. In short the Glacier Garten, instead of being the bottom of a glacier, ancient or modern, may have only been the bed of a swift stream or river, which by a landslide or an earthquake, or some other natural convulsion, has changed its course. Of course I do not deny that similar phenomena have been produced, and are still being effected by glaciers, but I affirm that glacial action is not the sole cause in the production

of smooth boulders and their convex smooth rocky beds.

Lucerne is picturesquely situated on the border of a lake bearing its own name, in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills and mountains of surpassing beauty and sublimity, and commanding a distant view of the snow-clad Bernese Alps. It lies partly on the border of the lake and partly on each side of the river Reuss, which flows out of the lower end of the lake. This river is spanned by four bridges, two of which are celebrated for the quaint old paintings to be seen on or near their roofs.

The lowest bridge, or mill-bridge, has a series of pictures from Holbein's Dance of Death. The second bridge from above, or kappell-brücke, is decorated with one hundred and fifty-four paintings relating to the lives of the patron saints of Lucerne, and descriptive of events in Swiss history.

Of course we made an excursion to the Rigi, a mountain not far from Lucerne, which is celebrated not on account of its great height, but because it stands alone, apart from a chain, and thus commands an extensive view all around—embracing a landscape of river, lake, plain, and mountain with a circumference of three hundred miles; and partly because on its north side it is perpendicular, enabling a person on its summit to look down beneath his feet into Lake Zug four thousand four hundred and seventy-two feet. Its height is five thousand nine hundred and six feet above the sea.

Formerly the tourist could ascend the mountain only on foot; now he may avail himself of one of the three railroads which go nearly to the summit. We took the shortest road, the Vitznau, but the one with the steepest grade, parts of it having a gradient of one foot in every four, or twenty-five feet to the one hundred. The length of the line from Vitznau to the Kulm or summit is four and

a half miles. It was finished in 1873. This line is constructed on the rack-and-pinion system. Between the rails run two others near together, provided with teeth, on which the cog-wheel of the engine works. The locomotive is below the passenger carriages and pushes them up, and regulates their descent. The speed is about three miles an hour.

In ascending the Rigi by this railway, one feels as if he is being lifted up on an elevator into the clouds. It is a sore trial to sensitive nerves. But the view from the summit fully compensates one for the effort of getting there. The eye ranges over the fairest as well as the sublimest portion of Switzerland. Its rivers, lakes, hills, and valleys are to be seen on one side, and the great chain of the snow-clad Alps on another. To the south-west we obtain a fine view of the Schreckhoerner, the Finsteraarhorn, and that fairest of maidens—Jungfrau.

RIGI KULM.

I 've seen Italian mounts and shady dales,
  The queenly Venice and imperial Rome,
The quiet bay of Naples, full of sails,
  The ashen slopes and smoky flaming dome
Of Mount Vesuvius,—the rippling Rhine,
  And cool, clear waters of the river Rhone,
As swiftly gliding 'midst the rocks and vine
  It gladly seeks Geneva's bay alone ;
I 've seen Niagara and heard its roar,
  I 've seen Mount Ranier, Baker, and Mount Hood,
The great Columbia, Pacific's shore,
  The rough Atlantic's waves, and lovely wood
Of Cuba, Darien, and other lands,
  Hibernia's smooth lakes, and Scotland's too,—
But ne'er beheld on sea, earth, rocks, or sands
  The fascinating charms of Rigi's view.
In tremor standing on his giddy height
  We scanned the lovely landscape far and near,
And saw an eagle in his airy flight
  Draw near these rugged steeps to him so dear.

Beneath us lay a charming lake, the Zug,
O'er which a steamer, like a duck at sea
In size, did glide. A smaller boat, a bug
Appeared, or else a fly or bumble-bee ;
Beyond lay quiet hamlets, woods, and lawns,
Whose lovely trees as garden flowers seem'd.
Like mice appeared the gentle lambs and fawns,
So lightly skipping as the sun's rays beam'd.
To south and west the snowy Alpine peaks
In grandeur did their hoary heads uprear.
We heard the fearful moans and plaintive shrieks
Of boreal winds—the mountains were so near—
As moving onward they were held at bay
By rocky barriers so strong and high
That one for better words could only say
They nearly touched the starry twinkling sky.

At Lucerne we hired a carriage, and drove fifty miles through the Brünig Pass to Meiringen, over a good road between mountains of great height, many of them covered with snow. The summit of the Brünig Pass is three thousand three hundred and ninety-six feet. The scenery for almost the entire route was grandly beautiful, especially that on the descending portion of the road after passing the summit. Frequently, at a turn of the road, we could see the lovely Lake of Brienz far ahead of us, the Vale of Meiringen deep down beneath our path, and the snow-mantled summits of the mountains far above, apparently reaching the very heavens. If we had not just come from the Rigi Kulm and all its surrounding glories we should have been spellbound at such a charming view of lake, valley, and mountain.

At Meiringen we took a small boat—the steamboat not being ready—to convey us across the Lake of Brienz to Giessbach, where we took apartments for the night at the Hotel Beau-Site, which is romantically located on a plateau several hundred feet above the lake. Guests are conveyed thither by a tramway, having a gradient of

twenty-eight feet to the hundred. There are two cars, each holding forty-six passengers, connected by a wire rope, running round a wheel or swivel at the summit of the track. As one car descends the other ascends, the descending car being weighted with water when there are insufficient passengers to make it heavier than the ascending one. The motive power of water is regulated in quantity or force by the weight of the ascending car when empty or loaded. The rails are about forty inches apart, and have a tooth-rail or rack between them, into which a pinion of the car works.

The hotel is in full view of the Giessbach Falls, which consist of seven cascades, tumbling from rock to rock from a gap in the mountains eleven hundred and forty-eight feet above Lake Brienz. The highest of the falls is precipitated to a depth of one hundred and ninety feet. A winding pathway gives the tourist a fine and near view of them all. He can pass behind one of them on a wooden gallery. At night these falls, at a given signal, as the ascension of a rocket, are illuminated by various colored lights, presenting a most enchanting appearance.

From Giessbach we went to Interlaken, partly by coach, and partly by boat over Lake Brienz. Interlaken (between lakes) is situated between Lake Brienz and Lake Thun, and consists chiefly of hotels, though there are several pretty stores, containing pictures of Swiss scenery and carved wood-work in many fanciful forms. The latter is mainly done by the Swiss peasants who live on the mountain slopes, watching their cattle, horses, sheep, and goats during the summer, but descend to the lower lands in winter, where they find spare time for fancy wood-carving.

The peasants' huts are exceedingly small and primitive. The well-to-do class, being on good farms near villages and towns, erect pretty houses, but rarely paint them.

They are very fond of overhanging eaves and carved fronts and gables. Many of their houses have portions of the Scriptures carved on the outside. The body or framework of the house consists generally, especially in the mountain districts, where it is intensely cold in winter, of hewn timbers, about four by eight inches, laid one upon the other, and the roofs are covered with shingles to the thickness of six inches. Some of the houses, especially in villages, are covered with small fancifully shaped shingles.

The little peasant girls and boys living along the main thoroughfares make frequent applications to travellers to buy fruit or fancy-carved toys. They are almost as persistent as the same class of persons at Killarney, in Ireland, or Naples, in Italy.

From our rooms in Schweitzerhof we had a magnificent view of the Jungfrau Alps, which has an elevation of thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-one feet, and is clothed with a perpetual mantle of snow.

We had a fine opportunity, on our way to Interlaken, to see the picturesque Swiss female costume, which consists chiefly of a black velvet bodice, a short white petticoat, full white linen sleeves, and white plaited chemise, fitting closely around the neck, and forming the sole covering of the bosom. The hair is usually plaited, and ornamented with a long ribbon; some women are bareheaded, while others wear large black-lace caps: others again wear leghorn-straw hats profusely trimmed with gay-colored ribbons. Interlaken itself affords but few opportunities of seeing the native costumes, as it is no longer a Swiss village so far as population is concerned, but has, within a few years, been changed into a settlement of foreigners, who come here to the number of about fifty-five thousand annually.

The situation of the town, between two lakes surrounded by high mountains, with the snowy Bernese Alps

full in front, is supremely beautiful. That charming pyramid of snow, the Jungfrau, was there revealed to us in all her virgin splendor and magnificence. The sight reminded us of the Cascade Mountain views in front of our home in Oregon.

There is no place in Switzerland from which so many short and agreeable excursions can be made as from Interlaken; and being so romantically situated, and having such excellent hotel accommodations, it is not strange that it should be such a popular resort for tourists. There is one excursion from this place that the traveller cannot afford to miss—that to the valley of the Grindelwald. Our visit there was on a glorious day in the latter part of September, when the mountains and the heavens seemed to open out into a perfect flood of brilliancy. It is only ten miles from Interlaken.

This valley is inclosed by the *Eigher*, or the Giant, thirteen thousand and forty-two feet high; the *Mettenberg*, or Middle Mountain, ten thousand one hundred and ninety-seven feet in height; the *Schreckhorn*, or Peak of Terror, twelve thousand one hundred and sixty-five feet high; the *Wetterhorn*, or Peak of Tempests, over twelve thousand feet high; and the *Jungfrau*, or Young Virgin, thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-one feet in height.

These mountains present a most imposing aspect from the village of the Grindelwald, where tourists stop to rest before proceeding to see its two glaciers near by. These descend far into the valley, and are very accessible. We visited the upper and more interesting one, about two and one half miles distant from the village. One of the horses furnished us for the excursion, having a sore back, kicked up so savagely that two of the ladies of our party got nervous and declined to accompany us.

On arriving within three-quarters of a mile of the

glacier, we left the animals and continued our journey on foot to the grotto which had been formed near its lower end. Having observed in the vicinity another grotto that had just caved in, we went into the only remaining one with some hesitation, especially as its roof of ice was full of cracks and holes, through which the cold water dripped down unmercifully upon our heads. A landslide that had recently fallen across the road by which we went to the Grindelwald, and the sight that we had just had of a terrible avalanche of snow from one of the neighboring mountains, were not calculated to increase our sense of security while exploring this icy cavern.

A grotto is sometimes made by the action of water from melting ice, but the one we entered was probably an artificial excavation, as it was so nicely arched.

We had neither the time nor inclination to ascend very far up on the steeply inclined plane of the surface of the glacier, towards the upper region of the ravine in which it was formed, especially as we were unprovided with the necessary *alpenstock* to support us, and a hatchet to cut steps in the ice. Besides, we were not unmindful of the recorded fate of a Swiss clergyman, who in attempting this feat slid down into a vast fissure seven hundred feet deep, from which his lifeless mangled body was many days subsequently extricated with great difficulty. Glaciers appear immovable, but ample experiments have proved that they have a slow motion—averaging about three hundred and seventy-five feet annually. The constant renewal of the waste caused at the lower extremity by melting is one proof of this fact. Another is that objects on the surface, placed there by experiments, or by natural causes, such as gravel and huge stones tumbling down upon it from the mountains, are constantly moving downwards, and are ultimately lodged in the valley at the termination of the glacier. Sometimes these rocks weigh

several hundred tons. At the mouth of a glacier may be noticed numerous ridges, more or less parallel, of sand and stone, indicating the termination of the glacier for each year. These are called *moraines* or borders. But like the ridges of sand formed on the ocean beach by receding tides, they are all washed together again and carried farther into the plain by a future still greater advance of the glacier, which sometimes threatens the very existence of the smiling settlements at its base. Thus in the seventeenth century the lower glacier burst its barriers and spread over the Grindelwald valley, causing great damage to property and the loss of many lives.

The glaciers are formed not only directly by fallen snow in winter, but by avalanches from the sides of the mountains in summer. There is in warm weather a constant stream of water issuing from the lower border of the bed of a glacier. It has its origin in the melting surface tumbling down through holes and fissures as we found it doing in the ice grotto that we explored.

The lower Grindelwald glacier formerly supplied the chief cities of Switzerland and France with ice, but better railroad facilities elsewhere have taken away the trade from the valley.

We returned to Interlaken much refreshed by the excursion, and after a good night's rest started on the morning of the 22d of September in a two-horse carriage for a trip through the heart of the Swiss mountains. The first few miles of our route lay along the banks of the lovely Lake Thun, which lies between mountains of great height and beauty. After leaving the lake we skirted around and between many snow-clad peaks, and stopped for the night at Saaren.

As we continued our journey, the following morning, the country grew more picturesque and romantic, some of the mountains ascending almost vertically above us for

several thousand feet, and dipping so far beneath that small rivers seemed like streamlets. Most of the summits were covered with snow. We had a splendid view of the *Dent du Midi*, which is so sharp and tooth-like that it is impossible for snow to lodge upon its lofty peak.

Nearly all the Swiss mountains are covered up to the perpetual-snow line with groves of beautiful trees interspersed with grassy dales and valleys more open to sunshine. There are many varieties of trees; such as the fir, walnut, maple, horse- and true chestnut, alder, ash, beech, and sycamore, or plane tree.

It was curious to see how some of the trees clung to the rocks and stony bluffs where hardly any earth was visible. I never saw a country so full of perpendicular rocky bluffs as Switzerland. Some of them are very high, with their vertical faces as smooth as could be made by the stone-mason's hammer. There is a remarkable ledge of this character at Saint Maurice. This village is a favorite resort for American tourists, on account of the picturesque beauty of the surrounding country. In descending to it from a height of seven or eight thousand feet we found the atmosphere much milder than in the mountain passes above. It is situated in the charming valley of the Rhone.

We stopped over night at Vernayaz in order to see on the following morning the *Gorge du Trient* and the *Cascade du Salvan.*

The gorge is seven and a half miles long, and is accessible for half a mile by a wooden gallery attached to the rocks about twenty feet above the foaming stream. The gorge runs through a solid rock, the two sides of which come nearly in contact at places, and are four hundred and twenty-five feet high. The stream pouring rapidly down the cañon is at points forty feet in depth, though generally shallow.

After ascending about a quarter of a mile up the gorge we were invited to take a seat in order to observe the beauties of the scenery, when the local guide moved off a short distance around a corner, and, without any warning to us, fired off two shots from a blunderbuss. The noise was so startling and deafening that the youngest lady of our party almost swooned from fright. Upon reprimanding the man for conniving at such a senseless practical joke he replied that it was only done to create an echo.

A mile west of Vernayaz is the beautiful Fall of Sallenche; and between it and the town is the Cascade du Salvan, which rushes down almost perpendicularly from the top of the Salvan to the valley of the Rhone below—a distance of two thousand feet. A beautiful zigzag or serpentine road, lined with chestnut trees, follows the stream to its summit.

Switzerland has enough charming cascades to supply the world. The rivers, cascades, and falls of Great Britain dwindle into utter insignificance when compared with those of this highly picturesque country. While these in their turn fail utterly in comparison with our Columbia and Mississippi rivers, and the Falls of Shoshone, Yosemite, and Niagara.

We travelled by rail from Vernayaz to Brieg up the romantic valley of the Rhone, and rested for the night.

We left Brieg early in the morning of September 25th in a three-horse diligence for Domo d' Ossola by way of the beautiful macadamized road over the Simplon Pass, built by Napoleon between the years 1800 and 1806. The construction of this remarkable road was for the purpose of rendering Italy more accessible to French troops than it was when the great general had to transport his army with its heavy ordnance over the St. Bernard Pass. It took nearly thirty thousand men about six years to build it. It was a grand and bold project both in conception and execution.

The road has an average incline of one inch to the foot. Yet even this is too great for the ordinary carriage or diligence to ascend, unless some of the passengers walk up the steepest grades. The harness traces broke so frequently that we were compelled to walk nearly the entire way to the summit of the pass, occupying us five hours and a half. We were, however, so inspired by the clear bracing atmosphere, the beauty and sublimity of the surrounding scenery that we failed to become greatly fatigued. It was very curious to observe how we would go up one side of a ravine to its head, or cross on a bridge at some narrow part, and then by almost doubling upon our tracks continue in nearly a reverse direction upon the opposite side of the ravine for a variable distance before striking off for another gulch, gradually ascending, however, at every step. The road runs along terraces of gigantic dimensions, over innumerable bridges, through tunnels in the natural rock, and along many artificial stone galleries made for the protection of travellers from avalanches. The latter are numerous and very dangerous. There are nine hospices or refuges along the road, where tourists may always find assistance when hungry, thirsty, or ill. Every thing at these places is furnished gratuitously, but it is expected that those who are able will offer a gratuity, for it would otherwise be impossible for these institutions to be maintained, especially the so-called New Hospice near the summit of the Simplon Pass, where many thousand tourists are annually entertained.

We saw among the monks several of the most famous of those who had served on the St. Bernard Pass. Also a few of their celebrated dogs. The convent of Martigny holds control of the monk fraternity on the St. Bernard Pass, and also of those connected with the chief hospice on the Simplon Pass—the one called the New Hospice—which was founded by Napoleon I.

The most interesting as well as dangerous portion of the road is that which winds along the face of Mount Leone near the summit. Here avalanches are of frequent occurrence, and the road is protected by several galleries, one of which allows the water from the *Kaltwasser* (cold water) Glacier to pour over its roof into the abyss below. From this point to the summit of the pass, which has an altitude of six thousand five hundred and ninety-five feet above the sea, we had a grand view of Alpine mountain scenery, and of one or two glaciers, and of the charming Rhone valley. Even the town of Brieg which we had parted with over five hours before made a startling reappearance several thousand feet below us.

While on these Alpine heights, we were reminded of the following beautiful lines by Krummacher:

"On Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

"On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

"On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eyes,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells."

The deep snow on the mountain side seemed ready to slide down upon our road. In fact, we saw remnants of recent avalanches, from which we made a few snowballs, and had some childish sport, reminding us of bygone days and our distant homes.

Although enjoying the ascent, we were rejoiced to reach the summit, because we knew that there would be no more hard climbing on foot, but an easy down-hill grade, which would soon take us into the balmy atmosphere of sunny Italy.

The scenery all the way down was grandly beautiful. Just as we made our exit from the famous gallery of Gondo—cut through solid rock—we had a charming view of the Frassinone Fall. At this point the rocky sides of the gorge through which the road runs rise almost vertically to an immense height. St. Marco was the first Italian village that we passed through. At Isella, near by, is the Italian custom-house, where we were detained for a few minutes while our baggage was examined. Nine miles more brought us to Domo d'Ossola, where we secured apartments for the night, having come forty-one miles over the most charmingly interesting road that it had ever been our fortune to travel. We picked up on the route several varieties of beautiful wild flowers, one of which I recognized as being indigenous in the valley of the Columbia River.

Our next resting-place was Pallanza, Italy, where we arrived September 26th. It is located on the shore of the charming Lake Maggiore, which has an average width of four and a half miles, and length of thirty-seven miles, and is in a few places twenty-eight hundred feet deep.

We took a delightful boat ride over this lovely sheet of water to see two of the Borromean Islands: the Isola Bella and the Isola Madre. In the seventeenth century Count Vatalio Borromea erected on the former a château, and converted the rock on which it stands into a charming garden, having ten terraces, rising one hundred feet above the lake. There are many rare, beautiful, and useful plants and trees in this garden, such as the camphor tree, tea plant, palm, camellia wood, arbutus, banana, the

Wellington and North American pine, laurel, orange, and lemon trees, cork, India-rubber, and magnolia.

We were permitted to inspect the chateau, notwithstanding the count's family were at home. Of course, we did not intrude upon rooms occupied by them. The house abounds in paintings, mosaics, statuary, and shell grottos, and the grounds surrounding it are profusely studded with statues.

The Isola Madre belongs to the count also. It is terraced in a somewhat similar style to the Isola Bella. In the grounds surrounding the dilapidated old palazzo on this island are many charming flowers, plants, and trees, such as the pomegranate, bay-tree, cherry-laurel, holly, bamboo, green tea, Scotch fir, rhododendron, Montezuma pine, olive tree, and cedar of Lebanon. The trees were merry with the songs of lovely birds.

After a short but pleasant visit at Pallanza we started for Lugano.

We went so far as Luino in a steamboat, and thence in a carriage. Although the country through which we journeyed was picturesque, the houses and inhabitants were very uninteresting.

We had already passed through the advance guard of Italy's standing army of beggars, and deemed further progress impossible without filling our pockets every morning with small coin to meet their demands.

Lugano is situated on a lake of the same name, and although in Switzerland, it is so close to Italy as to partake largely of the character of Italian towns. The lake is lovely. A magnificent view of the surrounding country may be obtained from the summit of Monte San Salvatore near by, on which is a hotel, formerly a monastery.

On the 29th of September we reached Bellaggio, which charmingly located on the shore of Lake Como.

"A clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles, glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate."

After partaking of refreshments, we enjoyed a boat ride over this romantic sheet of water, favored by soft, gentle zephyrs, and a clear sky. We floated over this heavenly lake until each hamlet, each headland, and each mountain top became roseate with the hues of departing day, then we returned to the hotel.

"A palace, lifting to eternal heaven
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds . . .
The perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmur of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses."

From our apartments in the hotel a lovely landscape of lakes, villages, and mountains was spread out before us; but the best view may be had from the promontory lying at the angle formed by the junction of Lake Como and Lake Lecco, on the highest point of which is situated the charming Villa Serbelloni—a perfect paradise.

Of all the places of resort for tourists to the Italian lakes, Bellaggio is pre-eminently the most popular, and we were very reluctant to leave it.

There are few more enjoyable places than the lake country of Northern Italy and Southern Switzerland, if one is fortunate, as we were, in having good weather. It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that the climate in that region is always fine and enjoyable, especially in winter and summer. The former is too cold and rainy, and the latter too hot. From all that I can learn upon the subject, I would advise visitors to select either the month of April, May, or September.

To appreciate these lakes fully, it is necessary to go there for rest of body and mind after a somewhat toilsome journey. A tour of the Alps is usually sufficient to put one in a good condition to feel the need of a quiet musing with the calming influences of nature.

While there, all fatiguing excursions ought to be suspended, and the days should be passed in gentle wanderings in shady groves and along rippling streams, and the cool of the evening spent, not in ball-rooms, drinking saloons, or gambling hells, but in a quiet sail over the lakes, accompanied, if possible, by a few congenial friends. Boats are always lying near the hotel, with skilled rowers to take us at our pleasure. We may launch out into the centre of the lake, and rest like one becalmed at sea, or float along the shore under the shadow of surrounding mountains, and dream of the beauties of earth and heaven, both of which are reflected from the bosom of the calm waters. In casting our eyes upwards, we may always find among the constellations old familiar friends that we have seen in other lands, who smile upon us now as sweetly as in times gone by, and bid us turn our thoughts in thankfulness to Him who made them to cheer us with their light and guidance.

After a delightful rest at Bellaggio we started for Venice. A steamboat conveyed us to Lecco, where we connected with a railway, via Verona, for the city in the sea.

We passed over a picturesque country smiling with vineyards and groves of mulberry and olive trees. In doing so I wondered whether the peasantry who were so peacefully at work on their farms knew any thing of the history of the classical ground they were tilling; of the events that occurred there in the dim past; or even in recent times, when the first Napoleon made every valley and hill resound with the clash of arms. Of course they

knew, and many of them practically, something of the late battle of Solferino, where the combined armies of Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon III. made Italy free and independent.

Those who approached Venice, about sunset on a clear and beautiful May afternoon, as we did at our second visit, in 1882, will consider this enchanting city a thing of beauty unsurpassed, a true bride of the sea. But let them arrive late at night in a howling storm, sick and weary, as was our first experience on the last day of September 1881, and the charm is absent.

A little incident occurred on our arrival which added greatly to this result. As I was escorting two ladies of our party, who had been taken ill that day, through a dense crowd from the station to the quay, they exclaimed: "Where is Jennie?" "With the courier," I replied. The latter came up just then, and stated that when he last saw her she was in advance of himself close behind the rest of us. The invalids started in different directions to hunt for their niece, but knowing that, in their weak, nervous condition, they would be more likely to lose themselves than find any one else, I begged them to remain quiet at the place where we last saw the missing young lady, while the courier and myself sought her. Our search, as well as that of some policemen, was in vain. Among many horrible suggestions, that came to our mind, was the possibility that the two brigandish-looking wretches who forced their way into our car at the last station might have kidnapped her. But the general impression was that she had been accidentally forced away from us by the throng of rough boisterous people who passed out the station gate to the quay. As we searched all along the latter and all through the waiting-rooms of the depot unsuccessfully, the conclusion seemed to be inevitable that being separated from us, and not

being able to find us again, she had gone into one of the numerous gondolas lying at the wharf and ready to depart full of passengers for the various hotels. If she had known the hotel to which we were going, or could have spoken Italian, this thought would have been a relief to our minds, but she was ignorant of both, and was, besides, of an excitable temperament, and easily alarmed. At the risk of being arrested, for disturbing the public peace, I went along the quay a second time, calling out in a stentorian voice: "Oh! Jennie. Oh! Jennie. Oh! Jennie Wilson," in the hope of finding her before the boats pushed off from the shore. There was no response except from the gondoliers who mockingly echoed my doleful cry. Having exhausted this means of search, I turned around and beheld Jennie walking along like one in a state of somnambulism, unconscious of my loud calls to her. As I approached, she started off in a run, and the next moment I beheld her clasped in the arms of my wife, who had, contrary to our agreement, gone in search of her niece.

It seemed that as we were passing the thronged gateway of the station Jennie's umbrella got caught in somebody's dress, and while endeavoring to extricate it she was carried by the crowd out of our sight. She then wandered around to find us, or even some person who could speak English or French, but in vain, until she got a glimpse of her aunt Lizzie.

In the meantime all the gondolas had disappeared, except the one engaged by us; and most of the lights along the quay had been extinguished, and darkness added to the general perplexity. Having gone aboard our gondola we soon knew from the splashing of its oars that we were moving, and that too through a great city, but as we could hear no rattling carriages or other sounds, and see but few dim lights, it seemed as if we were being con-

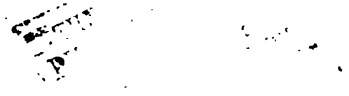
veyed over the black waters of the gloomy realms of Death. Until that time I had never experienced a similar sensation, but did the following year while being carried on a man's back over the river Styx in a dark subterranean passage called the Grotto of the Sibyl, on the southern border of the Lake of Avernus, a few miles out of Naples. On that occasion the rest of my party declined to bear me company, as they were still too painfully impressed with their first gliding through the misty shapes and shadows of the grand canal at Venice during a dismal rainy night.

We finally secured a quiet hotel facing the Lagoon, on the opposite side of the city from where the station is located. Our dreams that night were such as are experienced by impressible people after reading Dante's Inferno.

On awakening next morning we were unable to realize that we were not still in a land of spirits, until a flock of pigeons alighted on our window-sills, and cooed for their breakfast. We were so foolish as to feed them, and the consequence was a too early visit from them every morning during our sojourn in what is called the City of the Doges, but should be named the City of the Pigeons, for there are thousands of these birds in Venice. These may be seen if one will take the trouble to visit the square of St. Mark any day at two P.M., when they are fed. They fly hither from all parts of the city at the sound of the bell. Visitors may, however, summon at any time a number of them by throwing down some crumbs of bread, as there are always a few on the look-out for extra meals. In fact, no young maiden tourist ever thinks of visiting the city without having a little amusement with these birds, who, if not repelled, will alight on her hands, arms, and shoulders, and gracefully pick the crumbs of bread or grains of wheat from her hands.

If she be pretty, and tastefully dressed, she is sure of

Grand Canal, Venice.



the admiration of passing spectators, especially Italians, who love to pay respectful homage to real beauty—the more so when she flatters their vanity by a tender regard for their pet doves.

Their regular two o'clock meal consists of grain furnished by the city authorities.

It is considered a punishable offence to kill one of these birds. They have for six centuries been the pets of Venice, because some of their ancestors brought intelligence to Admiral Dandola, during the siege of Candia, assisting him to take that island, and afterwards carried the good news to the Venetian government.

Having lately come from London and Paris, where the street crossings are so dangerous to pedestrians from passing vehicles, I found myself, when attempting to cross one of the few solid streets of Venice, frequently looking around in order to avoid being run over by some dashing team, forgetting for the moment that there are no horses in that city except the four steeds hitched over the great entrance of St. Mark. There is, however, no danger from them, as they were too long under the training of the emperors Nero, Trajan, Constantine, the first Napoleon, and the Doges of Venice, to run over peaceable pedestrians. Besides, having made such long journeys in their day—from Greece to Rome, from there to Constantinople, thence to Venice, afterwards to Paris, and finally to the Bride of the Sea again, they are content to rest a few thousand years more where they are. Perhaps by that time the millennium will come, and St. Mark himself may need them for his special service.

But horses were not always so scarce in Venice, for in the thirteenth century they were so numerous in the narrow streets that the city authorities compelled the owners to put bells on them, in order to give warning of their approach.

"What do you think of Venice?" was asked me at the breakfast-table on the first morning after our arrival. Strange to say this interrogatory would puzzle me still, notwithstanding my two visits to the place, and as thorough an examination from every point of view as it is possible to make in a few weeks, both with my own eyes and those of others, who, from natural female curiosity, would not for the world leave Venice without seeing every thing of interest, especially the sculptures, paintings, and famous old churches.

From reading too much in my younger days about the Bridge of Sighs and the horrid prison to which it leads, I at one period wondered why the Almighty could allow a city to exist that ever used such a diabolical old dungeon. But we should remember that Venice sprung up during the dark ages, and it would be strange indeed that a city could exist so long in the midst of heathenism, superstition, tyranny, and vandalism without imbibing some blemish from the foul atmosphere.

Look at her glorious deeds of redemption. What would have become of Christian Europe if she had supinely folded her arms and allowed the Mohammedan Turks to overrun the land? Or who so well as she withstood the Goths and Vandals of the north, who for a while seemed determined to blot out the very name of civilization from the face of the world? For the many centuries of noble and glorious conflict a debt is due her from all Christendom.

One cannot look at this city of palaces upon the sea, of grand old churches and galleries, filled with the masterpieces of the most famous artists of the world, or remember the leading part she took in European history for over a thousand years, without being filled with admiration.

If one cares nothing for the past romantic and glorious history of this remarkable city, cares nothing for architec-

tural beauties fashioned centuries ago, and yet superior in most respects to those of the present age, or takes no pleasure in looking at the works of art, visits the city only in a rain-storm, when her fine outlook upon the sea is obscured by dark clouds, when the age-blackened fronts of her marble palaces are dripping with rain, when her canals seem like drains or open sewers, when the natural stillness of her water-streets are deepened into sepulchral silence, he is apt to feel a sense of awful depression and gloomy disappointment.

On the contrary, let the visitor be a person of intelligence, an experienced traveller, possessing a fair degree of physical and mental sight, an unbiased mind, and a love for the romantic and beautiful, both in art and nature, and he cannot see Venice, under favorable circumstances of time and weather, without being filled with admiration. She is, as it were, a flower-bed of the sea, and requires either moonlight or sunlight to develop her beauties. For the truly romantic tourist, the former is the better condition for a sail up the Grand Canal or on the Lagoon, because the ravages of time on her marble walls are then invisible, and she seems to arise from the ocean like a golden city paved with emerald. Then her lights are multiplied by reflection from the rippling waves around, and her turrets and pinnacles glitter like the constellations of the sky.

It is customary in most cities nowadays to preserve a record of some of its most prominent founders. Not so in Venice. A history of its illustrious senators and the long line of its Doges has been carefully preserved, but not a word about the hardy men who first laid the foundation of the city, except that they were refugees from the central and northern provinces of Italy, who, in a panic caused by the destruction of Aquileia by the barbarians of the north of Europe, fled to the low, marshy, and sandy

little islands of the lagoon of the Adriatic, and there built a town, which gradually developed into the once mighty and still beautiful Venice.

Its best streets, so to speak, are canals, but almost every building may also be reached by a crooked and exceedingly narrow alley of made ground. Its palaces and finest public buildings are on the Grand Canal. This, the chief thoroughfare of Venice, has an average width of one hundred and fifty feet, and is a little over two miles in length.

The most beautiful square in the city is the Piazza San Marco. This has been the centre of business and fashionable social life for many centuries. It is bounded by St. Mark's Cathedral, the new wing of the Palazzo Reale, and the old and new Procuratie, and other palatial public buildings.

The Piazzetta is a branch of the Piazza, and leads to the principal quay on the Lagoon. On one side of it is the old Library of Sansovine, a continuation of the new Procuratie, and on the other the Doge's Palace.

An arcade extends along the four sides of St. Mark's Square, being, as usual in Italy, built beneath the street front of the buildings, and supported by piers and arches. It is a nice protection from rain, but shades the stores too much. At night, however, this disadvantage does not exist, as the stores are brilliantly lighted. All the best and prettiest articles are displayed in the show windows, which, when illuminated by reflecting mirrors, render them very inviting to purchasers. Nothing but the prettiest and most costly articles are kept in these stores—chiefly jewelry. There are several streets leading off the square where articles may be bought cheaper than in the Piazza itself. These streets are crooked and narrow—not averaging over fifteen feet in width.

The square of St. Mark averages about two hundred

and twenty-five feet in width, and is five hundred and seventy-six feet in length. These dimensions would seem small in most of the large cities of the world; but it should be remembered that Venice had to reclaim her land from the sea at an immense expenditure of time and labor. This square has for centuries been the great centre of business and social life. In the evening it is crowded with gaily dressed people, particularly army officers,—the city being full of soldiers. A military band plays there every Sunday evening. In fine weather, while some amuse themselves by promenading, others are seated in comfortable chairs in front of the cafés, sipping tea, chocolate, coffee, wine, or eating ices, watching the flirtations among the promenaders, and enjoying the delightful music of the band.

St. Mark's Square and its vicinity are nearly the only places in the city which strangers visit on foot, as the other solidly paved streets, or rather alleys, are extremely tortuous and narrow, being generally about seven or eight feet in width. The usual mode of travel by genteel people, either natives or foreigners, is in a gondola through the canals. But of this hereafter,—as we must not pass by the Piazza S. Marco without an allusion to some of the historical buildings that form its boundary. The most attractive of these is the Basilica of San Marco, one of the grandest and oldest churches in the world, having over its portal the four bronze horses supposed to have been made by a Grecian sculptor prior to the birth of Christ, and known to have adorned successively the arches of Nero and Trajan in Rome, the Hippodrome of Constantinople, the Venetian Cathedral, the arch in the Place Carrousel, Paris, and finally the Cathedral of St. Mark again. It has under its altar the bones of the patron saint of Venice—St. Mark,—which were brought to the city, in the ninth century, from Alexandria.

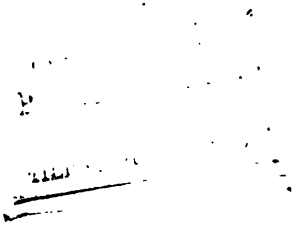
The foundations of the present church were commenced in 977 upon the site occupied by the first church erected at Venice in honor of St. Mark, which had been burnt the year previous. The chief and older portions of the building are according to the Byzantine style of architecture. Gothic additions were made in the fourteenth century, and the restored mosaic work in the seventeenth. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with large porticos attached, and is surmounted by five domes, the central one being ninety feet high. It has a mosaic floor of the eleventh century, now very undulating; the unevenness having been produced by the settling of the walls. The church has drawn heavily upon the East for marble columns, precious stones to adorn its altars, and holy relics. The two anterior columns of alabaster, which help to support the canopy of the altar just behind the chief shrine, are supposed to have once adorned the Temple of Solomon.

After visiting the mosaic works in Venice, and seeing the slow process by which mosaic ornaments and pictures are manufactured, one may have a faint idea of the cost in time and money of the vast amount of mosaic decoration in St. Mark's, especially when he bears in mind that it was all executed by the most skilful artists in the world. Almost the entire ceiling of the church, including its domes, is lined with mosaic, having a rich golden ground.

There are mosaic pictures of Christ, Mary, St. Mark, the Apostles, and many others. One of the most curious of the mosaic pictures is the genealogy of Mary. The figures on the branches of the tree are life size, and present an imposing appearance from the gallery near by, but from the grand front entrance of the church, on a cloudy day, they resemble monkeys up a cocoa-nut tree.

In order to view the mosaic ceiling and pictures in the upper part of the building properly, it is necessary to ascend to the galleries by a narrow, dark passage, near the

Cathedral of St. Mark, Venice.



front door. In descending this passage, I struck my head against a low arch, when the Italian guide exclaimed something like "jam more," but I concluded that I had already jammed enough. This injunction from my cicerone reminded me of an anecdote told of pioneer life in California. A gentleman in walking over the planked water-front of San Francisco, dropped through a hole in the sidewalk into the mud beneath. A colored man extricated him and cleaned his clothes. The rescued individual walked off without paying, or even thanking the darkey, who said to him: "Good-by, sir; when you return please drop in again."

The number of wonderful things to be seen in the Church of St. Mark, particularly in the sacred-treasure line, is so vast that one should not attempt even to glance at every thing at the first visit, unless his time is very limited. It is better to stop at a hotel near by, and run in for a little while daily during his sojourn in the city.

All ages and all parts of the world have contributed something to the rare, curious and beautiful treasures of St. Mark. There may be found wonderful carvings, beautiful metallic ornaments, superb statues, masterpieces in painting and mosaic works, of many ages, and from many lands, as well as from the artisans and artists of Venice herself. These things have been gathered by purchase, plunder, and zealous donations; many of the donors feeling that in enriching St. Mark they have immortalized themselves.

As something may be found here to suit the taste and sentiment of every one, it is not strange that the Church of St. Mark should be the most popular in Christendom, and that from morn until night its portals should be thronged with persons of all beliefs and races.

But one should not let his interest in St. Mark's prevent his ascending the Campanile, or bell-tower, just

opposite, from the summit of which a magnificent view of Venice, with all its islands and waters, may be obtained.

Then there is the palace of the Doges near by, which possesses an historical interest as romantic and interesting as that of St. Mark. In the days of Venetian power, splendor, and glory, what deeds of patriotism and heroism, of conspiracies and crimes, were conceived within its walls! How the secret edicts of its Council of Three, and the crimes expiated or perpetrated within the dismal prison connected with it by the Bridge of Sighs alternately excite the admiration and execration of mankind! Who can be shown the "Lion's Mouth" within the palace, through which the government invited accusations, without trembling at the remembrance of the thousands thus accused, who, charged with crimes, suffered imprisonment for many weary years, while, if they had been allowed a proper defence, might have proved their innocence.

We must not, however, suppose that the Venetian government was essentially vicious and corrupt. On the contrary, its Senate and Council of Ten were, as a rule, composed of the best and wisest members of the republic; but the Secret Tribunal, or Council of Three, which they chose in some secret manner, so that they themselves could never tell who constituted it, was the mighty power in the land. From its dread decision no appeal could be taken, not even though the Doge himself should be the victim; which was once actually the case. It was by its decision, more than five hundred years ago, that the Doge Marino Faliero lost his crown and his head for attempted treason and usurpation. This talented and once honored son of Venice was beheaded for the offence in the giant stairway in the court of the palace.

This irresponsible power, no doubt, often acted wisely between man and man, but it is certain that it too frequently exercised its immense power tyranically and un-

justly. Thus Venice was a republic only in name. Hence few tears were shed when, after doing much good as well as great evil to the civilized world for a period of thirteen hundred years, it tottered and fell, and after a series of minor changes, finally became a part of the present kingdom of Italy.

There is not extant a palace of a Crœsus, of a king, or of an emperor that presents such gorgeousness as the Palace of the Doges. Its architecture is superb, its gilding, carving, and decorations, are magnificent, its numerous paintings are by the most distinguished of the old Venetian masters. If there were no other works of art in Venice than are to be seen in this celebrated old palace the traveller ought to be content. The only drawback is that there are too many doges. Yet it is not necessary to trouble one's self in glancing at these, when there are so many historical pictures, by such artists as Bassano, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto. The latter's "Paradise" is the largest picture in existence.

After visiting the various chambers and halls of the ducal palace, we crossed the Bridge of Sighs, connecting with the prisons of Venice, and examined the dismal dungeons where the accused were buried in a living tomb. The guide, without any preliminary explanation, shut us up in one of the worst of them, and after letting us out stated that he had locked us in to show how Byron had acquired his inspiration while composing "Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice"—his lordship having suffered himself to be confined in the same dark cell for twenty-four hours without any nourishment. We were sufficiently inspired in a very few minutes, and did not even thank our cicerone for his kindness. On the contrary we felt like resenting his insolence, but our stock of Italian invectives was rather short.

We spent a large portion of every day in gondola rides

to the various magnificent churches of Venice—all perfect galleries of the fine arts, such as the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, the Church of St. Georgio Maggiore, the Church of the Jesuits, and the SS. Giovanni e Paolo, where are to be seen monuments of all the principal doges. We also visited the Church of Sta. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari to see the tombs of Titian and Canova. The latter was executed by Canova's pupils, after a rejected design by Canova himself for Titian's monument. It is far superior to the monument that the committee selected for Titian in its stead.

Perhaps the greatest and most select collection of paintings is to be seen in the Academy of Fine Arts. Among the gems are to be observed Bonifazio's "Banquet of Dives," Titian's "John the Baptist in the Wilderness," and the "Presentation of Mary in the Temple" and "Jesus in the House of Levi," by Paul Veronese.

I learned in Venice the capacity of the average American female traveller for picture seeing. Had I not received a preliminary education there in the art of looking up every interesting painting among the many miles of canvas in Italy, I should not subsequently have been able to accompany my lady friends in their daily search for two months in Rome, where pictures are to be seen in every palace, and in all of her three hundred churches.

Picture seeing, conducted after this method, ceases to be a recreation. Both mind and body became exhausted, and one is glad of a change, if it be only for a gondola sail up and down the Grand Canal, or out into the Lagoon, or, better still, around the city. It is also interesting to go through many of the smaller canals and land occasionally in one of the paved alleys, to see some of the queer old shops, which are generally so dark in the rear that lamps have to be used all day long. Every little store is adorned with a picture of the Madonna, even though it

be only a penny print. In some of the larger wine shops the Virgin is enthroned amidst a perfect blaze of crimson lamps, which are replaced in the evening by large chandeliers to attract the gondoliers, who are induced to spend their money freely under the auspices of her approving presence.

In thus traversing the city along these narrow canals, I one day asked our English courier whether the gondolas ever collided with each other. His reply was: "Oh, no, never." Just then, as we were passing an intersecting canal, the sharp prow of a gondola struck the side of our boat and glided across her centre with appalling rapidity, fortunately hitting nobody, although grazing my chest. It seems that both the gondoliers had neglected their duty in not calling out on coming to an intersection of the canal. I then inquired of the guide whether the occupants of the houses, which lined the canals, ever dashed any thing out of their windows into the liquid alley below. He answered in the negative. That evening, the guests, of the hotel where we were stopping, were relating their experiences of the day, when a young English artist remarked, that in going through one of the canals he and his friend were drenched with something from above that did not have the odor of rose-water. In fact they were compelled to take a bath and send their clothes to the laundry.

During a warm summer eve it is sometimes a little troublesome to navigate the canals of Venice on account of the vasts hordes of bathers who are swimming, splashing, diving, and gambolling in the waters. They are mostly men and boys, but there are also many females. On encountering them thus in the watery streets of a large city, we are apt at first to feel somewhat abashed, but the utter unconsciousness displayed by these almost nude creatures of doing any thing to shock the sensibilities of passers-by soon restores one to a feeling of indifference.

Of course the aristocratic element of Venice are not to be seen bathing in her streets. They resort to the Lido, the beach that separates the harbor from the Adriatic, where is to be found a first-class bathing establishment for gentlemen and ladies.

During several months of the year, especially May, it is a pleasure to most travellers to rest a week or more in Venice, and to spend a few hours of the day in sight-seeing, and as many more about sunset in floating in a gondola through the canals or upon the Lagoon; and to listen for a while later in the evening to the splendid music of the military band in the square of St. Mark; and to fall asleep after the duties and pleasures of the day are over, under the influence of the soft dashings of the gentle waves against the marble steps of their palace hotel. But after a while these pleasures become monotonous, and if continued for a long time, lose their fascination, and even grow exceedingly distasteful.

In rainy or wintry weather, the place is insufferably dull to tourists, though possibly pleasant to the higher classes of its society people, who have acquired habits of indolence from an absence of every incentive to industry.

This condition of things is, however, changing, and the time is not far distant when Venice will regain a part of her glory as a commercial centre. Large steamers are already making their appearance in her waters, and steamboats have lately commenced to run through the Grand Canal, and ere long their shrill whistles will be heard in the smaller canals. They made their introduction into the Grand Canal in the interval between our first and second visit. We observed at our last visit, in 1882, another change. Some of the old churches and palaces were undergoing a process of restoration, especially the Palace of the Doges. According to the spirit of modern progress, this may be for the better, but it is an innovation

upon the field of sentiment, by no means pleasing to such men as Mr. Ruskin, who would like to have the City of the Seas preserved in the mantle that ages have given her.

Venice still sits throned on a thousand isles, but the sad-eyed pilgrims who come to weep on the "Bridge of Sighs," or the sentimentalists who come to dream over the beauties of a fast-fading glory, or the lovers who wish to glide softly over her quiet waters in the romantic old gondola, must soon retire before the prosaic advance of modern progress.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE OLD CITIES AND A PRISON—IN PARIS AGAIN.

THE three old cities to which allusion will be made in this chapter—Milan, Genoa, and Geneva—have taken a new lease of life and become as fresh and vigorous as many of the large cities of America. This is particularly true of Milan and Genoa since Italy has thrown off the Austrian yoke, which lay like an incubus on the hearts of the people, and has become free from the seas to the Alps. The universal depression and lethargy prevalent under foreign rule have given place to a spirit of enterprise and pleasing activity. They are tearing down old houses, widening streets and squares, and forming broad boulevards on the site of old city walls, and flanking these improved thoroughfares with stylish and substantial modern buildings.

It is probable, however, that no attempt will ever be made to replace Milan's remarkable old cathedral, although it is considered by good judges as an architectural abomination—belonging to no school, but a patchwork of Italian, German, Gothic, etc. One great fault in the design of the church is the adorning of it with so many relievos, niches, notches, and statues. About two thousand of the latter could be removed, much to the advantage of the general appearance of the building, not because of any artistic demerit in these works of art themselves, but on account of their redundance. The church, however,

at a distance is very beautiful. It is only upon closer and more careful inspection that its incongruities dawn upon us. Yet there are many persons who consider it a glorious type of architectural beauty. And who can assert that they are not right? It is perhaps only a matter of taste after all. No observant person can travel much without noticing the vast difference among educated people of various nations as to their ideas of beauty in any object of nature or art.

Not having a bias in favor of any special style of architecture, I must admit that the general appearance of the church, with the exceptions just mentioned, seemed to be very fine. It is four hundred and ninety feet in length, by two hundred and ninety-eight feet in breadth. The elevation of its dome on the inside is two hundred and fifty-eight feet, but its tower is four hundred feet in height. We ascended the latter and obtained a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country. Too many persons are, however, permitted to go up the tower at the same time. It was so crowded when we made our ascent that there seemed danger of an accident. If there is no restriction to the number of visitors allowed to go up together, the old railing at the top will some time give way and allow such persons as chance to be leaning against it to fall a fearful depth.

The ascent of this tower rendered the ladies of our party so nervous that they declined to accompany me the next year to the top of the leaning tower of Pisa, or to the ball on the cupola of St. Peter's in Rome.

The interior of the cathedral is very striking and might be considered beautiful. It is, however, too crowded with the relics of saints and the monuments of prelates and princes.

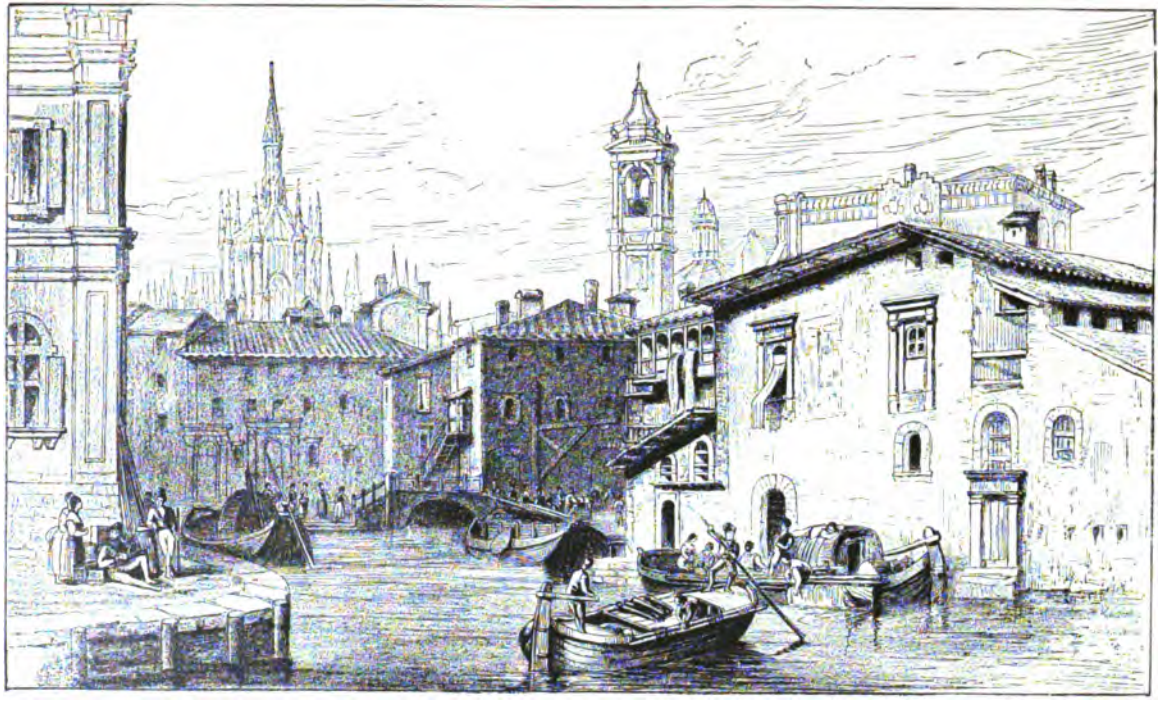
Of course we visited the vault of St. Charles Borromeo, who was cardinal and archbishop of Milan in the sixteenth

century. He was born in 1537 and promoted to the above-mentioned high rank by his uncle, Pope Pius IV., at the age of twenty-three. Coming into possession of the family estates at the age of twenty-six, he used the revenues in charity, and lived in poverty himself. He died in 1584 and was canonized twenty-six years afterwards.

There have probably been few men more deserving of being canonized than this wonderful man, who, not content with living in poverty himself while his riches were bestowed upon the needy, even gave great personal attention to the sick when others failed in their duty during the great plague at Milan in 1575. Nevertheless, to surround his mummified remains with pontificial robes, glittering with precious jewels and gems, about which he cared nothing himself, and to exhibit him every hour of the day to throngs of people at the enormous price of five francs to each visitor or party, does not appear to be the best means of honoring his memory, even though it be a good method of raising a revenue.

At the Academy of Arts we saw many celebrated pictures by the old masters. Both here and in the Gallery of Arts, at Venice, were many artists copying the original paintings. As a rule, they were a very common-looking and illy dressed set of men and women, with lean, haggard visages, denoting a hard struggle for their daily bread.

Having seen so many works of art by the old masters in the galleries of Venice and Milan, we were glad to have had an opportunity of examining the productions of the modern and living artists at the National Exhibition of Industry and Art at Milan in 1881. Italy is still the home of painting and sculpture. No other country except France could exhibit such splendid specimens of these arts as we saw at her exhibition. The great division of industry was also fully represented. We spent a de-



Milan.

lightful day in examining the treasures it contained, and felt thankful that chance gave us an opportunity of seeing here in a short time what could not have been seen in any other way without the cost of much time and money. In Venice, for instance, it took us the greater part of a day to visit the shops where the best mosaics are manufactured; whereas we saw at this exhibition in a few minutes all that we desired to know of the mode of their manufacture, and then passed on to other things equally as interesting—such as the manufacture of glass, silver, and gold wares, and toys and jewelry; also the manufacture of silk fabrics in all its stages, from ths eating of the mulberry leaves by the silk-worms, to the completed fabric, and even the making of dresses from the same, which were placed on dummies, and, in some instances, on beautiful young ladies. The anatomy of the silk-worm itself was also shown in all its parts, highly magnified.

In a general way we were much pleased with Milan. It is a bright and flourishing city, resembling in many respects Brussels and Paris. The new part of the city has broad, well-paved streets, lined with new and handsome buildings. The business portion of the town is too lively, active, and attractive to be characteristic of Italian cities. The era of progress has begun, and romance must make room for a new order of things.

It is said that Milan once controlled the fashions of Europe so far as ladies' dresses were concerned. But this is all changed, for the ladies there now, many of whom are very pretty, seem to dress in a very plain but neat style, when compared with their Parisian sisters. However, at the *Teatro della Scala*, the largest and most popular theatre building in Italy, there were some dressed in the extreme style of art so noticeable at the Grand Opera in the French capital.

Milan can boast of the loftiest and handsomest arcade in the world, named after Victor Emmanuel. It is in the centre of the city, near the cathedral square. It was constructed a few years ago by an English company. It has an arched roof of iron and glass, beneath which are long rows of elegant shops, and wide open spaces for promenaders, who come here in the evening to have a pleasant time with their friends, secure from the rain or storm without. Its numerous and handsomely arranged gas jets give a peculiar brilliancy to the place at night.

Just beyond the Arcade is the *Piazza della Scala*, where is to be seen a fine marble statue of Leonardo da Vinci, whose masterpiece of painting, "The Last Supper," we saw in the refectory of the Dominican Convent.

As a proof that Leonardo knew as well how to use his tongue as his pencil, it is related that while he was indefatigably employed in the execution of this world-famous picture, he was constantly annoyed by the complaints of the prior of the convent about his slowness in finishing it. In order to put a stop to these mutterings, the artist said that there were two persons in the picture to whom he could never do justice—Our Lord, and Judas, his betrayer, —but suggested that the difficulty in regard to the latter would be surmounted, and the finishing of the picture hastened, if the prior of the convent would give him a sitting. The artist was no longer annoyed.

On the seventh of October we got our first glimpse of the Mediterranean after a five hours' railway ride from Milan to Genoa. If this sea could only furnish us with the marvellous events that have occurred on its surface or its shores for the last four thousand years, what a library of interesting reading the world would have!

It was upon her broad bosom that Christopher Columbus first learned the art of navigation, and was inspired with the ambition that led to the discovery of America.

It was with a peculiar interest, generally experienced by Americans, that we saw his monument in Genoa, his native city. Why does not America honor him in the same way? Is there a schoolboy or girl in the United States who would not feel a pride in contributing a mite for a monument to his memory? Let one be placed alongside of that which is being reared in Washington in honor of the father of our country.

Genoa sits like a queen upon her amphitheatre of hills overlooking the bay at her feet. She and Venice were the most powerful maritime cities of the middle ages. While the latter is content to dream over her former beauty and greatness, Genoa has been thrilled with the light of modern progress, and may, in years to come, again resume her place among the proud emporiums of the world.

Although Genoa is fast becoming modernized, the visitor will be astonished at the magnificence of many of her grand old villas and palaces, both in the city and suburbs, now in process of decay. Though time-worn, they rise one above another in such a picturesque manner on the hills overlooking the bay, and are surrounded with such beautiful lemon and orange groves, that their view from the sea, or neighboring heights, is highly pleasing.

Notwithstanding the beauty of the city, the average tourist will find few attractions to prolong his visit. There are many noted old churches containing some excellent works of art, but where he has just gone the round of those in Venice, and expects to visit those in Paris, Florence, and Rome, he will not care to spend too much time in such investigations in Genoa. At least this was my feeling, but the ladies were more enthusiastic. I took greater pleasure in visiting the villas in the neighborhood of the city, than in looking through the picture-galleries of the town itself. One of these visits afforded us par-

ticular delight—that to *Pallavicini* at Regli about eight miles from Genoa. It took us about an hour to reach the villa, where we spent several hours very pleasantly in strolling through the grounds, accompanied by our courier and one of the gardeners. The park contains numerous charming shady walks bordered by flowering shrubs, and several artificial grottos. One of the latter is exquisitely beautiful. As it contains water, it can only be visited by a boat, which is rowed through a labyrinth of beautiful caverns amidst stalactite pillars and pendants. We all enjoyed the boat ride except the young lady who had been so badly frightened by the blunderbuss at the *Gorge du Trient*, bordering the valley of the Rhone. She feared that some similar practical joke might be played upon us here. Her fears were groundless, so far as relates to the grotto, but shortly after coming out of it we were invited into a beautiful circular arbor, when a watery spray from numerous jets was turned upon the young ladies. As they rushed out too soon to please the gardener, he let fly a large stream as they were retreating, which struck one of them full in the face, almost blinding her, and soiling her dress. This senseless trick came near involving us in a first-class row, but the gardener apologized by stating that he had in his hurry turned on the water much stronger than he intended. The affair ended in a hearty laugh, the victim enjoying it more than the rest of us, after her first burst of anger at the impudence of the old Italian. I suppose he will continue his trick until some fellow gives him a caning.

After returning to Genoa, we visited the *Campo Santo*. It is beautifully laid out, and contains some handsome monuments; the most charming being in the new portion of the cemetery. As a rule, a slab of marble indicates the resting-place of the deceased, but his tomb is surrounded by statuary of the surviving family grouped in mourning

attitudes. Many of these figures represent young and handsome widows. As the statuary was mostly new, I hoped to be able to see in the streets of Genoa some of the originals, but was disappointed.

We left Genoa on the afternoon of October 8th for Geneva, stopping for the night at Turin. The first portion of the country through which our train passed was decorated with vineyards, corn and grass fields, olive trees, mulberry trees, and shady lawns. The most of the route, however, was along valleys flanked with hills and mountain slopes, with the snow-clad Alps beyond. We went through many tunnels, the one piercing Mount Cenis being seven and one half miles long. It was completed December 26, 1870, at a cost of fifteen million dollars,—one half of the expense being met by Italy, and the other half by France. It was opened for railway travel September 17, 1871. As the tunnel is over four thousand feet above the sea, and as we passed through it in October, we found the temperature decidedly cold.

The work on the tunnel was commenced on the opposite sides of the mountain, and carried to a completion at the centre. Just before the two bodies of workmen met, the engineers on the southern portion heard the sound of a blast from the northern division, which seemed to indicate that the two parts of the work would not properly join. So there was, for a while, great anxiety, as it was feared that a miscalculation had been made by the chief engineer. The alarm, however, was without foundation, as results proved the survey to have been wonderfully exact.

We arrived at Geneva at night, and after a refreshing sleep awoke next morning to find the air clear, cool, and bracing; and so it continued during our few days' stay. We were very fortunate in finding such charming weather in autumn. Usually at this season the rain storms are

severe and frequent, preceded and followed by long-continued dense fogs; and the few clear days are spoiled for comfort by a penetrating, cold, west wind, called the *bisa*. The summers are said to be hot and relaxing, and the winters exceedingly cold and windy. As, therefore, the climate of Geneva is not good, and there are very few objects of interest in the department of art, we must look for other attractions to account for tourists' visiting the place. These are to be found in the lovely situation of the city upon the southern (or western, as termed by some) extremity of Lake Geneva, in the charming landscape view around it, in its central position for excursions to points of interest like Chamouni and other places, in the reputation it has for the manufacture of watches; and, to a certain class of persons, in the fact of its having been the head-quarters of the celebrated reformer, John Calvin, who was at one time both its spiritual and secular or temporal head.

Under the prestige and support of this zealous reformer, several excellent Protestant schools were established, and Geneva soon became the centre of education for the youth of Protestant Europe, and continues to be very popular in this respect; but Calvin himself, and his doctrines, are out of fashion in Geneva, and on the continent generally. We saw the humble, plain brick house where Calvin used to live, and the little room in which he studied and wrote both day and night to make preparation for his numerous engagements in the lecture-room and pulpit. It is strange that with so much intellectual work the great zealot's brain did not break down long before it did.

Geneva can boast of many historical celebrities besides the great reformer, who made it and its suburbs their home: such as Necker, the minister of Louis XVI.; Saussure, the naturalist; Sismondi, the historian; Merle D'Aubigné,

author of the "History of the Reformation"; DeCandolle, Le Sage, Rousseau, and Voltaire. We had a look at the house and grounds of Voltaire, situated five miles from Geneva. The gentleman who at present owns the premises is not a descendant of the illustrious author, but kindly keeps two of the chief rooms sacred to his memory.

The house is a square two-story building, surrounded by lovely gardens, lawns, and woods. There was nothing in the two apartments that we had permission to inspect worthy of special mention. The floor of the *salon*, or larger room, is inlaid with polished wood of a cubic pattern. The furniture is of the antique style. There are a few engravings and old pictures, and a remarkable etching of "Voltaire and His Friends," hung around the room. His bedchamber contained a quaint old narrow bed, a few chairs with embroidery by his niece, and a portrait of the philosopher, painted when he was a young curled and befrilled dandy of twenty-five.

Voltaire's favorite promenade, called "The Philosopher's Walk," is the greatest attraction of the premises. It is an arbor, three hundred feet in length, of pollarded limes, and having at one end a magnificent view of the snow-clad Bernese Alps.

Among other places in the city, we visited the residence of M. Reviliod, where we saw beautiful pictures and statuary, and a grand assortment of china.

The Rhone, opposite our hotel in Geneva, was covered with ducks and swans, who appeared to be the pets of the city, as the pigeons are of Venice. Tourists love the amusement of throwing bits of bread into the water, and of seeing them scramble for their portions. The ducks got ahead of the swans, who seemed to be too dignified and slow in their movements to secure a proportionate share of the food. Strange to say, in the fiercest scramble there were no fights.

The churches of Geneva are neat, but have few decorations. The streets in the new part of the city are wide and well paved, and the buildings are of modern Parisian style. The handsomest shops and stores are along the quays of the Rhone. Here are to be found all the best jewelry stores, where music-boxes and watches of the best quality can be purchased cheaper than in any other city in the world. A person desirous of buying a watch can generally do so most advantageously by going to one of the factories, or rather to the office of one, which is generally in an upper-story apartment of the factory itself. On entering, and seeing no display of watches in cases or show windows, he is apt to imagine that he has called at the wrong place. Upon inquiry, however, he is shown, in drawers taken from safes, samples to select from. The price is fixed, and no amount of jewing will enable one to purchase at less than the stated value. This is just the opposite of the manner of selling articles in Italy, where they rarely expect to get the price asked for any thing. The smaller shopkeepers in Geneva adopt the Italian custom.

Our courier was very much disappointed because we did not purchase of one of the latter recommended by himself. Had we done so he doubtless would have received his commission at our expense.

On the 12th of October we bade adieu to Geneva and took passage on a steamboat to the north—sometimes called east—end of Lake Geneva, and thence returned to Lausanne, which we had passed on the way up, and rested for the night.

Lake Geneva, or Lake Leman, as it is also called, is a charming blue crescent of water, forty-five miles in length on its northern or convex side, having a maximum width of eight miles, and maximum depth of twelve hundred feet. It is the most charming of all the Swiss lakes, and

differs from the others in color, being blue, while they are green. Its waters at the end where the Rhone flows into it are generally more or less turbid, but are as clear as crystal at the Geneva extremity. It is considered a very strange and unaccountable fact that the Rhone actually takes out of the lower end of the lake twice as much water as itself and all other known tributaries pour into it. Can this extra supply of water have its origin in springs or rivers opening near the bottom of the lake? If so, these hidden supplies may have some bearing upon those inexplicable and dangerous currents that swimmers and boatmen occasionally encounter unexpectedly in ordinarily quiet parts of the lake. They may also have something to do with another strange phenomenon that puzzles scientists—the *seiche*, or occasional sudden rising of the water from three to four feet above its normal height. This change occurs in about twenty minutes, in the most quiet manner, accompanied by no waves or currents. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes more it commences to subside, and quickly reaches its usual level. Nevertheless it is highly probable that this phenomenon is owing chiefly, if not entirely, to an unequal pressure of the air upon the surface of the water, as the same thing takes place on the Lake of Constance. It occurs in bad weather, and in the narrowest portion of Lake Geneva.

The scenery on both sides of the lake is very charming, consisting of splendid villas, gardens, lawns, vineyards, and pretty little towns, such as Ouchy, at the foot of Lausanne, Vevay, Montreux, and Chillon.

The latter is only important as being a landing-place for a visit to the Castle of Chillon near by, made so famous by Lord Byron.

> " Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar,—for 't was trod,
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod.

By Bonivard !—may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

This old castle was built in 1238 by Amedeus IV., the Count of Savoy. It was used by him as a palace, a fort, and an arsenal, and by some of his successors as a prison also. It is located on a rock connected with the shore by a bridge. We descended into the dungeon where Bonivard, the heroic defender of the liberty of Geneva, was confined, and saw the pillar to which he was chained for two of his six years' prison-life, and the worn places in the stone floor made by his feet, and perhaps by those of other unfortunates like himself. This pillar is much worn by the grating of the chain, and is covered with the names of pilgrims who have visited the place. Byron, in allusion to the dungeon, truly says that the sunbeam had

" Lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall was fallen and left ;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp."

We also saw the post in the Chamber of Question to which prisoners were tied, while the red-hot iron was applied to their naked bodies to wring from them a confession. Sometimes the hot iron and whipping were used as a means of punishment after conviction.

Beneath this chamber was a horrid dungeon, where the condemned were chained to a sloping rock, in full view of the gibbet where they were soon to be hanged, and a hole in the floor through which their bodies were to be thrown into the lake beneath—here eight hundred feet deep. Some of the prisoners were condemned to be thrown into it alive. In another part of the prison is a pit or well called the *oubliette*, into which many of the poor victims were thrown, to be seen no more. The lower part of it is lined with projecting knives. It is eighty feet deep. At

the top are four stone steps slanting downwards to the brink of the dark abyss, and it was the custom to lead the secretly condemned prisoner blindfolded to these steps, and tell him to go down until he could reach the outer air and freedom.

This horrid prison is a fit counterpart of the old state prison of Venice, connected by the Bridge of Sighs with the Doge's palace.

It seems marvellous that such barbarities could be tolerated in an age of chivalry, even though civilization was yet in its infancy.

It was with a sense of relief that we came out of the Prison of Chillon, and could look upon the charming landscape surrounding it, of lake, woods, and snow-clad mountains; and hear the sweet songs of birds as they hopped from branch to branch of the lovely trees, keeping time with the soft murmurs of rippling streams as they embraced the mother waters of Lake Leman. We spent a very pleasant night at Lausanne, another at Dijon, and reached our winter-quarters in Paris on the 14th of October. As we drove through the heart of this gay city at that time of the evening when she was all ablaze with light, the change was so great in comparison with the silent little towns that we had just left, that we could realize why the people of all nations should rush into this vast gilded net, even at the sacrifice of more substantial comforts in their own lands.

After our pleasant journey through Switzerland and Northern Italy we were delighted to return to Paris, in order to leisurely examine many things only glanced at during our first visit, and to pursue certain lines of study that we had marked out for the winter.

While the ladies amused themselves with drawing and music, I devoted myself assiduously to the study of my profession by attendance on the clinical lectures in the

various large hospitals during the forenoon, and by listening to the didactic lectures in the Medical Department of the Academy of Paris in the afternoon.

Our visits to places of amusement and to the art galleries were so arranged as to be a source of recreation, and so with the excursions in the vicinity of the city. This was much more pleasant and profitable to us than the unceasing round of picture- and palace-seeing that we followed the next spring in Rome for about thirty days.

Picture-seeing is a kind of intoxication that seizes the majority of American ladies when in that great centre of art. The attractions in this line are also very great in Paris, but much more diversified by other sources of enjoyment, and hence not so wearing physically and mentally. There is nothing more exhausting to the limbs, eyes, and brains than a five hours' walk through art galleries, and old churches containing pictures, especially if repeated daily for weeks, as is necessary in order to see all the art treasures of the imperial city.

It is infinitely more pleasant to have other occupations, as we here had, and to pay an occasional visit to such places as the museums of the Luxembourg and the Louvre.

In the latter there are fifteen departments or separate museums—the most popular being the Museums of Sculpture and Painting. The latter is the largest in the world, containing from two to three thousand ancient and modern paintings—the most of them being original, and possessing a high order of merit. No one can stroll through these temples of art without becoming deeply interested. For he has here the opportunity of seeing for himself the growth of the mechanical and fine arts for a period of over thirty centuries.

If the tourist can only make a hurried ramble of a few

hours to the Louvre, he had better devote his time to the Museums of Sculpture and Painting. It is unwise to go through all the departments of art in so short a period, for in so doing it would be impossible even to glance at most of the interesting objects. On the other hand, where one has the opportunity of making many visits, it is well to take a general view of all the departments first, and review important objects at subsequent visits.

We have an opportunity in the Louvre of noting the progress of art from its infancy among that strange people the Chinese, to its youth among the Egyptians and Assyrians, and to its manhood—so far at least as sculpture is concerned—among the Greeks. We can follow its subsequent cultivation in Greece and Rome, and its decadence with their decline and its revival after a thousand years of darkness.

We may notice that although it takes on a new and rapid growth under the fostering care of the popes and kings of the middle ages, yet it is mainly confined to the narrow limits of depicting only saints and madonnas, knights and kings. We may see also, that after the Reformation it embraced a much wider field, and that the people themselves, from high to low, are mirrored upon canvas. So are flowers and trees, rivers and mountains, and, in short, all of the great works of nature.

The gem of the Louvre is the Venus of Milo. She has a separate room assigned her, where she holds a levee of admiring friends daily. This celebrated statue, notwithstanding its great antiquity, possesses an indescribable charm of youth and female beauty unexcelled in the present or any other age.

Admission to all the art galleries in Paris is free. The custodians of the rooms are even prohibited from receiving gratuities. The consequence is that, on certain days in the week, known as holidays, these places are too

crowded to make it pleasant for visitors who desire to look at the pictures quietly and carefully. We usually went there on rainy days, when outside excursions were disagreeable. All of our party took great delight in these visits, and some of us made private notes to aid our memory hereafter in recalling many of the pictures that afforded us the greatest pleasure. It is not my intention, however, to attempt here any description of them, as it is impossible to convey in words the gratification one feels in looking at paintings. Besides, readers generally care very little about art criticisms, even by connoisseurs.

The vivid impression that certain lovely pictures makes upon the mind leads one, at the time of observation, into the belief that it is impossible not to be able to recall it at any moment. But, alas, how transitory such impressions often are, because of the embarrassment and richness of numbers. One, in spite of himself, will examine too many of them, and thus fatigue or overwhelm, as it were, the photographic chamber of his brain, so that when it is called upon quickly for a certain pictorial impression stored away there for future use, it is so damaged by overcrowding, or so deeply buried beneath later acquisitions, as to be useless for emergency. The only way to keep these memories fresh in the mind is to recall them frequently by aids of art classes and other similar gatherings. These are chiefly attended by ladies; hence, a female tourist can generally be relied upon more than her brother, father, or husband, to give to friends at home a truthful description of the principal paintings seen by them while abroad. Even if the gentleman traveller has taken the same lively interest as his female companion, in studying up the æsthetic subject during his visit to Europe, the extra cares of his business or profession which have grown upon him by reason of his absence, in addition to his neglect of keeping it fresh in mind, have a tendency to efface from

his memory, within a few years after his return home, many a lovely pictorial impression. A man often gets a reputation for more stupidity upon this subject than he really deserves.

It is the custom in France to utilize the old palaces for museums of art. The museum of the Louvre and the Luxembourg are the most celebrated, but there is also a vast and choice collection in the old palace at Versailles, and other places. Unlike the old churches in Rome, those in Paris have their walls but sparingly ornamented with choice paintings.

As the French people are so fond of pictures and statues, it seems abnormally strange that they endeavor, during periods of riot or rebellion, to burn or otherwise destroy the receptacles of these choice collections. Paris has had such sad experiences in this respect, that in times of turbulence among the masses she always guards carefully these buildings. Thus, in the spring of 1883, when the riots threatened the peace of the city, the Luxembourg and the Louvre were guarded as carefully as the mint, national bank, and arsenal.

The museum of the Louvre was only saved from destruction at the time the adjoining palace of the Tuileries was burned by the Communists in 1871, through the herculean efforts on the part of General Douai and his brave soldiers.

The destruction of the palace of the Tuileries was the most suicidal act the mob could have performed. For the deed has led to the late removal of its damaged remains, which will probably soon be followed by the erection of other and less noble buildings, not only on its site, but on that of the beautiful gardens to which the public have, for many years, had free access.

The Revolutionists of 1789, made desperate by oppression and hunger, pulled down the old Bastile, but they did

not destroy the beautiful monuments of the past. This diabolical and self-destructive act was reserved for the low breed of human brutes that made their dens in the capital in 1871. With not a single touch of grace, taste, or love of the beautiful, which, until then, all Frenchmen were supposed to possess, they insanely, for three days and nights, poured petroleum upon the walls and floors, and rolled powder casks under the archways of the Tuileries, and then applied the spark that set all Paris aghast.

One would naturally suppose that if modern Frenchmen did not love the Tuileries, but rather hated it, because the Louises, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth, dwelt there as residents or prisoners, the Revolution had sufficiently rendered it the property of the people to save it from destruction by the lowest, and most radical of their number. But it seems that there is an element in the population of the fairest city on the face of the globe, more debased and satanic than the worst of the spirits in the infernal regions. For it commits the basest crimes without even the motive of revenge.

I have frequently strolled through the garden of the Tuileries, and been made happy by seeing the innocent frolics and gambols of the many thousand children who make it their play-ground in fine weather. Where will these little ones find such a convenient, shady grove when the grounds shall be used for more utilitarian purposes? If the Communists had their wish, this beautiful spot would be divided among themselves for wine shops and low dens—and thus one of the most charming pleasure-grounds in Paris would be blotted out for ever.

This calamity cannot occur, however, so long as the intelligent portion of the people continue to manage the affairs of city and state, for they love dearly their old parks and pleasure-grounds, and know how essential they

are to the health, prosperity, peace, and happiness of the people. The over-crowded cities of the United States might well learn a lesson upon this point from the city of Paris, which has heretofore shown a commendable example in retaining and beautifying the pleasure-grounds, and in permitting her citizens to enjoy them, under certain restrictions of course in order to secure their preservation.

There was nothing our party, especially my children, loved so dearly as a visit every few weeks to one of these lovely parks. In pleasant weather we preferred to visit those outside of the city, as St. Cloud, Versailles, St. Germain-en-Laye, Vincennes, and Fontainebleau.

The Bois de Boulogne was so convenient to our apartments that we went there very frequently—sometimes on foot, occasionally on horseback, and now and then in a coupé, or in a larger vehicle. It is the fashionable promenade of the Parisians. The morning is the hour for horseback exercise, and late in the afternoon for carriages. Yet many go there at all hours and in any kind of vehicle. Unlike the custom at Hyde Park in London, ordinary vehicles are not excluded, not even the Irishman's jaunty car.

By the selection of certain days in the week, and particular hours of the day when the people are at work, the aristocracy generally manage to avoid a crowd except of themselves. Still many of them make no effort to avoid the masses, but rather like the fun of mingling with them; for there are no such wide extremes of condition between the poor and rich in Paris as in London. Each class seems to be happy in its own way, and not envious of the other. If a man cannot afford to drive two horses he will drive one, or walk, and yet secure his share of the universal enjoyment. The poor man does not seem to desire that he be considered richer than he is. If he be very poor he makes no efforts to hide it. In short, whatever other

faults the French may have, they appear freer from envy, malice, and uncharitableness than some of their neighbors.

However extravagant the rich French may be in the pursuit of pleasure, it is certain that their poorer brethren obtain their enjoyments cheaper than most other people. Unlike the English poor, they do not spend a week's wages in a single debauch, but get a little enjoyment out of it every day, and still lay by something for emergencies or old age. It seems strange that such contented and happy people in times of peace can become so fierce and bloodthirsty when the tocsin of civil war calls them to arms.

The Bois de Boulogne contains about two thousand one hundred and fifty acres, and is beautifully laid out. It was for several centuries reserved by the crowned heads of France for a shooting-ground, but a commencement was made under Louis the Eighteenth and Louis Phillipe to make it a pleasure-ground for the public, while it was reserved for Napoleon the Third to develop the plan into its present magnificence. It has not the vast dimensions and enormous trees of many older parks in Great Britain and on the Continent, or of some of our natural parks in America, but nevertheless is charming in the extreme. Its broad avenue-approaches from Paris excel any thing of the kind in Europe and perhaps in the world.

On one side of the park is the celebrated Jardin Zoölogique d' Acclimatation, where may be found the choicest but not the largest collection of birds, fishes, and other animals on the Continent. With the exception of its aquarium, and perhaps aviary, Le Jardin des Plantes (or Museum of Natural History), at the other or east end of Paris, is superior to it in a zoölogical point of view. Le Jardin des Plantes comprises, besides the department of zoölogy, that of geology, mineralogy, and botany. This garden was established in 1650, and has connected with

its history many names of distinction in natural science. The house occupied by Buffon in the latter part of the eighteenth century is still standing at one extremity of the extensive grounds. The public are admitted into this popular garden free at all hours except at night. It is crowded during Sundays and other French holidays. The great attraction there, as in the zoölogical gardens of London, is to see the lions fed and hear them roar.

One charming spring morning we found ourselves journeying by rail to Fontainebleau. Not to see the town, for we had seen that before, but the palace and forest. The former has been at intervals a royal residence ever since it was founded in the tenth century. It has occupied as important a place in history as any other old chateau in France. It is of an immense size, having nine hundred apartments, many of them being sumptuously furnished, and containing some choice old paintings. We were most interested in seeing the apartments occupied by Napoleon the First, which contains the table upon which he signed his abdication prior to his departure to Elba. His bedroom remains in the same condition as he left it.

We were also curious to see the *Appartements des Reines Méres*—so called because once occupied by Catherine de Medici and Anne of Austria. These are the rooms set aside for the use of Pope Pius VII. during his detention by Napoleon in the palace from 1812 to 1814.

Many public acts and treaties affecting the happiness and welfare of Europe and the world have emanated in this grand old palace. It has seen much of the dazzling splendor of courts, and the deep depression of monarchs when their earthly glory has vanished like a dream of the night.

The three gardens connected with the chateau are very charming, but we did not linger in them very long,

being desirous of spending the most of the day in the forest of Fontainebleau, through which we drove in a carriage, getting out at the most interesting places to make examinations on foot. It is very large, having a circumference of fifty miles. It is the most picturesque, wild, and yet beautiful forest in France. To enjoy a visit to this wonderful old rocky, mountainous wood, full of lovely streams, sunny vales, and shady groves, a party should give themselves abundance of time, or they will fail to see half of its charms. Although art has accomplished much in beautifying the forest, nature has done infinitely more. Therein lies the secret of its great loveliness. The pretty, but artificial, Bois de Boulogne almost sinks into insignificance when compared with this grand old forest. What a pity the Parisians cannot have it nearer home! However, if they had, it might soon be spoiled by artificial adornments.

During our sojourn in Paris we made several visits to Père Lachaise, the most celebrated of its cemeteries. It embraces an area of about one hundred and fifteen acres, and contains over fifty thousand memorial stones, tombs, and mausoleums. The view from its highest point is extensive and picturesque, taking in the whole of Paris and much of the surrounding country. It is laid out with taste, but its well-shaded walks and avenues are badly paved for a cemetery of its importance. It is the burial-ground of the northeast part of the city, but the wealthier classes and persons of distinction from other parts of Paris are also usually buried here.

As carriages are not allowed in the cemetery, visitors become greatly fatigued in making a complete tour of its most interesting portions. The cemetery is named after the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV., who had a country-seat where the chapel now stands.

There is much in this home of the dead that seems a

little curious to the ordinary American visitor. For instance, we could not fully appreciate the necessity of the admirers (mostly English) of the celebrated Rachel leaving so many cards near her tomb, many having a corner turned down to signify a personal call, and others having complimentary and regretful phrases written upon them. Yet this may be as good a way of showing respect for the deceased as in covering her tomb with bouquets, crosses, anchors, stars, and garlands, as seems to be the fashion among the French. The flowers used for this purpose are either artificial or natural. The wreaths are generally made of immortelles, white, black, and yellow.

At certain times, like All-Souls' Day, for instance, there is a great superabundance of these offerings of respect. Among the old tombs, that of Abélard and Héloise has the most offerings of this kind. Although these mediæval lovers have been at rest over seven hundred years, the struggles of their lives from disappointed affection still render their tomb a shrine for broken hearts.

Among the many illustrious persons finding a last resting-place in this crowded tenement of the dead may be mentioned Laplace, Cuvier, Molière, La Fontaine, David the painter, Marshal Ney, Massena, General Foy, and Thiers.

Père Lachaise has on two occasions been made a battle-field: once on the 30th of March, 1814, by the Russians and French, when the latter were defeated; again, on the 20th of May, 1871, by the Communists and the regular French troops, when the former were dispersed after losing many of their comrades upon the battle-ground.

Having seen a great deal of Paris and its environs, we next explored its sewers and catacombs. For the present, allusion will be made to the latter only, which I visited in 1881 with my wife and a lady friend, and again in the spring of 1883 with my two sons, who were going to school in Paris at the time.

The catacombs extend in an irregular direction under a large portion of the southern part of the city. They were originally subterranean quarries, where was obtained a soft kind of limestone which hardens on exposure to the air. They were worked for this purpose as far back as the Roman period, but have been utilized for about a century as a charnel-house for the bones of the dead, which the authorities had removed from the old cemeteries within the city limits.

Permission to enter them may be obtained from the *Préfet de la Seine*. Occasionally the authorities get frightened on account of the dangerous condition of the roofs of the catacombs, and prohibit all persons for years at a time from entering them. It seems that there are great difficulties in the way of propping up their roofs, owing to the irregularities in the directions and areas of the various parts of the passages; and there is consequently an occasional caving in of the walls. It is not well for timid persons to be aware of this possible danger, or they might be frightened almost out of their senses on occasions of alarms while going through the catacombs. For although precautions are taken to prevent accidents and frights by the guards who accompany visitors, the number of the latter is sometimes so great that in case of a stampede it might occasionally be impossible to prevent the weaker ones from being overrun and trampled to death by the more powerful. The place is so weird that nervous females should never be permitted to enter it; in fact, nobody else, unless the police force is enlarged, and some better provision made for lights than that of each visitor carrying a candle in his or her hand. Among a crowd of two or three hundred persons of all nationalities there are always a few practical jokers, who will contrive some plan of extinguishing many of the candles, for the fun of hearing the women

scream. At the time of my first visit an alarm was raised by an innocent mouse making an effort to escape. Almost every woman in the party dropped her light and shrieked in dire dismay. My lady friends declared that it was the last time that they would enter a catacomb, and they kept their word. At least the one who accompanied us to Rome did, for she could not be persuaded to visit in the neighborhood of that city the underground habitations and tombs of the persecuted early Christians.

The ladies shuddered when they were shown the tomb of Aspairt, who lost his way and perished in the Paris catacombs in 1793.

The various compartments and galleries of the extensive excavations are full of bones; not in entire skeletons, but in layers of arms, legs, ribs, spines, and heads.

It is remarked by many persons who visit the catacombs, that if the bones should be needed at the time of the resurrection, the various parts of each skeleton, being so widely separated and bound down by those of others, will have a hard time in forming a reunion. And so they would. The difficulty in regard to the doctrine of a literal resurrection does not end here. For these bones, like the soft tissues that once adorned them, may crumble into dust, and eventually resolve themselves into their ultimate elements, which will be united again in new combinations of inert material, and vegetable and animal life, so that by the day of the resurrection the particles that once formed the bodies of the apostles and saints of old shall have been constituent ingredients in an endless number of rocks, fruits, trees, flowers, and animals, including human beings themselves. In such a promiscuous scattering of human elements, who is to claim the particles once constituting the body of St. Paul himself? According to human law, if there must be legal owners they would be those last in rightful possession. What then becomes

of the claims of the great apostle and the intervening millions of his molecular successors? If, on the contrary, the last possessors should surrender their ownership of the same to the apostle or any of his molecular heirs, what is to become of the last owners themselves? Such a doctrine as this would set all heaven in an uproar. Fortunately a resurrection of the body does not necessarily imply such impossibilities as a literal resurrection of the same with all its self-same constituents at the time of death. Even during its earthly existence a human body so completely changes its particles by waste and renewal that though it may possess the same kind, it does not possess exactly the same particles from year to year. None of us have any of the identical molecules of matter that we had a few years since, yet we may not have changed in appearance or general characteristics.

So in regard to the resurrection. The life-given germ, be it the soul only or something in addition, of every one who dies may be preserved by our Almighty and All-loving Heavenly Father until the day of resurrection, and then be called forth in the same kind of human body possessed by it on earth, without necessarily dispossessing the last possessors of the identical particles forming the body when the soul took its flight.

The additional doctrine of the glorification of the body, without involving its destruction, is easily comprehended when we consider the purification of earthly things, and that carbon may be a piece of black and almost worthless charcoal, or a brilliant, priceless diamond.

We made several interesting trips to the palace and park of Versailles, the favorite residence of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. They were constructed and improved by the former at a cost to the treasury of one thousand million francs, which, considering the greater value of money in those days, was equal to five times that amount

at present. It is said that thirty-five thousand men and about six thousand horses were employed at one time in these improvements. The main building is over a quarter of a mile long, and is situated on an elevated plateau made by hands. The water for the fountains was brought from a great distance.

The cost of building and running this monument of royal pride and ambition in the style of magnificence adopted by the great monarch, who had its immense saloons and apartments almost constantly filled with statesmen, warriors, courtiers, and fair women, was so great as to cripple France financially, and to lay among her overtaxed people the foundation of discontent which culminated in the great French Revolution and the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty. Had the Parisian mob sacked the palace under his reign, or that of his immediate successor, instead of that of the unfortunate Louis XVI., it would have gained more sympathy from the rest of mankind.

The building is so immense that the French National Assembly, which held its sessions there a few years ago, occupied the pit of the theatre.

The palace has for many years been chiefly used for an historical picture-gallery, which is well worth seeing. The visitor should devote at least one day in examining the works of art in the palace, and another in roaming over its lovely park.

In going through the palace one is intuitively attracted to the balcony where, at the commencement of the Revolution, the lovely Marie Antoinette stood between her babes and addressed the howling Parisian mob, who, dumb to her smiles and tears, forced the royal family to take up their abode in the palace of the Tuileries, where they were virtually prisoners, until death released them from their earthly tormentors. Oh! how the queen in her

new abode, surrounded by so many thousands of her unsympathizing and rebellious subjects, missed the quiet enjoyments of her Versailles park life, where her simple tastes led her to forsake, as much as possible, the ostentation of court festivities, and seek a retreat in her quiet garden palace, the Petit Trianon, or in her little Swiss cottage and mill close by, where she and her friends, dressed like the Swiss peasants, were wont to milk their own cows, make their own butter, and prepare their own meals, while the king himself, to please his wife, would run the little mill and grind the meal necessary for the rural entertainment.

From our point of view at this distant day, these innocent pastimes of the heads of a great family are apt to create a sympathy in their favor, and make us instinctively recoil at the judgment awarded them by the people of France: but justice demands from the impartial judge of the stirring events of those days, that he should remember that, at the very time the ruler of a great nation was playing the comedy of a happy lowly life, representing peace and plenty in humble homes, the latter were the abodes of starving thousands, rendered so by the exactions of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., in order that these tyrants might live in luxury, pomp, and profligacy.

When the vengeance of a down-trodden people is thus aroused, temperance, moderation, and even-handed justice may be powerless for a while, and innocence be martyred for the sins of the wicked.

But we must not let the magic name of Marie Antoinette call us off from a few remarks about the palace. Its magnificent halls and rooms are now lined with a pictorial history on canvas of the French nation from Charlemagne down to the termination of the second empire.

There is a grand panorama of marshals, statesmen, knights, prelates, generals, princes, monarchs, coronations,

royal receptions, fêtes, battles, and victories. One may also see many charming portraits of the female beauties of those days, some of whom have figured in history for other qualities besides those of beauty.

There is a total absence of pictures of the people, or of the ordinary objects of nature or of life. But as the collections in the Louvre and the Luxembourg redeem this deficiency, the people are perfectly satisfied to be ignored in the gorgeous and flattering pictorial history of France preserved in the palace of Versailles.

Some of the rooms are of immense size; for example, the Gallery of Mirrors, which is thirty-five feet wide, two hundred and forty feet long, and forty-two feet high. It has received its name, I suppose, from containing seventeen mirrors placed opposite the same number of windows in such a manner as to reflect the lakelets, fountains, groves, and other beauties of the adjoining park.

Its floors, walls and ceilings are profusely adorned with marble, bronze, costly wood-carvings, frescos, and paintings.

The Emperor William I. of Germany was crowned in this hall on the eighteenth of January, 1871. What would Louis XIV., the "great monarch," have thought of this proceeding could he have come forth from his grave and witnessed it!

Visitors are shown through all the apartments, even the chamber where the old monarch, Louis XIV., breathed his last. It is supposed to be furnished just as the king left it. Although more stately and grand than, it is by no means so cosy and comfortable-looking as, the bedroom and boudoirs of the queen.

Notwithstanding one may recall many incidents and grand events in the history of France by glancing at the vast number of pictures now preserved in the palace, the act itself soon ceases to be a pleasure and the visitor is glad when he can make his exit into the beautiful park,

and saunter around more at his leisure. This is constructed in accordance with the taste prevailing in the age of the "grand monarch," and comports admirably with the architectural style of the palace itself. It has gloomy woods, pretty flowery meadows, lovely sylvan retreats, charming terraces and lawns, crystal lakes, merry cascades, foaming cataracts, and playful fountains.

The fountains are marvels of their kind when we take into consideration the great difficulty experienced in obtaining water. The larger ones are only allowed to play on certain grand holidays when the park is sometimes crowded with several hundred thousand men, women, and children.

We were there on an occasion of this kind in the spring of 1883. It was a sight worth seeing. For nowhere else in the world could be seen such an ocean of upturned faces as surrounded the Bassin de Neptune on that occasion when the fountains commenced to play. This was the final display for the day, and the people were all gathered in one mass. There were preliminary displays in other parts of the park equally beautiful but not so magnificent. There were broad cascades, roaring cataracts, and innumerable dolphins, nymphs, tritons, and old Neptune himself sporting in the waves and spouting water at one another in a most lovely style. I could not help thinking that the vast amount of money expended by Louis XIV. for his own amusement was, as things have come to pass, a good investment by the government for the benefit of after generations. It is surely wiser to provide places of healthy and innocent amusement for people too poor to obtain it for themselves, than to suffer them to eke out a miserable, discontented existence in the wretched hovels of a large city, with no chance to breath the pure air of the country. These poor people are beginning to feel that the government is careful of their comfort and is

willing that they shall have their full share of the blessings of a well-regulated and prosperous nation.

The communists, however, are not satisfied with this just regulation of affairs, but would wish to destroy all well-established principles of society and sink others to as low a level as themselves.

As we do not meet in the merry gatherings in the numerous lovely parks in and around the city many of these miserable and discontented creatures, we are apt to think that Paris is the happiest place in Christendom for the poor, but, alas! this bright and gay city has its shadows; not the least being these malcontents themselves, who are ever ready for a disturbance. By persistent watching they sometimes find an opportunity of pulling down a good government, but they are never able or willing to help build up a better in its stead. They are a constant menace to the peace and happiness of Paris. More than once this dark shadow has developed into a storm cloud that has burst over the city with destructive fury, blanching the faces of its bravest defenders.

We need only walk through the streets at certain hours in the night to see a shadow of a different character in the form of numerous frail creatures who are ever willing to sell both soul and body for enough to keep them from starvation. They do not make the same shameful display of themselves in the public places as their frail sisters in London, but this does not perhaps arise from their greater modesty, but to the fact that they are under the surveillance of a vigilant police, who, although inferior to the English in many respects, certainly look after the decorum of persons in the streets much better than their confrères across the Channel.

One may still further look up the shadows of Paris by a visit to the morgue, a receptacle of the bodies of unknown persons who have perished in the river, the streets,

or other places. They are placed on the marble slabs in the clothes in which they were found, and kept cool by a constant flow of cold water over them.

After being exposed for three days, they are, if not claimed by friends, turned over to the medical department for pathological investigation.

A large number of these persons are the victims of self-destruction by jumping into the Seine, or by throwing themselves off the top of the Tour Saint Jacques, the towers of Nôtre Dame, or from the column in the Place Vendôme, or from the column of July in the Place de la Bastille, or from the Arc de Triomphe, and other places; or by other ordinary ways of suicides. Upon the marble slab might be seen some decayed gambler; some dissipated, broken-down *roué;* some forgotten soldier of fortune; some unfortunate speculator in *Bourse* stocks; some absconding bank officer, who, after spending his ill-gotten wealth in riotous living, gave way to remorse and despondency; some victim of love; some drunken and faithless husband, who had spent for drink his last *franc*, which might have saved from starvation a now lifeless wife or child; or some reckless, spendthrift son who had been the ruin of honest, doting parents; some faithless wife, who had brought shame and dishonor upon a household of weeping children and their tearless, broken-hearted father.

After the bodies are turned over to the doctors no one is allowed to see them without a permit.

As the pathological lectures delivered there are of great scientific interest to the medical profession, I occasionally availed myself of this method of instruction. Although accustomed to the sight of hundreds of dead bodies in the dissecting-rooms of medical schools—especially in Paris,—I could not look upon these suicides, some of whom were young and handsome women, without a deep feeling

of compassion. Who knows what hard struggles some of these poor creatures may have had in the battle of life before taking their own lives!

Were they driven to desperation by cold, by hunger, by tyranny, by the subtlety of enemies or the treachery of friends, by unrequited love, or by the syren voice of the deceiver, entailing shame and disgrace and despair?

The French are a mecurial and excitable people, easily elated to joyous excitement, and as readily depressed to the depths of despair. Hence there is, perhaps, with them, especially in the crowded and great city of Paris, a greater proportion of suicides than in any other country of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

A JOURNEY TO ROME—RAMBLES IN THE IMPERIAL CITY.

As we desired to be in Rome during the Carnival of 1882, when all the hotels were expected to be full, we engaged apartments beforehand at the *Hôtel d' Amérique*, and started from Paris, February the 4th, for the Eternal City, via Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, and Pisa.

We had planned to stop the first night at Lyons, but changed our minds, and continued on to Marseilles, where we arrived the following morning at 6 o'clock, very much fatigued by the long journey, as we had no sleeping-car. I do not like night travelling, as it unfits one for sight-seeing the next day, and causes a loss of many lovely landscape views along the road.

Marseilles has a population of four hundred thousand, and is the chief seaport of France. It is a prosperous commercial city, but does not contain many things of interest to the average tourist. Its harbor is crowded with ships, and its quays are superb. The mouth of the harbor is defended by a fortification on each side.

One of the chief objects of attraction in Marseilles is the Church of *Notre Dame de la Garde*, from the tower of which a magnificent view of the city, harbor, and surrounding country, covered with olive gardens and vineyards, may be obtained.

Marseilles possesses one of the finest drives or promenades in Europe—the Prado ; which extends from the city

to the sea. It also has a magnificent avenue dividing the old from the new town. The handsomest street of the latter is Cannebière, which contains the most of its cafés, shops, and hotels.

The city is picturesquely located on a gradually sloping amphitheatre of high ground, and possesses great commercial activity and social animation. When the heat is oppressive in summer its inhabitants seek relief on the sea-side.

After a day's rest at Marseilles, we took the train for Nice, skirting the Mediterranean Sea, and breathing its soft, delightful air laden with the perfume of orange groves on its shore.

We tarried several days at Nice, which has a pleasant location on the Mediterranean at the base of gently sloping hills, covered with groves of olive and orange trees, and possessing a magnificent view of the Alpine range of snowy mountains.

It is a popular resort for invalids and pleasure seekers in the autumn, winter, and spring, because of the mildness of its climate. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that the atmosphere is always bright and balmy; for when very cold, harsh weather in generally prevalent in the north of Europe, Nice is very apt to suffer from the *mistral* which sweeps down from the Alps with ruthless fury. However, the weather is usually fair and pleasant even in winter. I noticed by the public press that on the day of our departure from Paris the temperature was down a little below the freezing-point in Genoa, Rome, and Constantinople, but not in Nice.

Mentone, a few miles further south, is better sheltered from the cold northern winds than Nice, but is deficient in lovely walks and drives; in fact, it has only one level road suitable for walking and driving, while Nice can boast of many.

The harbor is small, and admits vessels drawing not over fifteen feet of water. It is protected by two moles. It is the principal town of the department of the *Alpes-Maritimus*, and when annexed to France in 1860 as a return from Italy for the assistance rendered by Napoleon III. in the campaign of 1859 against Austria, by which Victor Emmanuel gained Lombardy, it contained about twenty-four thousand inhabitants. It now numbers about sixty thousand; many of them English. Its floating population is immense—mostly from Great Britain, France, Russia, and Germany. Many of the aristocracy and some of the nobility of these countries have splendid villas in the vicinity of the city.

The wide and beautiful avenue, called the *Avenue des Angles*, running along the front, or between Nice and the Mediterranean, is crowded with promenaders and gay equipages on pleasant afternoons. The gayety is a little saddened by the presence of so many invalids hobbling out into the sunshine, with woe-begone visages, some of them casting envious eyes occasionally at their more favored neighbors, who, although in robust health, can afford to ride in fine carriages, while they must bear the pangs of illness, and, in many cases, of poverty also. But such of these poor creatures as illustrate the adage that "misery loves company" might bear in mind that the rich and high-born of the world sometimes find less relief there than they themselves. For in one of the hotels on the avenue, even the heir of the throne of Russia breathed his last a few years ago.

Nice is a very restful place for those who have time to remain a month or more, but not to the sojourner of a few days, who must make the most of his time in sight-seeing, or go away no wiser than he came.

One of the things to be seen is a hill seven hundred feet high, rising up from the centre of the ancient half of the

city. Its summit was once crowned with a castle. It is at present a public pleasure-ground of rare beauty, and possessing a lovely and extended view of the surrounding city at its base, the calm sea to the south, and the snow-covered mountains to the north.

The city has several handsome squares, a cathedral of the seventeenth century, a national college, a theatre, a zoölogical museum, a public library, numerous baths, several hospitals, convents, etc.

On departing from the city we felt that we were bidding farewell to one of the most charming places in Europe. For the sake of a pleasant excursion we should have gone from Nice by carriage or diligence, so far as Genoa, over the famous Corniche Road, but as we had not the time to go the entire distance by this road we concluded to drive over it as far as Mentone.

The weather was charming, and the morning air exhilarating, as we wound our way along the curvatures of the Mediterranean shore, and then made a detour around and over a very high spur of the Alps, which approaches close to the sea. The ascent was toilsome to the horses, so we all got out and walked up to the summit of the mountain, looking back now and then at Nice and the valley behind and several thousand feet below us, with an occasional glimpse of the sea. The view from the summit was extensive and sublime. To the north, and towering far above us, were the gray-haired heads of the gigantic mountains, over one of whose arms we were making a day's march, and to the south lay stretched out before our admiring gaze the calm, blue Mediterranean, about which has centred the history of all times. Portions of the road reminded us of the Simplon Pass over which we had travelled the previous year.

As the coachman could go much faster down grade than we could walk, and being fatigued we concluded

to ride the remainder of the way. To my surprise two ladies of the party were missing. The coachman endeavored to make me understand in Italian that they had taken a short cut, and would meet me a little farther on where the by-road entered the main one. Thinking that they might change their minds, I was in a quandary as to what course to pursue, and undecided whether to wait for them at the place designated, go over the short cut that they started on in order to meet them, to return on the main road, or to proceed on to Mentone, as they might have arrived at the place arranged by them for the meeting before our arrival, and for some reason kept on.

I waited with a good deal of anxiety for my whimsical friends. At last they came up on the main road. It seems that they went on the short road for some distance, and fearing that they might get lost, had retraced their steps to the main road and then followed after the remainder of the party. They looked as if they expected a lecture upon the necessity of the head of a party of tourists being informed of the movements of its members, especially in a country not entirely free from *banditti*, but I prudently kept my own counsel, and that was the last of such foolish excursions. For fear, however, that the act might be repeated in Southern Italy, I was subsequently careful to call their attention to the fact that although this nation had, for several years, been much freer from the crimes of these freebooters, yet they occasionally robbed and kidnapped persons, especially unprotected females. On arriving at Mentone we secured rooms for the night, and then went by rail to Monte Carlo, which lies between Nice and Mentone. What induced us to visit this the greatest gambling place in Europe? A curiosity to examine for ourselves the transactions of this den of pirates, worse than those of the Barbary coast that once preyed upon the commerce of the Mediterranean. After

the closure, by government authority, of Homburg and Baden Baden, the gamblers wandered around for a while in search of a new location. At last they induced the Prince of the little principality of Monaco, in consideration of the payment of an immense rent, to lease them their present location, which they have given the beautiful name of Monte Carlo.

Its extensive grounds have been planted in lovely shade and ornamental trees, and winding walks leading to charming dells and groves.

The Casino is a stately, handsome building, located on a promontory, commanding a magnificent view of the Mediterranean Sea. On ascending its temple-like stairs and entering its broad vestibule one is received with dignified politeness and courtly smiles, and bowed into the reception room as a welcome guest. If you desire to go only to the theatre, concert or reading-room, you can do so without showing any card of admission, or being asked any questions, or paying any money. You may there witness most excellent dancing and listen to one of the finest bands of music in Europe. Should you feel inclined to visit the gaming room you must present your card, giving your profession and nationality. If they are satisfied of your respectability in a worldly and pecuniary sense of the word, no objection will be interposed. The gorgeousness of the scene inside is very attractive to many people, and is well calculated to draw down to perdition the young and giddy of both sexes who are tempted to be observers. Not mere boys and girls, for they are excluded. Except the very youthful we find there persons of all ages, even the gray-haired grandsire of eighty. Roulette seems to be the favorite game. The player lays down a certain amount of money, from a five-franc piece to a napoleon, or perhaps a thousand times this amount, when a horizontal wheel, sunk in the table and

marked with alternate red and black spots, is set in motion, which causes a little ball on it to be whirled around at random, and to stop some time after the wheel ceases its movement on a red or black spot. If it be the color selected by the player, he wins a sum equal to the amount put down; otherwise the latter goes as earnings to the owner of the table. Of course the machinery is so arranged as to give to the Casino company a certain large percentage on the general result of the evening's play, and sometimes enormous winnings. In other words, there is always more money put down than is ever taken up, notwithstanding a few individuals may occasionally win large sums. It is the good luck of a few that makes the game so attractive to the verdant player, to whom every thing seems fair; but many others also, who know that the chances are immensely against them, are so infatuated with the game as to take any risk. Every thing is conducted in a quiet way, and the lucky and unlucky endeavor to control their feelings until they get out of the room. Then when a full realization of their losses comes upon the bankrupt men and women, they will occasionally blow out their brains or jump into the sea. This tragic end is by no means rare.

If an unfortunate individual should give way to his feelings in the gambling hall he is politely assisted out, for nothing, as a rule, is allowed to disturb the progress of the game. Occasionally, however, a wretched loser does get time to blow out his brains if he acts promptly. In this event the body is quickly removed, the blood stains washed out, and the infernal game rolls on as if nothing of a tragic nature had transpired.

Is it impossible to remove this foul den? Is the owner of the land on which it is situated to be permitted to ruin thousands of the people of all nations just because he is an independent sovereign of such a petty principality as

Monaco? France and Italy, for their own sakes and the interest of the world at large, should unite in blotting out this horrid place.

Within a mile of Monte Carlo is Monaco, the capital of the little sovereignty of the same name. It contains a population of over eight thousand persons. It is located upon a steep, naked rock, rising above and projecting beyond the sea-coast line of the Mediterranean. It is fortified and has a harbor for small vessels. As a winter resort the town enjoys a high reputation, and is a favorite with Americans and English on account of its mild climate. The country around Monte Carlo and Monaco is rocky, but produces lemons, citrons, oranges, and olives in abundance.

We returned to our hotel at Mentone, where we obtained a refreshing sleep, and took the train next morning for Genoa.

Mentone is a third larger than Monaco, and possesses a fine winter climate. It is better sheltered from the cold northwest wind than Nice, but lacks the charming drives, —having, as before stated, only one.

About six miles from Mentone we reached the Italian frontier at Vintimiglia, a station and fortress advantageously situated on the brow of the hill.

The possession of this important military position was warmly contested in the middle ages. Our French train was there replaced by the Italian. As a train going in the opposite direction met us there, and the Italian custom-houses and ticket-offices adjoined each other, we were greatly hurried and crowded in having our baggage examined and tickets restamped. From that point to Genoa the railroad skirts the Mediterranean, and runs through many tunnels.

We were glad to revisit Genoa, where we had tarried a few days the preceding October. Renewing our journey on the following morning we arrived at Pisa in the afternoon.

This ancient and once very remarkable city covers an inclosure of seven miles in circumference, and contains a population of twenty-five thousand. It was in ancient times situated on the Mediterranean, and was a rich and powerful maritime power; but the sea has receded for eleven miles, and its commercial prosperity and naval strength have long since disappeared. It was in the zenith of its glory during the eleventh century, when it occupied the position, afterwards assumed by Venice, of being the bulwark of Christendom against the powerful and aggressive Mohammedans.

Although able to defend herself against foreign foes, her continual struggles with Lucca by land, and with Genoa by sea, led to her final decadence and downfall as a city and commonwealth.

Notwithstanding the Lung Arno passes through the heart of the city and its broad quays are lined with many stately and handsome edifices, and though many of the streets are wide and well paved, Pisa can no longer be called beautiful. In the suburbs, however, there is a spot of great attraction to the tourist, as it presents the finest group of old buildings to be seen in the world—the cathedral, the baptistery, cemetery, and belfry. The latter is commonly known as the "Leaning Tower of Pisa."

They are all built of marble, and were erected nearly in the same era. The cathedral, the oldest and most imposing structure, was erected in the latter part of the eleventh century. It is in the shape of a Latin cross, having a cupola at the intersection of the nave and transepts. It is three hundred and eleven feet in length, and two hundred and thirty-seven feet in width at the broadest part.

The baptistery is opposite the cathedral. It is a stately, circular building of rare beauty.

The cemetery is said to have been filled to the depth of

nine feet with the sacred earth of Calvary, shipped hither by the Pisans on their return from the third crusade to the Holy Land. There are some fine old paintings to be seen in all three of these ancient buildings.

I felt more interest in the "Leaning Tower of Pisa" than in any of the others. None of my party seemed desirous of accompanying me in its ascent. I found its two hundred and ninety-three steps very fatiguing, but was repaid by a magnificent view over the town and surrounding country. Although the tower leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular, I felt very secure when promenading around the top, until reaching and looking over the lower side, and seeing the shaft recede to its base, when I felt as if my weight would cause it to fall. The sensation is so startling that I could stand it only for a moment. In fact, it seems to me that an accident must eventually occur if the authorities permit the ascension of many persons at a time. A hurricane blowing in the right direction, or a severe shock of an earthquake would surely cause this extraordinary and classical old tower to tumble to the ground.

We had looked forward to a visit to Rome as the realization of the dreams of a lifetime.

There was nothing impressive in our arrival, as it was by railway and late at night. So we went to our apartments, and to sleep, dreaming of the paradise upon which we were to feast our eyes on the following morning.

Our first day's inspection of the city ended in a feeling of disappointment, from which we never fully recovered. We had been told that the very stones of the streets, and even the dust, would speak to us, and tell us of human grandeur; that the beggars, as far as manners and politeness were concerned, were gentlemen; that the hotel proprietors, shopkeepers, guides, and cab drivers never extorted; that the stories about malaria, mosquitoes, bad

odors, illy-cooked food, fleas, and the banditti were pure fabrications. We were told that her roughly paved, narrow, crooked streets, the coldness of her hotels, picture-galleries, and churches would, after a while, cease to be disagreeable; that the weather was always mild, clear, and beautiful.

We had not placed full reliance in all these statements, but were not prepared to find the hotels, palaces, and churches so cold and cheerless as they really are, nor the climate so changeable.

When the wind is from the sea the air is warm and often pleasant, but when in winter it sweeps down from the mountains, which it frequently does, especially at night, it is always cool, and sometimes piercingly cold. In fact, the cold winds are so prevalent in winter, that the palaces, churches, and basilicas, which are built of stone or brick throughout, never become agreeably warm until June or July.

Some of the streets are lined from end to end with palaces. As they were mostly erected by unmarried and childless Roman church officials, they possess but few, if any, comfortable apartments, but consist chiefly of long suites of rooms and galleries for the display of statuary and pictures. In fact, this style of architecture, although more pronounced in the homes of cardinals and princes, is universal among the higher classes in Rome, and perhaps in Italy generally, because a taste for the fine arts has always been predominant in ecclesiastical Italy, and every wealthy and fashionable citizen formerly provided halls or galleries in his house for pictures and statues.

None of the old houses or palaces possess any of the modern improvements for heating or lighting them. A small, old-fashioned fireplace, or, in a few instances, a stove, is used for the former, and candles for the latter, purpose. Very few of the palaces are occupied entirely

by a single family. That part of the basement story fronting on the street is generally used for stores, shops, and offices, the middle and second stories, or *piannos*, by cardinals, ambassadors, princes, and other aristocratic classes, foreign and native, while the attics are utilized by artists.

Ascent to the various stories is solely by a stairway leading from a court in the centre or rear of the building. This has access to the street by a large gateway. The pavements and floors are of marble or mosaic, and never being covered with carpets, are horribly cold, except in the heat of midsummer. Fuel and water are scarce and dear. A bath is a costly luxury. In short, the Italians know nothing of the comforts of domestic architecture as used by the English-speaking race. They build grand palaces, but not comfortable homes. The large cities of America excel not only those of Italy, but those of all other countries, in the comforts of modern improvements as applied to architecture. The older part of the present city, or mediæval Rome, is built upon the site of ancient or pagan Rome. It is usually called modern Rome, in contradistinction to ancient or pagan Rome; though the time will soon come when its name will be restricted to mediæval, ecclesiastical, or Christian Rome, in order to distinguish it, on the one side, from ancient or pagan Rome, and, on the other side, from the newly built portion of the city, which will assume the name of modern Rome. Nearly all the best material used in the construction and ornamentation of mediæval Rome was taken from the ruins of ancient Rome, especially its marble blocks and columns, precious stones, and much of its statuary. A good deal of the mortar was made from marble dust, of powdered and burnt heathen statues and temple columns. The grand old Coliseum itself has furnished materials for a hundred or more of the palaces and

some of the churches, and still remains the most magnificent ruin in Christendom.

After examining the ruins of imperial Rome, which once ruled the world, and beholding their magnificence notwithstanding the lapse of two thousand years of decay and spoliation, we could have no doubt of the ancient grandeur of this wonderful city. She was of course much larger than the present Rome, which has a population of only two hundred and thirty thousand, while the imperial city numbered about two millions of people. No one will doubt the latter figures after visiting her grand theatre —the Coliseum,—which was capable of holding one hundred thousand people, unless we are to suppose that almost everybody went daily to this place of amusement.

The dust of ages had buried the ruins of ancient Rome from twenty to thirty feet in depth at certain places. Until recently the upper parts of columns, palaces, and temples could be seen in every part of the city peering above the mass of débris that had buried the lower portions, making some of them resemble stranded ships on the sea-shore. The earth was particularly deep at the Roman Forum and its environs. During the last thirty years energetic efforts have been made to lay bare the ruins at the latter point, and at the palaces of the Cæsars, and at a few other places. So now we may walk on the pavement of the Roman Forum and its environs, and see the very tribune from which Cicero, whose eloquence has outlived the temples of the Forum themselves, addressed the assembled thousands of spellbound auditors—the green and white pavement where lay the body of great Cæsar when Mark Antony delivered his funeral oration. Here was the rostrum to which the head of Octavius was affixed by Marius; here also the hand and head of Cicero were taken from his mutilated body by Antony, and here Fulvia the widow of Claudius, spat in his dead face. Also the

Arch of Tiberius, the Arch of Septimius Severus, and of Titus, the Temple of Peace, and the Temple of Venus and Rome. We may march on the Via Sacra, as did the Roman legions returning from their victorious campaigns to lay their trophies at the feet of the senate in session at the Capitoline Hill.

Or leaving the Roman Forum and its immediate vicinity, we may cross over to the excavations on the slopes of the Palatine Hill, and walk through the palaces of the Cæsars; or we may extend our walk to the Coliseum, where recent excavations have laid bare a vast system of underground passages through which wild beasts were admitted into the arena, and where conduits for water were so arranged as to flood the amphitheatre deep enough for naval battles to be fought with Roman galleys with the fierceness of actual conflict. Unless blood was freely shed the Roman emperor and people disdained to applaud.

There are also secret passages, through which thousands of Christians were led into the arena to fight with gladiators and savage beasts, at such fearful odds that they were nearly always slain or torn to pieces in the presence of a hundred thousand spectators of both sexes who gloated over their martyrdom.

When one reflects on these cruel deeds he is almost tempted to thank God that the place is in ruins. Had not some of the later popes been brought to consider the ground holy because it has absorbed the blood of so many Christian martyrs, there would not now be seen a particle of this gigantic ancient building.

It is related that on a birthday frolic of the Emperor Hadrian many human beings and a thousand wild animals were made to slaughter each other in the Coliseum for his amusement.

There was no pity or reprieve to come from the Roman

people of that day, who had learned to derive their chief pleasure from scenes of slaughter and of blood. A successful triumph of arms over some unfortunate enemy had always to be celebrated by gladiatorial sports in the arena. As brave men are generally not cruel, it is not probable that the Roman soldiers themselves, who had participated in the conquering of a hundred nations, took as much pleasure in these spectacles as the thousands of idlers who were supported by public distributions, who labored not, but indolently promenaded through the marble streets of Rome, and listened to music and poetry while luxuriating in free and magnificent public baths. Having nothing to do, they in course of time found Rome extremely dull unless they could, for a hundred days in every year, feast their eyes upon scenes of pain and death in the Coliseum.

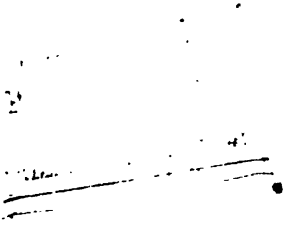
The gladiatorial sport became so fascinating that Roman nobles, and even the Emperor Commodus, were wont to participate. The latter killed his antagonist in every encounter. I wonder whether the wretched victims allowed themselves to be slaughtered for the mere honor of fighting an emperor?

In the excavations near the Forum a part of the oldest and most remarkable sewer ever known has been exposed. It is called the Cloaca Maxima, and was built by Tarquinius Priscus, over two thousand years ago, for the drainage of the low marshy ground between the Palatine and Capitoline hills. It represents the first application of the arch principle in Rome, and is constructed of peperino and travertine. Although half full of debris it is still in use.

The largest ruins in Rome, except the Coliseum, are the lately uncovered baths of Caracalla.

The Roman emperors found it a very popular thing to erect public baths. These, when properly regulated, are

Forum, Rome.



certainly conducive to cleanliness and health, and modern Rome might do a worse thing than to erect baths for her people. Ancient Rome, however, constructed too many of these magnificent and luxurious establishments, and conducted them in too loose a manner to be of any advantage to her citizens. Even the cruel performances at the Coliseum were calculated to produce a more manly and warlike spirit than several hours' bathing in warm, luxurious, but enervating baths, which were provided with every thing that could gratify the senses. Even poets were in the habit of reciting their verses to persons while reclining in the baths. The baths of Caracalla were a mile in circumference, and capable of accommodating about one thousand four hundred bathers at once. They were fitted up in the most princely style.

The luxurious habits contracted by the Roman youths through these magnificent baths, unfitted them for the duties of active life, and contributed greatly to the final decline of Rome.

There are other remains of ancient Rome to be seen scattered throughout the city. We find in the Forum of Trajan, which was at one period connected with the Roman Forum and other fora, a well-preserved monument, called the Column of Trajan, which was erected A.D. 114 by the senate of Rome to commemorate the Emperor Trajan's wars of the Danube. It is one hundred feet high, and was originally surmounted by a statue of Trajan, which, falling from its pedestal, or, as some assert, being carried off during the depredations committed at Rome by the Byzantine emperor, A.D. 663, was superseded by the figure of St. Peter. The preservation from vandalism of this beautiful column, which was once almost buried beneath the earth, is owing to its appropriation by the great apostle during the reign of Sixtus V.

So we may also say that the Pantheon, the most per-

fect pagan structure in the Rome of our days, owes its preservation to the fact of its having been consecrated as a Christian church by Pope Boniface XIV., in A.D. 608. But even its Christian dedication did not prevent its being despoiled of its principal and most precious ornaments. Although stripped of the latter, it is magnificent in its ruins.

With these considerations, we must dismiss the subject of the ruins of ancient, and recur to modern, Rome.

We had planned to reach the city during the Carnival. From what we saw of this gay festival we hardly think that the Romans of the present day partake much of the character of their ancestors in the days of the emperors. But after all, the simple tastes of the present generation are calculated to confer more happiness to their race than the bloodthirsty cravings of their proud old pagan forefathers.

This festival takes place annually during the week before Lent. The one attended by our party was inaugurated on the 11th, and concluded on the 21st of February, 1882, the two great days being Thursday the 16th and Tuesday the 21st. We hired balcony seats on the Via Corso, where the carnival was held, for the 13th and 16th. On the former day there was not much going on except walking, riding, and driving up and down the street, and pelting each other with confetti, or small globules about the size of large buckshot made of sand, chalk, and flour. They are thrown by the hand or a kind of tin scoop in large quantities at passers by. When they strike the unprotected skin much pain is sometimes produced. They are very dangerous to the eyes. I requested my lady friends to protect their faces by veils or masks, as this was the custom on that particular day. One of them declared that it was all nonsense to do so, but she had scarcely uttered the words when a handful of confetti

struck her about the eyes and made her almost scream with pain. She was very willing to make use of her veil after that.

On Thursday the 16th the amusement consisted in the throwing of flowers, and terminated late in the afternoon with a horse-race.

The great majority of the people taking part in the carnival were dressed in masks and dominos of every variety of shape and color. Their horses and carriages were also draped in ludicrous costumes. The balconies were rendered gay with flags, bouquets, and gayly dressed ladies. Many of the bouquets, on missing their mark and falling into the mud, were picked up by the boys and sold to the rougher part of the procession, who delighted in throwing them on the best-dressed ladies, so as to spoil their costumes. The police finally succeeded in putting a stop to this abuse by arresting the boys.

The commencement of the horse-race was announced by the blowing of trumpets, when all other amusements were stopped, and the centre of the street cleared of spectators, who were compelled to crowd to the sides and side streets. The balconies lining the entire street were filled with people.

In a few minutes about nine horses, covered with dangling metal ornaments, having goads and other pointed instruments to spur the animals forward, came tearing down the street with lightning speed.

The poor animals looked almost scared to death as they dashed by with their appendages jingling and sticking them at every bound.

I inquired of a gentleman, who had witnessed many of these races, whether the horses ever rushed aside into the crowd of spectators. He replied that he had never known such an occurrence but once, when the horse paused for a moment prior to turning aside, which gave the people a

chance to open the way for him. I made the inquiry on Thursday. On the last day of the carnival two horses dashed into the crowd and killed a child, and injured about thirteen persons.

It is wonderful that this accident does not occur more frequently, as the people are jammed together in a solid wall on each side of the narrow street. leaving a width of only about twenty feet for the horses to run along, with no guard, not even a rope stretched between them and the horses.

It is stated that the accident was caused by two of the horses breaking loose from the grooms at the starting-point, when the others were allowed to follow them in a premature race down the Via Corso before even the trumpets had warned the people that the horses were ready to start.

The king and queen of Italy witnessed the accident and were much moved. One of the ladies of their suite fainted. This sad accident caused the king to declare that the races should, in future carnivals, be abandoned. In fact, the whole thing ought to be given up as a relic of a barbarous age, as it is of late years mostly in the hands of the rougher class of the population.

When the races were first introduced Jews were used instead of horses, but in consideration of a certain annual tax and ceremony of humiliation they were finally excused from this base persecution.

The artists of Rome had generally taken the first prize of the carnival for the unique and mirth-provoking qualities of their masks, but in consequence of hard times and other reasons they did not turn out in 1882.

On the last day of the carnival the masquerading was superior to that of any other day. The programme consisted in marching and driving up and down the Via Corso in full mask, and in throwing flowers until the commence-

ment of the races, after which the masqueraders used carriages with transparencies attached, and carried lighted candles in one hand, and a soft brush, like a bunch of pampas grass, in the other. These brushes were used in efforts to extinguish each other's candles—the act of doing which produced a good deal of amusement.

The fun concluded at eight P.M., by "the burning of the carnival," and the firing of rockets and cannon in the Piazza del Popolo.

The latter is the most famous square in Rome. From it radiate three of the principal streets: the chief business street, the Corso already mentioned as the one where the carnival was held, which runs through the centre of the city toward the Capitol; the Ripetta, on the right, leading via the Castle of St. Angelo to St. Peter's; and the Babuino, on the left, running towards the English quarter and to an important business centre, called the Piazza di Spagna.

On the opposite side of the Piazza del Popolo are roads leading to the Pincian Hill, the favorite promenade of the Roman aristocracy, and to the beautiful Villa Medici and charming Villa Borghese, with their lovely gardens. In the centre of the Piazza is a red granite obelisk, placed there by Sixtus V., in A.D. 1589, but originally introduced into the city and erected in honor of Apollo, by the Emperor Augustus. If this old monument could speak it might recount to us two thousand years of Roman, and perhaps as many more of Egyptian, history. This storm-beaten old obelisk, having witnessed the rise and fall of many empires, may continue to be a spectator of the drama of human life until the earth itself shall be no more.

My impatient church-going and art-loving friends may inquire "whether we visited the churches, palaces, and art galleries." Yes, we devoted the most of six weeks

to this end; but if much is expected from me upon this subject, seekers after information must wait a few years longer until I can recover from the surfeit I experienced. The poet tells us that beauty palls upon the sight; or as Addison expresses it:

> "Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
> Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense."

Let one, as we did, visit about one hundred of the churches of Rome, and all her famous palaces, including the Vatican, and see thousands upon thousands of paintings from the old masters, and all upon kindred subjects, and he must grow weary—no matter how much he may love the object of the pictures, and the rare skill and beauty in their execution. It is the multiplicity of riches that satiates one in their enjoyment.

I never could understand the flippancy upon the subject of paintings in Rome of some American tourists who have spent only two or three days in that city. It would be simply impossible, in that brief period, for them to walk the length of a gallery containing all these pictures, if they were stretched out in a line along one of its walls—occupying as they would about one hundred and fifty miles. How then is it practicable for one to see them all to advantage in so short a time, when they are scattered here and there all over Rome, in buildings open to sightseers a few hours only on one or more days in the week. If a traveller has but a few days in Rome he ought not to visit a single church but St. Peter's, or any other palace than the Vatican. The latter contains nearly all the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the old masters in sculpture and painting, especially so far as these works relate to Christianity. The selections of sculpture embrace a much wider field than those of painting, as one may there find some of the finest specimens in this art executed prior to the days of Christianity.

In fact, had it not been for the encouragement given by the popes of Rome to the fine arts from the mediæval period to the present time, it is very doubtful whether the world to-day would contain a dozen persons who could appreciate even so fine a painting as Raphael's "Transfiguration." It is true that some of the sculptures cost them only the time and trouble of having them detached from pagan buildings, yet vast sums have been paid for many that have been excavated from old ruins in all parts of Italy and Greece.

The world at large, and our people in America particularly, ought not to think that the popes have formed this choicest museum of art on earth for the mere purpose of sordid gain, or private speculation, as our Barnum has done in a different sphere in this country. No, for it is free to everybody who will behave himself while examining the rare treasures contained therein. So are the palaces, galleries, and churches; but it is expected that after an examination of the latter and their art treasures a *pour-boire* will be given to the custodian or sacristan.

If a place could be full of three things at the same time, I would say that Rome was full of artists; but how, then, about the soldiers and priests? For it is equally full of them. In every famous picture-gallery we find easels—sometimes several before a single master-piece of Caracci, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, or Raphael. The copyists are of both sexes and all ages. Some of them are students, but many are professional adepts. A few do nothing else than copy a particular picture over and over again for a lifetime. This copying mania is what destroys the originality of many promising young artists; especially as the range of subjects in the old galleries of Rome is so limited. They can learn nothing there of historical or landscape-painting. They had much better receive their training in Paris, and afterwards learn what

they can among the legacies of the famous old masters in Rome.

We made several visits to the Vatican, and always with a Baedeker, Appleton, or Hare in our hands as a guide. We preferred these books to local guides, as the latter usually hurry through the galleries too fast, and speak such broken English or French that it is impossible to gain much information from them.

It is the custom of some persons to ridicule guide-books, but we found in our travels very few who could get along without the dull but useful information to be obtained from them.

The Vatican, as every one knows, is the Pope's palace, or rather assemblage of palaces. An idea of its immense size may be formed when we consider that it comprises twenty courts, and eleven thousand saloons, chapels, halls, and private apartments. The most of them are used as museums of art, where the traveller may see the choicest collection of the productions of the old masters. There is but little profit or recreation in going through the Vatican for the first time, as one is tempted to examine too extensively, and comes away with so many impressions scrambling for room in his brain that the bad often choke the life out of the good ones, like the two horrid serpents in the celebrated statue called the Laocoön, to be seen in one of the Vatican apartments, entwining and choking to death two boys and their father. Or as Dryden describes it—

"And *first* around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind;
The wretched father running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they *next* invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold—
The priest thus doubly choked—their crests divide,
And towering o'er his head in triumph ride."

This celebrated antique is to be seen in the Pio-Clementino museum of the palace, where can also be seen that other famous statue, the Apollo Belvedere, and the world-renowned Greek statue called the Torso Belvedere. The latter was found in the baths of Caracalla. It is said that Michael Angelo learned from this statue the power of representing the human form. It may be so, but nowadays the art student can only fully study the human form by securing a complete living model or subject, and not one like the torso of Hercules mutilated of arms and head. In the picture-gallery of the Vatican may be seen the great masterpiece of Raphael, "The Transfiguration." The famous frescos of this celebrated artist are to be seen in the Loggie of Raphael, which are corridors frescoed by him and his pupils, and in the Stanze, or series of rooms, which he also frescoed. Although much faded and defaced these works are very famous.

Michael Angelo is represented in the Vatican chiefly by his wonderful fresco painting on the ceiling and also on the altar wall of the Sistine Chapel. The former is considered his most perfect work, but is not as a whole, probably on account of its vastness and complexity, so often copied as the latter, or that known as "The Last Judgment."

The subjects of the ceiling pictures are chiefly taken from scenes in the Old Testament. Those from Genesis are sublimely beautiful.

"The Last Judgment" was commenced when the artist was in his sixtieth year. It took him seven years to finish it. It was completed in A.D. 1541, when the papal throne was occupied by Paul III., who, accompanied by ten cardinals, made a personal visit to the house of Michael Angelo to induce him to pursue his work with diligence. This celebrated old fresco is so faded and defaced that it is impossible to see all the beauties of its

youth, but it is the opinion of many good artists, that although sublime in conception, and astonishing in execution, it never was beautiful, or even a complete conception of what the last judgment ought to be. In the scene at the top of the picture, or that representing the upper sky sits the Saviour of the world with uplifted arm and unpitying countenance, sternly denouncing those whom he failed to save. There are also in the picture too many naked figures of the same form and attitude suspended in the air—too much human effort and human passion, too much of the struggle of the condemned with evil spirits, and not enough of the expression of happiness on the part of those called to the regions above—in short, *too much of hell*, and *not enough of Heaven.*

Adjoining the Vatican is St. Peter's, the most beautiful and stupendous church edifice in Christendom. The first sight of Rome, if it be approached by day, is always the dome of her matchless cathedral. Although it is visible from afar by the railroad approach of to-day, yet the traveller is hurried on so rapidly that he may not see it at all, and never to so good an advantage as by the slow method of olden-time travel over the Campagna, when its first glimpse was electrical.

Our first view was from the Pincian Hill, where its exterior as a whole can be comprehended better than by a close view, because the building is not then hidden by the immensity of its parts.

As we draw near to St. Peter's through its piazza in front, its principal and handsomest external feature, the dome, seems dwarfed and almost hidden from view by the façade of Carlo Maderno. Michael Angelo, the great architect of the cathedral, is not responsible for this defect in the plan.

If the building stood on an eminence by itself and were not hemmed in by the Vatican and other immense struc-

tures, so that the spectator could take in all its features, its exterior might be considered beautiful as well as imposing, but owing to these surroundings and some defects in external architecture, its exterior is by no means very pleasing to the eye. The interior, however, is so sublimely beautiful that one never tires of gazing upon it. There is light, harmony, beauty everywhere. But the immense size of its columns, figures, and ornaments prevents one at first from appreciating the great size of the building. It is only by strolling through it and noticing the number of chapels, each as large as an ordinary church, and finding perhaps several thousand persons worshipping in various parts of the building without your seeing or hearing them from the entrance door, and by examining in detail the great size of its different portions, and finally by observing how small an ordinary-sized man appears at the opposite extremity of the interior, that its immensity can be conceived. Perhaps the best way of judging of the size of the building is to adopt Mark Twain's method of using our *National Capitol* instead of *an ordinary foot-measure* in taking its dimensions.

Some idea may be formed of the height of the dome on the inside by knowing that the pen held in the hand of the prophet in one of its lower compartments, though appearing of an ordinary size, is in reality six feet in length.

Another way of realizing it is to go up to the upper gallery just beneath the dome and look down upon the people in the cathedral, when they will appear like small children.

So when you desire to form a good idea of the height of the cupola from the outside, and have not Mark Twain's measure in your pocket, look at the gilded copper ball that surmounts it, and it will appear about the size of an inflated rubber ball that children use as a plaything.

Then ascend to its interior and look abroad through its small windows upon Rome and the surrounding country.

While you are doing so, however, do not let any of your party imagine that the wind is going to blow the ball over, as was the case when I made the ascent. Among the sixteen persons who happened to be crowded in the ball on that stormy day were a lady and her son. The latter exclamed: "Mamma, the ball is shaking and I am sure it will blow over." With an awful scream his mother rushed for the door and ladder leading below, and would have killed herself if several of us had not caught and assisted her down out of the fearful place.

After the departure of the frightened lady and her son, the remainder of us had more room to turn about and look abroad upon the beautiful and historical landscape beneath and around us. At our feet lay the Vatican with its priceless gems of art. Adjoining it the charming grounds of the palace, with its thousands of lovely trees, almost any one of which, were the power of speech granted it, could unfold an unwritten history more wonderful, more strange, and more romantic than any romance of the age.

Looking towards the east we beheld floating in the breeze the Italian flag from the top of the palace of the king of Italy. As much as I admire republics I would advise the Italians to be content so long as they can have King Humbert as their sovereign.

To the north our eyes rested on the Janiculus and the indented ridge of Soracte; to the east the unbroken chain of the Apennines and the Sabine Hills; to the southeast the classical Tivoli nestling among the rocks like an eagle's nest; to the west the blue Mediterranean Sea. A pass in the mountains could also be seen, where Hannibal encamped his army looking down upon Rome.

Inclosed in this amphitheatre of mountains lay spread

out before us a lovely plain intersected by the Tiber and Anio, and dotted with villages, farms, and charming villas, and in the centre Rome herself. From our elevated position we could define the seven hills upon which ancient Rome was built. Also the Villa Borghese and the Pincian Hill, two of the most lovely pleasure-grounds near Rome, which are enjoyed as much by the English-speaking race as by the Italians themselves.

We shall attempt no description of the cathedral, but will only state in general terms that we never wearied in looking at its interior, which is empanelled with the rarest and most precious marbles, and adorned with the finest mosaics and sculpture.

The impression of this, the most extensive hall ever constructed by the hand of man, on first entering it, grows and expands as one advances up the nave and examines the variegated marble floor, the golden vaulted ceiling, the lofty arches on either side giving glimpses of splendid chapels, altars, and tombs; but the acme of astonishment is reached on arriving at the foot of the great altar in the centre of the building, and in viewing the full extent of the area of the transepts and nave, and of the glorious mosaic dome above, which in height, shape, and grandeur is only excelled by the vault of heaven.

Of course we visited the catacombs; not all of them, for their total length is variously estimated at from three to five hundred miles. Two of our party declined to see them: one of them for the reason that her curiosity had been satisfied by her visit to the catacombs in Paris; the other because she had lately been reading Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," and feared that Miriam's model might play the ghost even better after Donatello hurled him over the Tarpeian Rock than he did at the time of the visit of Miriam and her friends to the catacombs.

The catacombs of Rome differ from those in Paris in

several important particulars. They are more ancient. They were used at first as sepulchres, and afterwards as places of refuge and worship as well as of burial by the early Christians. The bones of the dead have mostly been removed to other sacred places, such as the Pantheon, which, although a pagan temple, has for many centuries been utilized as a Christian church.

The Paris catacombs have never been employed for any of these purposes. They are only renovated old stone quarries used exclusively as a depositary or depot of human skeletons removed from broken-up cemeteries within the city limits. They are more spacious, however, and much easier to walk through than the Roman catacombs, which, although from six to twelve feet high, are only from two to four feet wide in the various passages which lead to the *cubicula* or chambers. The latter are capable of holding a dozen or more persons, and were chiefly used by the Christians as chapels or places of public assembly, though sometimes as family vaults. In order to accommodate larger assemblies, several of the chambers were often made close to each other, having communicating halls or galleries, and a single shaft to give air and light to them all. The sides of the galleries and some of the chambers are honey-combed with graves. There are about sixty of these catacombs in the immediate neighborhood of Rome, each named after the saint reposing therein, or the Christian who furnished the ground where an entrance into the earth was made.

The Roman catacombs were not, as formerly supposed, old stone quarries utilized as sepulchres, but were made originally for burial purposes, and were subsequently employed as subterranean retreats for persecuted Christians, who lived, worshipped, died, and were buried therein. During the period of the greatest persecution of the followers of Christ they never ventured out except in disguise, and then almost entirely at night.

In these dens and caves there lived at one period a population of Christians who, in resolution, physical force, and number, could have overthrown their oppressors, and taken possession of pagan Rome, had they not been taught to love their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to "submit to the powers that be."

Before dismissing the subject of burial-places, we shall make a passing allusion to the small but famous cemetery of the friars of the Capuchin Church. It is situated beneath the latter, yet not underground, and is divided by walls of bones, chiefly skulls, into smaller apartments or chapels, which are furnished and decorated with chandeliers, bas-reliefs, crosses, festoons, etc., from bones of the limbs and trunk. The skeletons of the most distinguished of the dead monks were honored with seats or standing-room in niches of the walls of the vaults, clothed in their brown cowls as worn in their lifetime.

The floor or burial-ground of these chapels is made of coarse, earth brought from Jerusalem. As it is too small to accommodate the dead brotherhood for long periods, each deceased monk takes his turn in resting in this holy bed for a few years, and then has to give place to a successor. In other words, the oldest grave must yield its bed for the latest sleeper. The disinterred monks are utilized in upholstering and ornamenting the establishment in the manner just described.

We must leave the skeletons, and take a ramble through the grounds of the Villa Borghese, situated in the northern suburbs of the city. These are very extensive, and charmingly laid out into walks, meadows, and groves, more beautiful than any thing of the kind to be seen even in England, because the provinces of nature and art are so happily combined as not to intrude upon each other: more picturesque, if possible, than even the wild forests of Western America, for the reason that the wildness of

nature is not permitted to run into deformity for the want of a little care on the part of art.

There one sees the time-honored ilex-trees mingled with the stately stone pines and shadowy cypress; lawns covered with modest daisies and white and rose-colored violets. Here are to be seen beautiful statues, just enough dimmed by the wear of time to make them venerable, without greatly marring their loveliness. Also murmuring fountains, lovely enough for the abode of water-nymphs. The sweet songs of birds can be heard mingling their choruses with those of man. As a promenade for pedestrians, carriages, and horsemen the grounds of the Villa Borghese share the honor with the charming Pincian Hill. Persons on foot rarely attempt a visit to both during the same afternoon; but in a ride or drive it is the fashion to take an airing on the Pincio, and then turn through the Porta del Popolo, and complete the evening in the Villa Borghese.

The casino or villa itself has been converted into a museum of sculpture, which would be considered as having a choice collection in any other city than Rome.

Although the Villa Borghese is admitted to be the handsomest park in or near Rome, its neighbor the Pincio is more popular. This may be owing to the fact that it adjoins and overlooks the city—thus being easier of access, and affording a much finer view of Rome, than the Borghese. The Pincio or Pincian Hill is a favorite promenade of tourists and the Roman aristocracy. It and the Villa Borghese, taken in connection, bear the same relation to Rome that the Bois de Boulogne does to Paris. But they are more picturesque and contain more beautiful works of art.

The Villa Borghese taken separately, although very extensive and lovely, does not command a better view than the Bois de Boulogne, as it is by no means elevated,

and is shut off from Rome by its smaller but more hilly neighbor.

Except during the fashionable hour for music and promenading, both of these gardens are almost as quiet as a distant forest. The tranquil period is the best for the tourist, when he is more desirous of communing with nature than with man.

By following the outer margin of the Pincian Hill one may feast his eyes first upon Rome with its hundreds of steeples; next upon the grand old Cathedral of St. Peter, and then upon the somewhat distant mountains that shut in the city and its surrounding plains—the scene of more memorable events than have been compressed into the same area since the creation of the world.

The Villa Borghese and its museum just alluded to must not be confounded with the Palazzo Borghese and its picture-gallery. The former is situated in the suburbs of Rome, and the latter in the heart of the city. The Borghese picture-gallery is acknowledged to be the choicest in the city. And why should it not be? Under Paul V., who was a Borghese, the family became the wealthiest and most powerful in Rome. They monopolized the best official positions in the Church, and the highest temporal offices under its control, and the richest church benefices.

After going through the immense and gorgeous Borghese palace, I could not help thinking of the difference between the style of living by the heads of the Church in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the days when the followers of our Lord were content to live and worship God in the catacombs.

By way of contrast we next took a ramble to the very ancient and celebrated Mamertine Prisons where Saints Peter and Paul are said to have been bound to a pillar for nine months, and from which, as is thought by some

ecclesiastical authorities, they addressed their farewell letters to the Christian world.

While all the best writers agree that St. Paul may have been imprisoned in this dungeon, and was probably led from here without the walls and beheaded, many have grave doubts as to whether St. Peter was ever in Rome.

But whether both or only one of these apostles were imprisoned in this horrid gloomy old prison, excavated from solid rock under the Capitol, we could not descend into its dismal dungeons without deep emotion. We took an interest in every thing that tradition has to say concerning St. Paul's imprisonment here, because founded on fact; but when informed that the fountain of excellent water beneath the floor of the dungeon had its origin in answer to the prayers of St. Peter, who may never have been there at all; and when it is certain, from a description by Plutarch, that the fountain existed prior to St. Peter's day, we had to mourn the fact that truth and fable are so commingled in the traditions of the early Church that it is impossible in many cases to tell one from the other.

Imbued with this spirit of doubt concerning many of the early traditions, we could not take any interest in looking at the spot just outside the walls of Rome where it is said that Saints Paul and Peter met and embraced each other while the former was on his way to be beheaded outside of Rome, and Saint Peter to meet his martyrdom in the city itself.

So, too, while we could believe that the magnificent cathedral, called "St. Paul without the Walls," was really erected over the spot where the great apostle was beheaded, or, at least, where he was buried, as claimed by some, we had no faith in the legend that the three fountains to be seen near there sprang up at the places where his head struck the ground during its asserted three leaps after decapitation.

Again, when in another part of the city we were shown the *Scala Santa*, and were told that it was the holy stairs from Pilate's house, we were filled with wonder at the simple faith of pilgrims who can there be seen upon their knees every hour of the day.

Neither was our faith in relics strengthened when, at other places in Rome, we were shown the stone on which Isaac was bound for the sacrifice by his father Abraham, and another on which Mary sat when she brought Christ into the temple; and still another, preserved in S. Sebastiano, with the footprints of our Saviour, made when he appeared to Peter just outside of Rome, where the church of Domine Quo Vadis is located, and where a copy of the footprints may be seen.

The legend states that Peter was fleeing from the persecution of Nero, when met by our Saviour, whom he asked whither he was going. The Lord replied, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time," and vanished. Peter, regarding this as a hint for him not to flee from persecution, returned to the city.

There is one thing, however, concerning which it is impossible to doubt—the persecutions of the early Christians by the pagan emperors of Rome, and hence we felt a strange interest in visiting the church of S. Stefano Rotondo, and in looking at the frescos which line its walls, representing the various horrible methods of torture employed upon the Christian martyrs, such as crucifixion, beheading, burying alive, being clothed in skins of beasts and torn to pieces by dogs, gored by wild bulls, devoured by lions, boiled, roasted, and burnt alive, dragged through the streets of Rome by wild horses and thrown into the Tiber, and laid in a coffin half full of boiling lead.

We should thank God that the dark era of persecution without and within the Church has long since disappeared. It will be remembered that the first persecutions of the

Christians in Rome commenced after the accusation by the emperor Nero that they had set fire to Rome, when the evidence is very strong that he committed this great crime himself.

It is a sad commentation upon the weakness of poor humanity, to reflect that after centuries of persecutions of the Christians by successive pagan emperors of Rome the former should, on arriving in power, themselves turn persecutors.

There is still to be seen, close by the Cathedral of St. Peter, an old building which was once the head-quarters of the Inquisition—a recognized institution for the preservation of the faith of the Church. There is also a chamber of torture in the Castle of St. Angelo (a papal fortification and prison near St. Peter's), where Beatrice Cenci was put to the most inhuman torture by Pope Clement VIII., in order to make her confess to the crime of assisting in the murder of that cruel old villain, her father. As a slight extenuation of the pope's harshness, it should be stated that he may have believed her guilty, as many were in doubt upon this point, until her brother Giacoma, on being brought to the scaffold, turned towards the people and said in a clear voice: "Although in the agonies of torture I accused my sister and brother of sharing in the crime for which I suffer, I accused them falsely. Now, that I am about to render an account of my actions to God, I solemnly assert their entire innocence. Farewell, my friends. Oh, pray to God for me." This confession was too late. His sister Beatrice, after undergoing the most horrible torture ever inflicted upon a human being, was finally beheaded.

The picture of this innocent but unfortunate and superbly beautiful woman, taken by Guido Rene shortly before her death, may be seen in the Barberini Palace. It rivets the attention of every beholder, and makes one

wonder that a woman so angelic, so beautiful, and so innocent, could have been executed in Rome without an uprising of the people.

The picture is only a female head, but possessing such transcendant beauty and melancholy sweetness of face as to haunt the person forever who looks upon it.

After beholding this charming picture one is hardly prepared to admire the more conspicuous but brazen-faced portrait near by, called the Fornarina, even though the name of Raphael is found upon the bracelet, and notwithstanding this picture was a work of love by the great artist himself.

It seems strange that an artist so celebrated for his numerous Madonnas and holy families, and for his fresco-decoration of the *loggie*, or open galleries of the Vatican, called "Raphael's Bible" because representing scenes from the Old Testament, should condescend to immortalizing with his pencil the very antipodes of holiness. This weakness of the great master destroyed in a measure my admiration of his wonderful *Madonna di San Sisto*, to be seen in the Dresden gallery, as I could not help thinking that he may have painted her from some model as frail as the Fornarina. In short, his Madonnas had lost to me much of their ideal beauty, and I got into the habit of looking upon them somewhat as I would upon a portrait of the fat Mrs. Rubens palmed off by the celebrated Flemish painter as a Madonna.

As pictures and statues do not interest those who have never seen them, I shall have but little to say about the art treasures which engaged the most of our attention while in Rome. Of course we saw Holy Families, Magdalens, Saints, and Martyrs everywhere in the city, and never grew any more tired of seeing them than we would at hearing a hundred sermons in succession in the course of six weeks; but we shall forego criticism upon them,

partly because this has been done before, but chiefly because my lady friends might laugh and say: "The doctor knows very little about pictures. He could hardly recognize a St. Lawrence if the saint were not stretched upon a gridiron; or the youthful St. Sebastian if not bound to a tree, and pierced with arrows; or old St. Anthony in the desert, if not surrounded by representations of his temptations; or St. Paul without his sword; or St. Peter without his keys; or Judas Iscariot without his clutching the blood-money; or a picture by Rubens without its colossal limbs; or one of Paul Veronese except from its immensity; or a painting, sculpture, or architectural design by Michael Angelo, if he did not know that almost every thing of that kind in Rome is ascribed to that celebrated artist. He would go through the Santa Maria Sopra Minerva without knowing that the famous statue of Christ, on the left of the high altar, is by Michael Angelo; or through the Santo Pietro in Vinculi without being aware that the statue of Moses is from the same hand; if not for the above reason, or the fact that he has been studying his guide-book."

There is more truth than poetry in this supposed opinion by those who know me best, and for that very reason I should at one time have felt mortally offended if reminded of it, or if told that I might see a hundred thousand pictures in Europe and not retain a vivid remembrance of over a dozen or so, two years after my return. I have got bravely over this sensitiveness, for I find other people, who have something more useful to occupy their time than to constantly refresh their minds upon art in Europe, are about in the same predicament.

Although I did not dislike pictures any more than an epicure would a single article of food—a quail or snipe, for instance—if fed on it several months in succession, I was always glad when my lady companions would say: "Let us go to some place in the country to-day."

There are several beautiful villas to choose between. Sometimes we went to the Villa Borghese, sometimes to the Villa Medici, or Wolkonsky, or Ludovici, or Albani; but with the exception of the first we found more pleasure in going to the Villa Pamphili Doria, situated on the summit of the Janiculum, because of its extensive avenues and woods, beautiful fountains, cascades, and lakes. It appears to be a favorite drive of the king and queen, whom we met on one occasion, and tested the experiment of bowing to them to see whether they would return our salutations. They did so with the utmost politeness. As they were driving in an unliveried phaeton, the king holding the reins, and were very plainly attired, and had no attendants, we should not have known them had they not been pointed out to us by an Italian gentleman, to whom they bowed with a smile of pleasant recognition as they passed by him.

We had previously had a sight of the queen and her suite several times—once at the Teatro Vale.

One of our most pleasant excursions in the vicinity of Rome was to Tivoli, the Tiber of antiquity, situated about twenty miles from the city on the Sabine Hills, overlooking the Campagna for many miles, and even Rome itself. The modern village of seven thousand inhabitants has no attractions except its lovely location on the site of the historical Tiber. In its vicinity, however, are some of the most celebrated ancient ruins of Italy, particularly those of Hadrian's villa, which once covered an area of several square miles, being as large as a small town, and possessing the most magnificent grounds of any palace or villa in the Roman empire. His park was filled with models of every thing in the shape of temples, palaces, theatres, and academies, which pleased his fancy during his travels. He had also a vast collection of the finest statuary in the world, some of which were found

here by the popes long after the Goths had destroyed the villa in the sixth century.

The most attractive things in the neighborhod of Tivoli at the present day are the Cascades of Tivoli, the Grotto of the Sibyl, the Temple of Vesta, and Grotto of Neptune. The cascades are formed by the waters of the Anio, one of them making a leap of three hundred and forty feet.

It requires several hours' hard walking over narrow, rough, and precipitous paths to secure a view of all these elements of natural beauty; but the labor is delightful, because the scenery is so lovely and enchanting.

To drive to Tivoli refreshed us sufficiently for further sight-seeing in the city. So we took a ramble to the Capitoline Hill. The first thing that attracted our attention was the famous old Church of Ara Cœli, erected on the northern height of the hill, on the site of an ancient and most interesting pagan building, the Temple of Jupiter Capitoline, or, according to some authorities, of Jupiter Feretrius. The interior of the church is vast, solemn, and strikingly picturesque, although not architecturally handsome.

The nave is separated from the aisles by twenty-two ancient columns of different varieties of granite, marble, and more precious stones, varying in shape, size, and color —being the spoils of ancient pagan buildings. The floor is of ancient mosaic, called *opus Alexandrinum*. Its pulpit is also mosaic. It has some fine frescos, and is full of relics of past ages and mediæval tombs. The great antiquity and romantic history of this old edifice create in the visitor a sense of pleasurable interest.

This church is the residence of the miraculous Bambino, or baby Christ, so famous for its supposed healings of the sick. It is a painted doll carved out of a tree from the Mount of Olives, tightly swathed in gold and silver tissue,

sparkling with magnificent emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. The Virgin mother is also present, wearing in her ears superb diamond pendants. It attracts vast crowds all day long. It was absent on some errand of mercy when we first entered the church, but came back before we left. The devout Catholics present knelt down as it passed, and so they do in the streets as it goes by in its own handsome carriage and with special attendants.

On the opposite side of the Capitoline Hill is the renowned Tarpeian Rock, from the top of which the criminals of ancient Rome were hurled one hundred and seventy feet. The height is not very great now, because the valley below has been filled in about thirty feet, and the hill has been cut down to some extent in order to level it. It was here that Hawthorne makes the persecutor of Miriam meet his fate from the hands of Donatello.

The Capitoline Hill is frequently called the Capitol, creating a little confusion, as the latter term is also applied to the present Mayor's residence, or palace of the Senator, which was designed by Michael Angelo and erected upon the site of the ancient ruins of the Tabularium, a large portion of the wall of which forms a part of the foundation of the present edifice. What is called the Tower of the Capitol forms a part of this building. From its top a splendid view of Rome and its environs may be obtained. In fact, it is a better point from which to study Rome than the cupola of St. Peter's, because of its central position between ancient and mediæval Rome.

In gazing beneath and south of us we may study the unearthed ruins of the ancient city—its temples, the palaces of its emperors, the grand arches that span its streets, the Coliseum, the massive arch of the Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer built by the Tarquins twenty-five hundred years ago, and still in use by the present generation of Romans.

There is no other place where the famous Seven Hills of Rome can be so readily defined. Beneath us lies the Capitoline, before us the Palatine, with the Cœlian beyond it; on the left is the Quirinal, beyond that the Viminal, beyond the latter the Esquiline, and on the right the Aventine.

The Esquiline, Palatine, and Quirinal were the favorites of Rome under the kings and emperors, while republican Rome preferred the Aventine and Capitol.

Christian Rome is spread out upon the Vatican eminence and the Cœlian Hill.

In the centre of the square of the Capitol may be seen the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. It is the noblest bronze statue of either ancient or modern times. It was taken from the Forum and placed at the Lateran in A.D. 1187, and removed to its present site under the superintendence of Michael Angelo in 1538. It owes its preservation from the fate that befell so many other ancient imperial statues, from being mistaken for a statue of the Christian Emperor Constantine. This very natural popular error arose from the statue being so long near the Lateran, so closely connected with the history of Constantine.

This famous statue is looked upon as the most perfect and majestic type of dignity becoming a great ruler that an artist has ever been able to create. The *pose* of Marcus Aurelius is natural and majestic. You may see by the position of his right hand that he is about to address his soldiers upon some important subject. He is mounted on a splendid horse, and is calm and dignified.

When one has seen the above-mentioned statue, the Laocoön at the Vatican, and the Dying Gladiator in the Museum of the Capitol, he will have seen enough to convince him how infinitely ancient sculpture surpasses the mediæval and modern. This seems so very strange when

Dying Gladiator—Museum of the Capitol, Rome.

we take into consideration that the ancient sculptors knew little or nothing of anatomy.

"Rome was not built in a day," and it cannot be inspected in a day, nor a week, nor in six weeks, as we found by experience, but still we saw a vast number of interesting things in our many rambles through its streets, its palaces, and many of its three or four hundred churches, any one of which contains relics and works of art that would bring a higher price than any two churches in the United States put together. And yet, if the truth must be told, I take far more satisfaction in worshipping God in a plain wooden building under the shadow of Mount Hood, and within hearing of the music of the grand old Pacific Ocean, than in St. Peter's itself.

CHAPTER IX.

NAPLES, VESUVIUS, AND THEIR ENVIRONS.

AFTER a sojourn in Rome of nearly a month we began to grow weary of sight-seeing on so vast a scale, in a city where every thing reminded us of the past, and concluded to take a southern journey for a few days, and then renew our rambles in the Eternal City.

As strange as it may seem the greater portion of Southern Italy through which we passed reminded me forcibly of the western plains of the United States before they were settled by the whites; except that the grass was not so high in the former as in the latter.

Like the plains the Campagna is mostly level, or slightly undulating, but rarely very hilly or mountainous; and, except the high grounds, is almost devoid of habitations. Instead of the wild deer, antelope, elk, and bison of the plains, we observe herds of horses, goats, donkeys, long-horned cattle, and tame buffalo roaming apparently at will over the fenceless lowlands of Southern Italy. This is perhaps due to the fact that the land is owned in large tracts by a few individuals, who find it less troublesome, and more profitable, to use the land for pasture than to cultivate the soil. The unhealthiness of the lowlands is another reason for the sparseness of the population; and a third is the love of the Italian people for city life, causing those who are able to congregate in the larger cities, and, when this is inconvenient, to reside in the smaller

towns or villages. The Italian proverb commands us "to see Naples and die." We saw Naples, and then drank copiously of the Scotchman's deadly poison—cold water,—but it failed to kill us. This lovely city, with a population, including its suburbs, of half a million people, is situated at the northern extremity of the Bay of Naples. In fact, almost the entire bay is surrounded by cities, towns, and villages which might be included under the name of Naples—thus making this one of the largest cities in the world.

I have never seen a city more pleasantly situated than Naples, which lies against a semicircular range of hills fronting the bay on the south and east. Its length, including suburbs, is *eighteen* miles. Many of the modern streets are broad and beautiful.

The most ancient portion of the city is characterized by narrow streets, with few or no sidewalks. These narrow spaces, lined with six-story buildings, reminded me of the military roads cut through the forests of Oregon during pioneer days, where one could scarcely discern the heavens between the tall firs and cedars. The comparison stops here, as those roads were silent and refreshed with the breeze laden with the sweet perfume of trees and flowers. The narrow streets of Naples are, on the contrary, full of dirty beggars, braying jackasses, and abominable odors.

The scene is quite different in the Via Roma and the Chiaja, which are crowded with handsomely dressed persons of both sexes on foot and in carriages. Some of the handsomest men and most beautiful women in Europe may be seen here in the afternoon.

The streets are filled from early morn till late at night with an eager, hurrying, motley crowd of humanity, of all ranks and nations.

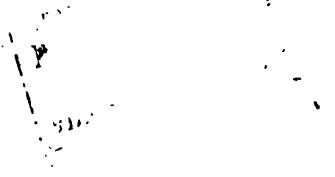
As everybody walks in the street, owing to the fewness and narrowness of the sidewalks, it is strange that there

are not more accidents from vehicles, which are continually dashing along apparently regardless of the equal rights of pedestrians.

Besides carriages of every variety, there is a kind of nondescript cart used by laborers, which can carry more passengers in proportion to its size than even the Irish jaunting car. It is pulled by a donkey, of course. The latter is also used as a pack animal by market people. It is incredible what a vast quantity of meat, fruit, and vegetables is sometimes piled on a little rat of a donkey. The mass is occasionally so immense, that one may look in vain for the motive power, and can only judge of its nature by its startling brays. Of course Naples is full of churches, but who desires to see them after visiting those of Rome? I do not speak disparagingly, but like a person who has been fed with one dish, no matter how excellent, until surfeited. Still one should not neglect to see the cathedral—called San Gennaro, or St. Januarius,—which contains many interesting tombs, and the shrine of St. Januarius in a small subterranean church in which the body of the saint reposes. Three times yearly the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is said to occur. The cathedral is crowded on these occasions, and the collections from the credulous audience is said to be immense. The clotted blood is held up in a vial so that the people can see it liquefy. Mark Twain asserts that the rapidity of its liquefaction is in proportion to the size of the audience and the time occupied in taking the collection. When the audience is large it may take three fourths of an hour, but when it is small a few minutes will suffice for the mysterious process.

The National Museum is an interesting place to visit. It is full of antique sculptures in marble, ancient paintings, ancient bronze statues, monuments of mediæval art, mosaics, mural paintings, etc. Here, too, are to be seen

Naples.



about one thousand five hundred ancient mural pictures, taken from the excavations of Herculaneum, Strabia, and Pompeii. Besides these pictures, there are a vast number of other ancient curiosities taken from the ruins of the latter cities.

There is too much to be seen in this celebrated museum for any attempt at description or criticism.

The same may be said of the Convent of San Martino. The view of Naples and its surroundings is finer from the latter than from any other point in its vicinity. The expression, "*See Naples and die,*" is thought to have originated here.

The celebrated castle of St. Elmo, adjoining the Convent, is well worthy of a visit.

The Royal Palace of Capodimonte is another very interesting place. This edifice is situated on a hill of the same name overlooking Naples, and is principally used as a museum. It contains a large collection of masterpieces of modern artists of the Neapolitan school, splendid sculptures by living artists, and the rich armory lately existing in the Royal Palace of Naples, and the collection of porcelain statuettes (biscuits) from the old Neapolitan china manufactory, and porcelain chamber of the old manufactory of Capodimonte. This collection is considered of immense value.

There is a splendid view from the palace balcony of the city below, and of the surrounding country. The park belonging to the palace is one of the loveliest and most picturesque in Europe. The grounds are very extensive, and are laid out in avenues radiating from circular centres. In general terms it may be asserted that there are few cities that possess more attractions for the tourist than Naples, on account of its beautiful location, its noble buildings, its fine winter climate, its historic and charming surroundings. But these attractions are offset

by many annoyances, the chief of which are the importunities of hackmen, flower girls, and beggars. It is impossible to take a stroll through the city without being beset by these pests. They will surround one at all points and give him but little leisure for conversation or observation. Of course, when a hackman is told that a carriage is not needed he goes away, but only to be replaced by a second, a third, and so on. The flower venders are not so easily dismissed. They adopt all sorts of stratagems, even to placing a bouquet in a lady's hair, or in her bosom, or, if she be driving, into her lap, and trust to her honor, or that of her escort, of not receiving a thing without compensation.

The mendicants are the greatest pests. If the majority of them were really honest and needy, the annoyance would not be so great, but there are numerous humbugs among them, and they are more persistent than the others. In the suburbs of Naples the children will collect in crowds around you and ask for pennies. Some of them, of both sexes, will cut up all sorts of antics, such as standing on their heads or turning somersaults.

In searching for a church it is unnecessary to glance at the steeple or cross to distinguish it from other buildings, but only to look at the doors or front stairway and count the beggars. If there be a lot of them, you may know it is a church.

The whole of Italy is very much the same in this respect, but Naples is the worst. There are, however, signs of improvement, and if the present government of United Italy continues to be sustained, this evil will gradually disappear; for the country is growing in prosperity, and begging will soon cease to be a respectable profession.

As we approached Naples on our journey from Rome, we got a splendid view of Mount Vesuvius by moonlight. We could plainly see an immense column of smoke and

flame shooting up from its summit. As the volcano was unusually active at the time of our arrival, we were fearful that the authorities might prohibit persons visiting it, so in our haste we made the ascent on a very unfavorable day, when the wind was strong and blowing in the wrong direction. We went in a carriage to the base of the cone, and then took the cable-railway, which conveyed us to within a short distance of the summit. There were only two cars running on the day of our visit, each capable of holding nine persons. As one car ascended another descended, the weight of the descending one being utilized to draw up the other. Steam power from a stationary engine at the bottom was brought to the aid of either the ascending or descending car, as the requirements of the case seemed to demand. The power was applied to the cars by means of wire-cable attachments. The railway forms an angle of about fifty degrees with a horizontal plane.

Timid people generally shut their eyes in making the ascent and descent, as the mountain is so steep and high. Its isolation from other high points is what makes it appear so high, for it is really only three thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven feet above the sea. About six months prior to our visit one of the wire cables broke at the upper station, but the cars, contrary to what might be expected, were prevented from descending and smashing to pieces by a system of emergency brakes. The queen of Italy happened to be taking her luncheon near the lower station at the time, with a view of ascending the mountain afterwards, but the accident caused a change in her intentions.

The view from the summit of the mountain is grand. It embraces Naples and many smaller towns and villages, some of which, owing to the extreme distance, look like stone piles rather than villages. In one direction it com-

mands a magnificent view of the Bay of Naples and of the Mediterranean Sea covered with ships, and in another direction of a fine landscape of valley, hill, and mountain.

But one is unable to feast his eyes upon this glorious panorama of the sunny side of life without letting them fall occasionally upon the blackened desolation caused by Vesuvian fires all around the mountain itself, or upon the exhumed ruins of the once happy cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Nor is it possible to repress the conviction that a similar fate awaits the pleasant villages and towns, especially Resina, that have sprung up around the base of Vesuvius since the awful eruption of A.D. 79.

On reaching the upper station we had to trudge up the cone a few hundred yards farther on foot, sinking every now and then several feet in ashes. We were told that the through tickets that we had purchased included the services of a guide to two craters. Judge of our surprise when we had reached the summit and were informed by the guide furnished us that two little fissures near us, where sulphurous vapor and smoke were issuing at a very moderate rate, were the only places to which he was engaged to conduct us. It was evident that the man was a swindler; his object being to have us consider him as the guide until we got beyond the point where another could be easily obtained, and then to ask an exorbitant price for his services. I refused his extortionate demands. In the meantime several of those who had just ascended the cable-way were pushing forward to the main crater, and a new guide was engaged for half what the other demanded. While endeavoring to prevail on three ladies of our party to continue on to the main crater, the other lady became impatient and took the guide and accompanied the party who was just passing. I then engaged another guide, and was almost successful in overcoming the fears of the other three ladies, when old Vesuvius showed his

impatience by an awful rumbling, thundering noise, accompanied with trembling of the ground and belching forth of fire, smoke, and a vast shower of hot, half melted, black asphaltum-looking stones which dropped all around us. Persuasion for a further advance by my lady friends was now impossible, and they commenced a retreat, which was converted into a panic by the hasty return of the party who had just ventured ahead, and all others on the summit, and the cry was raised that Vesuvius was dangerously active, and that an extensive eruption was imminent. Placing my party under the care of the returning guide and a gentleman who kindly offered his protection, I sent them back to the upper station, and accompanied the third guide, whom I had secured to take me to the main crater. After going a few yards the fellow said that in consequence of the increased danger he would go no farther unless paid four times the amount that I had promised him. Declining to accede to his extortionate demand I went on without him. I soon found myself so blinded by the smoke and sickened by the hot sulphurous vapors issuing from the fissures around me, and stunned by the rapid, noisy upheavals of molten masses which fell in soft fragments all over the top of the cone, that I feared it would be impossible for me either to find the crater or the way out. To my great joy the guide came to my relief just in time, and expressed his desire to accompany me for the price first agreed upon. But I soon began to fear him more than the fires of Vesuvius, for he was a brigandish-looking individual, and wore no official badge to designate his vocation. I had with me two "letters of credit" for about eight thousand dollars, which any one could draw who got possession. If the fellow had known this he would probably have murdered and thrown me deep down into the yawning mouth of the crater.

The sight of the latter was very imposing. It is said to

be nearly half a mile wide and many hundreds of feet deep. But it was so filled with fire and smoke at the time of my visit that I could form no idea of its dimensions. We stood on a trembling ledge that projected over its sides, and witnessed the spasmodic upheavals of flame, smoke, and tremendous showers of black, soft, hot stones, which, on cooling resembled fragments of asphaltum pavement. These showers were always accompanied by a terrific explosive sound like the bursting of a thousand steam-boilers, bombshells, or rock-blasts. Sometimes these semi-molten fragments are hurled to an immense height and distance. Only a few days prior to our visit, one of these masses fell so near the cable cars as to create a panic among the passengers. In fact, the occurrence had been quite common for a few weeks previous. As the smoke cleared away I could occasionally look down about forty feet into the crater, but found it impossible to secure that extensive survey of its depths obtainable at more quiet seasons.

We did some careful dodging to avoid the falling masses of melted rock.

Implanting a copper penny in a piece of soft, hot black stone that had just fallen close by us, and placing the latter on a cooler chunk, so that we could carry it, we started back to rejoin our party.

While travelling through Scotland last September we met two very pleasant American tourists who had just returned from a pilgrimage to Vesuvius, and who were very fond of relating little jokes upon each other. One was an Episcopalian clergyman from St. Louis, and the other a brevet major-general of U. S. Engineers.

The former related that the general while at Vesuvius was anxious to secure a specimen of the lava with a coin imbedded. Not having a penny he gave the guide a napoleon, and did not discover for some days thereafter that

the fellow had substituted a penny for the gold coin, which he kept himself.

A gentleman who visited Vesuvius a few days subsequently to our visit, informed me that notwithstanding the calmness of the day and the ascension of the smoke straight upwards—favorable conditions for a view of the crater—he was unable to obtain a guide to take his party to the latter, as visits were forbidden by the government authorities on account of the unusual activity of the volcano. The government keeps an expert on the summit to warn the public when there is danger. At the time of our visit there was a general apprehension of an extensive eruption.

It was asserted that the reason why the railroad company charged such high rates for passage was that they had to calculate upon a total destruction of their property by an eruption on an average of every ten years. The crater has been in a state of activity ever since November, 1867, but had been quiet for six years previously. The longest repose during the Christian era was from 1500 to 1631. Just prior to the eruption of Dec. 16th in the latter year the crater was found to be one thousand feet deep and nearly four miles in circumference. This eruption, as is apt to occur after a lengthy repose, was very severe—destroying several villages at the base of the mountain, among others Resina, which had been built partly upon the site of the buried Herculaneum.

A new Resina has been erected upon the old site. Its fate is only a question of time.

The hardest variety of lava—granite—is used in all the towns and villages around the Bay of Naples for building purposes, and for paving streets. The porous and friable variety is utilized to some extent in stone walls or fences. The sides of Vesuvius are covered with successive layers of lava, ashes, etc., and are barren of vegetable growth ex-

cept in a few small places where little spots of grass and some clumps of maples may be seen.

Prior to the great eruptions, A.D. 63 and 79, the entire mountain, especially the portion of the cone that was then destroyed, was covered with trees, and the bed of the crater afforded fine pasturage for cattle. In the absence of positive testimony to the contrary, this must be taken as evidence of centuries of inactivity.

During the Christian era there have been numerous eruptions of Vesuvius, when vast torrents of lava would rush down the sides of the mountain, but the most famous occurred August 24, A.D. 79, when Stabiæ, Herculaneum, and Pompeii were destroyed.

The last was an old city at the time of its destruction: how old cannot be determined, as history makes no mention of it prior to the conquest of Campania by the Romans, a little over three hundred years before Christ, and yet the deeply worn edges of a public stone basin, where persons desirous of drinking water had to rest their right hand in order to apply their lips to the fountain supplying the tank or basin, indicated friction of many centuries.

So complete was the burial of this old city of from twelve to possibly fifty thousand inhabitants, that its very name disappeared from history, and even its exact location remained unknown for nearly seventeen hundred years, or until 1748, when some workmen, who were sinking a well, exhumed several statues and other objects of antiquity. This led to further excavations and discoveries by Charles III. of Naples. The excavations have been continued by his successors until all the most important portions of the city are exhumed, and we may see the character of its buildings, and of the works of art found therein.

The charred appearance of the wooden parts of the buildings, such as the second stories and roofs, showed that the incandescent matter thrown upon it from Vesu-

vius must have fallen on the doomed city prior to its being flooded with showers of hot water.

The upper stories and roofs were crushed in by the weight of the volcanic matter thrown upon them, but the first stories, having thick brick and lava walls, are in an excellent state of preservation. So are the paintings and frescos on the walls, and so the rich mosaic floors. In fact there is one room too well preserved, which ladies are not permitted to enter.

The frescos and decorations of the houses are so excellent in grace, form, richness, and permanence of color as to excite the admiration of lovers of art; and they furnish many models to decorators of the present day. Nearly every thing of this kind that is movable has been placed for preservation in the National Museum of Naples, where there is also a room for inspection by men only.

From revelations lately made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I fear that were London to meet the awful fate of Pompeii, antiquarians of future ages might find specimens of wickedness as disgusting as those on exhibition in the private room of the Pompeian department of the Museum of Naples—some in the form of frescos and others in a state of petrifaction.

It is only after visiting the volcano when in a state of great activity that one can form even a faint conception of the awfulness of the scene on the last days of Pompeii. History informs us that on that occasion Vesuvius trembled as she spasmodically belched forth, with terrific explosive noises, vast clouds of ashes and burning stones which filled and darkened the heavens for miles around, and, in falling, set fire to and crushed in the neighboring cities. The darkness thus produced was partly relieved, but rendered more hideous by the immense volume of flame shooting up from the crater, and by the lightning flashes constantly playing around the mountain.

The wailings of the winds, the groanings of the earth, the screams and groans of the terrified and perishing women and men of Pompeii, commingled with the loud peals of thunder and fearful showers of hot ashes and molten stones, succeeded by boiling water, presented a scene of awful grandeur. No wonder that the few Christians present in the doomed city thought that the wicked world was being destroyed, and that our Lord was making his second coming.

It would appear from the small number of skeletons found—about six hundred—that most of the inhabitants made their escape. Nearly all the skeletons have been removed to the National Museum at Naples. From the postures of many of these human frames it is evident that the destroying elements took many of the people by surprise, and rendered them almost helpless with terror. Some were found lying with their faces downwards covered with their hands. Some lost their lives by a delay of a few precious moments in searching for and endeavoring to carry their treasures. The skeletons of five of these unfortunates were found in one house with their treasures of silver, gold, and bronze lying near them. In one place was a female with so many earrings, gold bracelets, pieces of money, and finger-rings on her person, that it is thought her vanity or avarice caused her to waste the few minutes that might have saved her. We cannot sympathize with those persons so much as with the sentinel, clad in complete armor, who was found standing at his post of duty by the city gate, regardless of the horrible perils around him, and desiring only to preserve to the last the proud name of a soldier of Rome.

Pompeii, prior to its destruction, bordered on the Bay of Naples, but the physical changes in the sea-shore, resulting from the eruption, left the city a mile inland. This circumstance, with others, so misled geographers,

Pompeii.

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that the finding of its exact location after the expiration of nearly seventeen centuries, was a mere accident. It was disinterred from its silent tomb in a wonderful state of preservation. Very little, except the wooden second stories of dwellings and the roofs of all buildings, had been destroyed. The lower or ground apartments, where the family proper resided, having thick walls of brick or lava, escaped serious injury. So that it is possible to see exactly how the people lived.

The walls of some of the finer buildings, especially those of a public character, were once encased in marble. The floors are of mosaic, marble, or lava.

The houses, while differing in size, detail, and costliness, possess a great resemblance in their general plan. The architectural style is Oriental. It is suitable for a warm climate. Every building has a court in the interior, some of them two or three courts. The best houses have a fountain in one or more of the courts to cool the air and lull to rest the weary. The living apartments are arranged around the courts. The most of the rooms are small, especially the bed-chambers. There is a niche in almost every house for the penates or household gods. These were regarded with the same reverence as are images of the Virgin and saints by devout Roman Catholics of the present day.

The street fronts of the buildings in the business part of the city were used as shops or stores. Some of these communicated with the dwelling part of the house, but many of them had no connection whatever. It is thought that the wealthier people, who were not engaged in trade, leased their street fronts to merchants and trades-people; and that the rich shopkeeper always occupied apartments connected with his store; and that in so doing there was no sacrifice in gentility, as would be the case in the large cities of the United States, if the wealthy owner of a

mansion should lease his street front for business purposes, or the princely merchant should occupy apartments back of or over his store.

The Pompeiians were luxurious in their tastes and habits, as may be seen by the existing ruins of their baths, theatres, amphitheatres; and by the vast number of exquisitely engraved precious stones, lovely cameos, and magnificent bronzes that were obtained there to enrich the art cabinets of Europe. They were not only luxurious, but cruel in their modes of amusement. It is thought that they were enjoying the sight of a gladiatorial contest on the fatal day when the great eruption of Vesuvius buried their city out of sight for seventeen centuries.

They loved driving in chariots. It would seem, however, that their exceedingly narrow streets must have detracted greatly from this amusement. Many of them are only wide enough for a single vehicle. There was probably a city ordinance requiring vehicles to go only in one direction in particular thoroughfares; or else frequent collisions would seem to have been inevitable.

The most imposing structures thus far exhumed are to be seen in the vicinity of the forum, such as the basilica for the administration of justice, the temples for the worship of heathen gods, and the theatres for amusements. Pompeii is a good place to visit, even if one cares nothing for the strange pleasure derived from wandering through a city utterly tenantless, where ages ago the ebb and flow of humanity was as noisy and animated as in many large cities of the present day. Here one is free from molestation by the regular army of Italian beggars; but not from photographers, for the guide always informs you that it is customary for tourists to have their pictures taken while grouped in front of one of the old temples. We followed the fashion; one of the young ladies, however, deeming

injustice had been done her good looks by the artist, managed to lose the whole lot of photographs shortly after they had been delivered to us.

Herculaneum, which is situated about half way between Naples and Pompeii, was overwhelmed by the same eruption that destroyed its neighboring city, but was buried much deeper. While a crust composed of ashes, stones, and a small proportion of lava was formed over Pompeii, the fated Herculaneum was first filled to the roofs of the houses with torrents of Vesuvian mud, which was succeeded by showers of ashes and currents of lava until the deposit reached the enormous thickness of from sixty-five to about one hundred and twelve feet. Some authorities deny that there was any burning lava deposited on either Pompeii or Herculaneum in the eruption A.D. 79, but assert that the cities were first covered with volcanic ashes, which were subsequently converted by water into mud, that finally hardened into stone.

Like that of Pompeii, the site of Herculaneum in after ages became a matter of conjecture, and its discovery was an accident. The sinking of a well in the town of Resina, which is built partly over the long-buried city, brought to light some fragments of statues and mosaic. This discovery led to farther excavations.

In examining the exhumed city of Pompeii it is not necessary to pass underground, but the reverse is the case at Herculaneum. The entrance is in the main street of Resina. It is necessary to descend a long staircase which leads to the theatre. The latter has nineteen tiers of seats. Its orchestra is capacious, and lies some twenty-five feet below the grade of the modern town built upon the stony crust above it. The theatre is not so large as the amphitheatre at Pompeii, but was capable of holding about nine or ten thousand people. After seeing the underground excavations the visitor is conducted

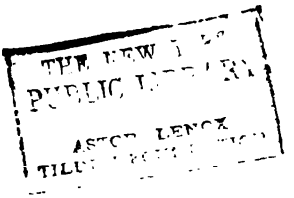
through those that are laid open to the sunlight. They are situated near the bay. The structures there exhumed resemble very closely in architectural style those of Pompeii, but are much fewer in number, and contain a great many restorations.

My lady friends did not find it convenient to accompany me through Herculaneum. My guide conversed with me in a mixture of French, Italian, and broken English. His stock of the latter language consisted of two words, *ancient*, *modern*, which he made constant use of in showing me around. In going the tour of the open excavations we disturbed the slumber of an enormous rat, which beat a hasty retreat. I inquired, "*Ancient* or *modern?*" when the serious old cicerone smiled and answered, "*Modern.*" In order to repay me for my impudence he ceased to point out which was ancient, and which was only a modern restoration; but as I had learned in the meantime to distinguish the difference, his newly acquired reticence was rather a relief than otherwise.

On the 10th of March we made a most interesting excursion to Cape Miseum, visiting on the way the Grotto of Posilipo, the Lake of Agnano, the Grotto del Cane, the Pozzuoli Amphitheatre, the Volcano of Solfatara, the Grotto of the Sibyl, the Temple of Mercury, and the Piscina Mirabile.

During the first part of our drive we passed through that very ancient and interesting old tunnel called the Grotto of Posilipo, situated just outside of Naples. It was probably made by the Cumans to shorten the way between Cuma and Naples, though some affirm that it was cut by the order of Nero, and others assert that it owes its origin to Augustus. It is twenty-two feet wide, from thirty to sixty feet high, and two thousand two hundred and forty-four feet long. As we emerged from the tunnel on the way from Naples, we saw on a little hill to the left

Herculaneum.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the supposed tomb of Virgil hidden among the vineyards.

We next came to the Lake of Agnano. This is what may be termed a dry lake—the waters having been drained into the bay of Naples by a subterranean passage. Its bed was an ancient crater. There is still in the centre a small basin fed with sulphur water.

The Grotto del Cane is a small excavation in the base of a hill on the right of the above lake, and takes its name from the custom of exposing a dog to the carbonic acid issuing from it. Only a few seconds' breathing of the gas is sufficient to asphyxiate the poor animal. A half minute would kill him. In the experiment that we witnessed we stipulated with the custodian to withdraw the poor creature before the extinction of life. He then showed us how quickly the gas extinguished a torch. The mouth of the grotto being horizontal, the man could stand in it harmlessly by holding his head up above the gas, which, of course, from being heavier than the atmosphere, settled near the floor. He dared not venture very far in, as the rear of the cave descended below a horizontal line, and was full of the poisonous gas, as was shown by the torch test.

It is singular what an interest these experiments excite in tourists, who can try them anywhere in their own country where there are deep pits, wells, or cesspools.

It is no unusual thing for physicians to be summoned to cases of asphyxia from the inhalation of carbonic acid. Just prior to my departure to Europe it was my painful task to fail in restoring to life two persons—a man who was suffocated while making a communication between a new and an old cesspool, and a manly boy, who was poisoned by the same gas while attempting to rescue the poor laborer. The brave lad was the pride of his father, a bishop of the Episcopal Church.

Near the Lake of Agnano are the celebrated sulphur vapor baths of S. Germano. Close by it there is a grotto with the air impregnated with ammoniacal vapor.

In the suburbs of the ancient town of Pozzuoli we saw the oldest amphitheatre in Italy. It is in a fine state of preservation. It was capable of holding thirty-five thousand spectators. The internal corridors, which encircle the entire building, gave access to the seats, arranged in several orders. In the centre of the arena are openings through which can be seen the subterranean galleries where the wild beasts were kept to which the condemned criminals and gladiators were exposed. In the fourth century St. Januarius and other martyrs were exposed here to wild beasts, but came out uninjured.

The floor of the arena where the gladiatorial combats took place is elevated about twelve feet above the pavement of the older arena where naval fights occurred. Previous to the combat the arena was filled with water, so as to float the boats of the combatants. After the upper or gladiatorial arena was added, the naval arena was used for the dens of wild beasts and the cells of prisoners. It is related that the Roman emperor, Nero, fought with gladiators in this amphitheatre, and that Diocletian here fed wild beasts with Christian martyrs. About ten minutes' drive from the amphitheatre brought us to the Solfatara, a crater not quite extinct, as I found to my sorrow. Seeing a crevice from which was issuing sulphurous steam and smoke in volume equal to that from a railroad engine, I tried its temperature with my hand, but a little too carelessly, and had to suffer for my blunder.

It is related that this crater becomes active in proportion to the want of activity of Vesuvius. History tells us of only two great eruptions—one in A.D. 1198, and the other in A.D. 1538. The once interesting old city, Pozzuoli, near by, was badly injured by the first eruption,

and so ruined by the second as to lead to its abandonment. It was in this city that St. Paul remained several days on his way to Rome.

The ground underneath the bed of the Solfataro is hollow, as can be demonstrated by percussion with a huge stone. The ruins of the Temple of Diana and Neptune, the Temple of Serapis, and Cicero's charming villa are also in this vicinity, and will be found interesting.

We next paid a visit to the Grotto of the Sibyl or Grotto della Pace, which is situated on the border of the Lake of Avernus. This must not be confounded with its smaller neighbor and namesake, the Grotto or Cavern of the Sibyl. The latter is only two hundred and eighty paces long, while the former is about a thousand yards in length, and contains the Sibyl's bath, the gate of hell, through which Virgil describes Æneas as passing while descending into the infernal regions, and also that classical old stream, the river Styx.

None of my lady friends would accompany me into the Sibyl's Grotto, which I examined through the assistance of a local guide. I say guide, for only one let me in, but after groping my way by the uncertain flicker of a single torch for about eight hundred yards, I suddenly found myself in the presence of three brigandish-looking fellows. I could not understand Italian sufficiently well to comprehend what the two additional ones joined us for until, we reached a small gallery descending about twenty feet lower than the main one, when I beheld the river Styx, and supposed correctly, that one of them was to convey me through the water on his back, while the second held the guiding torch. The third man, who had accompanied me until the other two made their appearance, disappeared until our return from this and several other small passages.

Such odd manœuvres on the part of these fellows

would have terrified the ladies of my party, as the place was dismal enough without the presence of these fiendish-looking individuals. It is credibly asserted that these fellows have been known to rob persons under their charge; but their most common trick is to carry their victim across the river Styx, and then initiate a controversy about the amount to be paid to the guide, asserting that all these side excursions are extra. If the victim demurs, he is left for a while in utter darkness to recross the river of death and find his way out. There was no chance for them to draw me into a contention, as I could not understand Italian, nor they English. However, on returning to my party, who were anxiously waiting outside for me, the fellows demanded extra fees, which I refused to pay, much to their disgust. Had they not made the demand, I would have given them "a tip," or "*pour boire*."

One of the rooms to which the small gallery, alluded to above, leads, is called the gate of *hell*, and another, at a short distance from it, the Sibyl's bath. The water between these points is about two feet deep, and is called the river Styx, over which one is carried, as just stated, on the back of one of the guides. The main grotto or tunnel from which the small galleries branch was constructed by Agrippa to open a direct communication between Cuma and the lakes of Avernus and Lucrinus, the station for the Roman navy.

In the vicinity of the very ancient city of Baiæ are the ruins of a temple of Diana, a temple of Venus, and a temple of Mercury. The last is the best preserved of the three, and is remarkable as a whispering gallery. Persons diametrically opposite to each other, on placing their ears against the wall, can distinctly hear what is whispered against the opposite wall, a distance of about eighty feet.

We here witnessed the national dance, or tarantella, by a few women. After paying them for their performance

it is better to beat an immediate retreat, or they will surround you with their outstretched hands and beseeching looks and tones for more money, greatly to your annoyance.

Not far from Baiæ is the ancient reservoir, called the Piscina Mirabile. It is in a good state of preservation. It is placed at the head of the Julian Aqueduct, and is under the surface of the ground. I think it was erected in the time of the Cæsars.

From the aqueduct we walked to Cape Miseum, and, after enjoying a magnificent view of the gulf, sea, and surrounding heights covered with the ruins of numerous historical old villas of Roman noblemen, we returned to Naples perfectly content with our day's journey.

I presume that there are millions of people in this busy world who have never heard of the charming island of Capri, situate a few hours distant by steamer south of Naples. But who among the thousands of tourists to Southern Italy can say, without a feeling of disappointment, that he had not the time to make a pilgrimage thither? And yet I suppose that there are such people; just as we find in the State of New York some who have grown gray under the roar of the falls of Niagara and yet have never seen them.

Capri was anciently called Caprea, or Island of Goats. The town of Capri is very old, and extends from the seashore up on the heights of the island. It is not large, containing less than three thousand persons. It has many historical reminiscences. The chief interest of the island does not lie in the town itself, but in the many charming spots on the island, where magnificent views can be obtained, and the memory may carry one back to the days when the Cæsars made it their home for a while—especially Augustus, in his old age,—but not least for the interesting grotto on its sea-shore, called the *Grotta Azzurra*, or *Blue Grotto.*

Ask any one of the numerous passengers daily bound for the island of Capri what they desire most to see during their visit, and, if candid, the response will be, *Blue Grotto.* This can only be entered at low tide, when the bay is calm, or when the wind is blowing away from, instead of towards, the entrance; and only then by the boatmen depressing the little row-boat deeply in the water, and, at the same time, pushing it forward while the passengers lie down.

One of the most curious things in the Grotto is the silvery hue, tinted with blue, assumed by any one plunging into the water. The latter when placid is transparent and of a heavenly blue. Another singular and pretty phenomenon is the effect of the blue refraction of light on every object in the grotto. The width of the latter is about one hundred feet, length one hundred and sixty-five feet, height above water forty feet. The depth of the water is seventy feet. The entrance is not over three feet in height under the most favorable condition of tide and weather.

There are various ways of visiting the grotto, but the best is by one of the steamers from Naples, which stops long enough off the opening for all the passengers to take little boats, and after seeing it return to the steamer again. Many of the passengers are too timid to make the effort.

One of our most enjoyable visits was to Sorrento by steamer, thence by carriage to Castellamare, where we took the train for Naples, returning the same day.

The drive between Sorrento and Castellamare is one of the most lovely in Italy. On one side of the road the eye takes in the charming bay of Naples, with Capri, Procida, and Ischia in the azure distance looking like gems of the ocean. On the other side it rests upon sloping heights crowned with lordly castles, and bedecked with a vast variety of plants, shrubs, and trees. There were olive

groves, and long rows of mulberry-trees looped together with grape-vines full of purple fruit. The smoothly paved road crossed over romantic ravines, spanned by bridges built by the emperors of Rome, some of whom loved to dream away a few months annually in this enchanting spot.

Sorrento is the only place that we saw in our Italian rambles where we were permitted to lunch in an orange-grove on luscious fruit just plucked from the trees, and where the owner showed no disposition to charge more than a reasonable price for the oranges consumed. My most pleasant reminiscence of Italy is our lovely repast in this Edenic garden filled with lemon and orange trees laden with the most luscious fruit. The well-paved, winding walks are lined with a choice collection of charming shrubbery. The pure and balmy air of the beautiful bay of Naples here fans the brow, while the eyes take in a view of its sparkling waters and lovely surroundings. It is doubtful whether Adam had a much deeper regret in taking leave of the garden of Eden than I had in parting from this enchanting garden.

CHAPTER X.

FROM NAPLES TO ROME, PERUGIA, AND FLORENCE.

ON our return from Naples to the Eternal City, we renewed our rambles with increased interest, for we could more calmly review the most important objects that had attracted our attention at our first arrival. Of the many objects of interest noticed at our second visit, we shall, however, refer to but one—the Church of St. Cecilia. This was founded by Pope Urban I. after the death of the saint, and modernized in 1720. The story of this high-born, martyr, Roman, virgin saint is so interwoven with the beautiful fictions of church legends that it is impossible to separate fact from legendary embellishment. She is supposed to have been born in the third century. Her parents occupied a high station in social life, and secretly adhered to the doctrine of Christianity. The beautiful and spiritual Cecilia was thus, from early childhood, so imbued with the Christian faith that she devoted her wealth and whole life to the services of her Master. Her pure and useful life and cruel martyrdom have so enshrined her memory in the human heart that the greatest sculptors, painters, and poets of all ages have striven to perpetuate her loveliness.

"The traveller in Rome is shown
Where she escaped the flame
In the fair church now ever known
By her sweet name.

"And yearly in its sacred walls,
When comes the winter-time,
The people glorify this saint
With song and chime.

"To her all arts yield tribute due;
Great Raphael makes her fair,
By her own songs interpreting,
In colors rare."

We were shown the place where the virgin saint is said to have been boiled in her own bath for a day and night by her persecutors without being harmed; and the spot where the executioner attempted to decapitate her with the sword, but was so overcome by her sweet song and angelic beauty, that although he struck her three times—the allowed legal limit—he failed to kill her, yet her wounds were mortal, and she died in three days. In the interval she made many converts to Christianity among the people who flocked around her and listened to her religious teachings and songs of Christian faith.

In taking our farewell of Rome we felt that we should hereafter read her wonderful history with more interest and comprehension than it had ever been in our power to do prior to our visit.

Our railway journey from Rome to Perugia was rendered very enjoyable by the exceeding beauty of the country through which the train passed. Notwithstanding frequent showers of rain the water did not lie in pools so as to form mudholes in travelled portions of the country, but what the ground failed to absorb was carried off by well arranged grades and ditches. The beautiful farms were not divided, as in many places in the United States, by ugly rail fences, their corners full of weeds and briars, but by graceful mulberry trees, whose branches were linked together by grape and other useful and charming vines.

This description is not applicable to that part of the

Campagna near Rome. It is a monotonous plain, almost devoid of human habitations. In fact the whole surrounding country near the latter is of the same character. Rome in this respect is the reverse of almost every other large city in Europe or America.

We arrived in Perugia in a rain-storm. But the setting sun shone forth just in time for us to gain, from the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, one of the grandest landscape views that we have ever seen. Spread out before our admiring gaze, and a thousand feet below us, lay the rich valley of the Tiber, where the railway, that brought us to the foot of the cliff on which the city is located, stretches out like a dark ribbon through the grassy plain that leads to the Eternal City. In the centre of these fair meadows the meandering Tiber winds its way southward, shaded by lovely trees. In the distance may be seen the Sabine Hills, which point out to the traveller the way to Rome. Whether it be spring, robed in beautiful green foliage and budding flowers, or golden summer, or sad attired winter, this extended landscape can never lose its charms.

After gazing for a while upon this lovely picture we turned around to view the Apennines, in whose bosom rests the classical old city we had come to see. The sight was fine, but not so grand as the view from the Porta Sole at the rear of the town; from which we could trace the general direction of this chain of mountains as it stretches from northwest to southeast through Italy. From the latter point we could plainly see Monte Catria, one of its highest peaks, from whose lofty summit both the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas are visible.

Perugia has a grim and majestic appearance but it is doubtless a pleasant retreat in summer for persons from the overheated valleys and cities in the lowlands, especially those who like to see ancient styles of city architecture, and pictures by the old masters. It presents, how-

ever, a gloomy aspect in rainy weather. We were not as lucky in our visit there as in most other places where we went to in Italy, for, with the exception of the hour's sunshine immediately after our arrival, the rain came down in torrents all the time that we were in the city. Still this did not in the least deter my lady companions from visiting the most famous of the hundred churches in this town of only twenty thousand inhabitants, the chief object being to see the fine old paintings that they contain. The masterpieces of art have, however, been removed from all the churches except San Pietro, to form an art museum, where we had an excellent opportunity of making a comparison between the best pictures of each artist. The renowned Perugino is here represented by thirty-four of his works. This great artist, the master of Raphael, lived and died in Perugia; and notwithstanding the city has for centuries been celebrated for her fierce contests with foreign and domestic foes, she is better known in the nineteenth century as the home of Perugino than for any of her military exploits. All Perugino's works of art in Perugia were executed during his maturity or old age, and are in some respects superior to the paintings of his earlier days in Florence.

Of course we went to see the famous bronze statue of Pope Julius III., erected by the people in gratitude for his restoration of privileges taken from them by a former ruler. The pope sits in a bronze chair, arrayed in his pontifical robes, and crowned with his tiara, his right hand extended as in the act of blessing his people. This celebrated statue is placed in the Piazza del Papa, and has been for over three hundred years a spectator of the scenes of ordinary life. He looks so conscious of all the transactions going on before him that it seems as if his very presence must have a beneficial effect upon the people.

Perhaps the most interesting church in Perugia is San

Pietro. It is rich in exquisitely carved woodwork, mosaics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and paintings by Vasari, Alfani, Perugino, and Guido Reni.

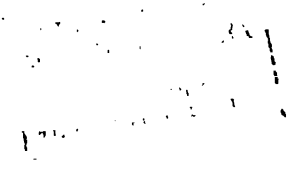
The streets of Perugia are generally very narrow, and are spanned in many places by archways communicating with houses on both sides of the street. These arches were intended not only to facilitate the passage between houses on opposite sides of the street, but to afford support to these buildings during windstorms and earthquakes.

Notwithstanding there was much to interest us in this classical old town, yet, as the weather was so stormy, we were glad to get away by taking the train for Florence, where we remained from March 23d to April 10, 1882. We stopped at a quiet well-kept house, called Hotel Coronne d'Italie, where we met with many pleasant people from Boston, Philadelphia, and New York.

Florence is a most delightful place to visit in April, May, or June, for the weather then is usually pleasant, and the surrounding country covered with a luxuriance of lovely shrubbery and flowers. The climate in winter is however unhealthy and disagreeable. This is due chiefly to the prevalence of strong, cold winds from the Apennines, alternating with the warm, moist sirocco from the Libyan deserts. The latter wind is very oppressive. It dampens the houses and pavements; it tarnishes silver as does sulphur; it obscures the varnish on furniture; and although warm enough to melt the snow on the highest mountain peaks between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, it penetrates by its dampness so as to make one chilly and uncomfortable.

The city has a lovely situation and a charming surrounding landscape, and is full of artistic and historic treasures, but surely cannot of herself be looked upon by the average tourist with the eyes of a Rogers, who says—

Florence.



" Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence. 'T is a gem
Of purest ray ; and what a light broke forth,
When it emerged from darkness ! Search within,
Without ; all is enchantment ! 'T is the Past
Contending with the Present ; and in turn
Each has the mastery."

Although Florence is supposed to have been founded by ancient Romans, she did not flourish as a city until the middle ages. Her population exceeded two hundred thousand during the time that she was the capital of Italy —from 1865 to 1871,—but since the transfer of the seat of government to the Eternal City, she has fallen off about thirty thousand. This is perhaps the chief reason why rents are so moderate. In 1873 the old wall that surrounded Florence was demolished.

The Arno, which divides the city into two unequal parts, is crossed by two suspension and four splendid stone bridges—the Ponte di Santa Trinita, built in 1566–70, being the most celebrated. It is the popular promenade in the evening. The carriage-way of the Ponte Vecchio is lined on each side by jewellers' and goldsmiths' shops.

Florence is full of large and costly old churches, the most of which are in an unfinished condition. She also contains many fine palaces, some of which were built as fortifications as well as residences for dukes, princes, and rulers. Such, for example, as the enormous Palazzo Vecchio, with its mediæval tower and frowning battlements. The old palaces can lay no claim to beauty, but are characterized by heavy and massive architecture, well suited for fortifications as well as residences, for which purposes they were used in the middle ages.

It is not necessary for the reader to consider the long list of street engagements in Florence during many centuries of domestic and foreign strife, to appreciate the

necessity in the middle ages of strongholds by the contending parties. He may simply refer to the thirty-three successive years of continuous strife in the thirteenth century, between the partisans of the Buondelmonti on the one side, and those of the Uberti on the other.

Some of the new palaces erected since the cessation of internecine war are very handsome.

The streets in the older part of the city are irregular and narrow, and the houses possess no architectural beauty. There are, however, many wide and well-paved streets and squares, and large, handsome buildings, in the larger and newer portion of the city. The most celebrated building in Florence is the Duomo, or cathedral church of Santa Maria del Fiore. It surpasses all other churches in architectural grandeur, except St. Peter's at Rome; and its dome even excels that of the latter, and is the largest in the world. The dome was erected by Brunelleschi in the fifteenth century, and served as a model to Michael Angelo for the dome of St. Peter's. The frescos that adorn the interior of the dome, executed by Vasari, are not very pleasing either for their execution or subject. They represent, in a grotesque style, Heaven and Hell in an uncomfortable proximity. The torments for sinners in the latter are not only fire, but wild beasts and hideous monsters. I do not think that the fear of these awful punishments would add much to the fitness of a sinner for salvation, as it could not increase his love for his Saviour.

The body of the Duomo is adorned by a few statues and paintings from the most celebrated old artists, but it is impossible to secure a good view of them except on a very bright day. The most beautiful features of this grand old cathedral are its superbly painted windows, through which glows "the dim, religious light" spoken of by Milton. Although the foundations of this vast edi-

fice were laid in 1298 its façade is not yet quite finished, but probably soon will be, as Victor Emanuel laid its corner-stone in 1860, and the work is being pushed ahead under the stimulus of a promise from the archbishop that every person who subscribes five thousand francs towards finishing it shall be entitled to have his or her name engraved upon the new front of the cathedral. The Duomo is said to require the services of several hundred priests.

Of course we visited the baptistery opposite the main front of the cathedral, to examine the three famous bronze doors, which Michael Angelo declared worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

We also went to the Church of San Lorenzo—the Westminster Abbey of Florence—and to the Medician chapel, adjoining the church. The chapel is of an octagonal form, ninety-four feet in diameter, and two hundred feet high; and is lined throughout with precious stones—such as jasper, lapis lazuli, and onyx. It was erected as a mausoleum for the Medici family at an expenditure of seventeen million dollars. This is the building that so excited the anger of Mark Twain that he killed and ate up a beggar, because his comrades and himself preferred to beg, instead of robbing the Medician chapel or mausoleum. Whoever doubts this statement will please read "The Innocents Abroad."

We made a visit to the studio of Mr. Powers. Although this gentleman is chiefly known as the son of his distinguished father—Hiram Powers, the great American sculptor—he is a fine artist, and may some day become celebrated. He should, however, confine himself strictly to sculpture, and let photography alone, as his jealous rivals in Florence call him Powers, the photographer, much to his detriment as a sculptor.

Florence is a paradise for tourists having a love and knowledge of sculpture and painting, but many persons

wander through her miles of statues and pictures in a listless and weary manner more because it is fashionable to do so than from any pleasure derived therefrom. Yet it seems strange that any one can traverse the Uffizi and Pitti galleries without being deeply interested in many of the endless lovely pictures collected therein. I am aware, however, that descriptions of works of art afford very dull reading to persons in general, and shall, therefore, content myself with a slight allusion to only a few of the treasures preserved in these famous galleries, which lie on different sides of the Arno, but are connected by a corridor or gallery passing over the Ponte Vecchio.

In Florence, as in most other cities on the continent, art galleries and hotels are old palaces thus utilized. There are in the city many other picture galleries besides the Uffizi and Pitti, and although we visited them all we made a second call to none of them excepting the two mentioned.

There is an octagon hall in the Uffizi Gallery, called the Tribune, which contains the most select specimens of painting and sculpture to be found in the gallery, or in Florence itself. Here are the following marble statues: The Wrestlers; the Knife Grinder; the Apollino, or Young Apollo; a Satyr, sometimes called the Dancing Faun, restored by Michael Angelo; and the famous Venus de Medici, which was found in Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli, in the sixteenth century. Although in the course of her long existence she has met with many mishaps, in the way of fractures of the limbs, neck, and body itself, these injuries have been so perfectly cured, or rather the statue has been so perfectly restored, that one is not apt to notice any thing but her charming form, and sweet, chaste, and exquisitely beautiful face. As a perfect type of lovely and pure womanhood, she stands in marked contrast to nearly all the Venuses in the galleries of Eu-

rope, and especially of the naked and lustful painted Venus of Titian, to be seen on the wall of the Tribune. In this same room are some of the best paintings by Raphael, such as his St. John in the Wilderness, and Madonna. Also the Virgin, by Guido Reni; the Virgin and Child with St. John the Baptist and St. Sebastian, by Pietro Perugino; the Madonna, by Corregio; the Adoration of the Magi, by Albert Durer; and the Holy Family, by Michael Angelo.

There is hardly a picture in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries that is not interesting, but so far as the Pitti Palace and Gallery are concerned, the wonderful antique cabinets attract the most attention. Some of these cabinets are inlaid with precious stones, and have beautiful Florentine mosaics of flowers and landscapes. It has taken a lifetime to make some of them, and each is worth many thousands of dollars.

It took us several hours in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries to pass in review the long files of Roman emperors, kings, gods, goddesses, saints, angels, madonnas, and the hosts of vestals, nymphs, muses, fauns, cupids, Venuses, and Apollos. These galleries contain over one thousand three hundred paintings, four thousand cameos and intaglios, twenty-eight thousand original designs, and eighty thousand medals.

We generally contrived to visit the churches and art galleries on rainy or cloudy days, and reserved the pleasant weather for walks or drives into the gardens and other charming places in the vicinity of Florence. One of the most delightful of these resorts is the Boboli Gardens, immediately behind and extending southwest from the Palazzo Pitti. The grounds are very uneven, and are crowned with high hills, from whose summit can be had a series of charming views of Florence. They contain many lovely walks through lawns and arbors where we

saw a number of strollers like ourselves. Now and then we came unexpectedly upon loving couples resting upon stone seats in an arbor, with hands clasped, too passionately happy to notice intruders, or to be very talkative. The majority of the loving pairs had one or more maid attendants upon the young lady, as it is not considered proper for young Italian ladies to go out alone with their lovers.

Of course we made several visits to the Piazza della Signoria, the centre of life of modern as well as ancient Florence. Here the most important events of good or evil to the city have always taken place. Here the contending factions in politics, religion, or war have always fought for the supremacy. Here was the forum of the republic where orators harangued the populace, and here were held the holiday of fêtes as well as of blood. Here Savonarola was martyred by the Church of Rome for resisting her authority. The extraordinary and strange fascination that this great Dominican monk exercised over the people exemplified the power of eloquence. In the height of his popularity he wielded more power in Florence than king or pope. He had only to preach a crusade against all forms of luxury and lasciviousness, when forthwith the masses made bonfires in the public squares of rouge-pots, perfumes, costly apparel, jewelry, musical instruments, books, statuary, and paintings.

The best place near Florence to obtain a splendid view of the city and surrounding country is Fiesole. It is a pleasant carriage drive of three miles.

Florence has its fashionable drive, of course. It is named the Cascine. Here, late in the afternoon of sunny days, may be seen all the wealth, fashion, rank, and beauty of the city; also an eccentric American by the name of Livingston, who drives a team of sixteen horses in a fast trot. He is assisted by three servants. His team having once run away with him, the city authorities forbade, for a while, his going faster than a slow trot.

We drove to the Palazzo Bartoline, or Bartoline Garden, also to the china manufactory. We visited the Garden Orti Orricellari, the Convent of Certosa, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Santa Maria Novella, the Campanile, or Giotta's Tower, the Palazzo Riccardi, the San Michele, the Carmine Church, the Natural Science Museum, the Botanical Gardens, the Santa Annunziata, and the Church of Santa Croce. The latter is the " Pantheon " of Florence, where may be seen the monuments of Michael Angelo, Dante, Galileo, and others of a world-wide renown. To be able to apppreciate Florence properly in a visit of a few weeks, previous study of her history is absolutely necessary. For every street, every church, every castle, every gallery, every picture, every statue, every church bell, every bridge, every tower, every garden, yea every house and shop has some story of the past connected with it.

Although the " daughter of Rome," she has become the out-blossom of modern Italian civilization, and is really the literary and artistic, though not the political, capital of Italy. This constitutes her pride and glory. No other city of her size possesses such wealth in the treasures of art. It seems strange that she should have been able to preserve such an exalted position when her frequent political vicissitudes are taken into consideration. She has frequently been invaded by foreign foes, and convulsed by internal strife. She was oncc a fief of the German Emperor; then an appanage of the Pope; next a dependency of the King of Naples, then a province of Austria; now a duchy or grand duchy, then a republic. At one time her government was aristocratic, then democratic, then again theocratic; and frequently lapsing into anarchy and chaos, which required the strong arm of temporary military despotism to keep her from falling to pieces. Finally, however, she has found repose under a constitutional monarchy, that spreads its strong and protecting standard over united Italy.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM FLORENCE TO VIENNA.

WE left Florence April 10th for Bologna, where the train arrived at midnight. This ancient city is charmingly located on a plain at the foot of the Apennines. Like most of the larger old cites in Italy, it may be divided into two parts—an ancient and a modern: the former having heavy, gloomy buildings, and narrow, illy paved and drained streets; the latter, handsome houses, and broad, well paved streets, squares, and avenues. It possesses many fine public edifices; the churches taking the lead for architectural beauty and riches in the works of art. There are about seventy-five of these sacred buildings. As the most of them are very capacious, and the population of the city is only about one hundred and twenty thousand, it is to be supposed that the people love to go to church. While I should have preferred making short excursions to the many beautiful villas situated on the charming hills near the city, it was the desire of the ladies to examine the art treasures in the churches and galleries. This was probably the wisest course, but after having seen so many thousand pictures upon religious subjects, and no landscape paintings, I felt the want of looking at the beautiful natural pictures of God's creation.

The best paintings are to be found in the churches and the picture gallery. The palaces formerly contained fine

collections of them, but since the impoverishment of the nobility they have been compelled to dispose of the most of them.

Although Bologna boasts of being the most musical and the most intellectual city in Italy, she is best known abroad for her poodle-dogs, sausages, and famous leaning towers. One of the latter is one hundred and thirty-eight feet high, and leans eight and a half feet beyond the perpendicular. The other is two hundred and seventy-two feet in height, and leans about three and a half feet. They are situated near the centre of the city.

Bologna contains, in proportion to its size, more arcades than any other city in Italy. There is one in every street. They are very convenient in hot sunny days and in rainy weather.

Retaining our apartments at Bologna, we made a little excursion to Ravenna. There are not many places in Italy better worth visiting than this neglected city, because of its ancient reminiscences. In the time of the Emperor Augustus it was a busy commercial city and a prominent naval station for the Roman empire. But the Adriatic has retired from it about six miles, and thrown up along its shore a veil of pines to hide itself from the town.

In 404 Ravenna was the imperial abode of Honorius, and on the fall of the western empire it became the capital of the Gothic kings. Subsequently, it was for a while the residence of the exarchs of the emperors of the eastern empire. There are not many remains of the ancient grandeur of this city, nor many even of its mediæval structures. Most of the old buildings have been replaced by those of a simpler character, suitable for a modest provincial town. However, some of the ancient churches have been restored, and others rebuilt in good style, and are adorned with mosaics of the fifth century.

Of course we went to see the tomb of Dante, which is a poor thing of itself, but is a token of respect for a man whose poetry has for ages inspired the Italians to deeds of heroism. Dante, however, is an exotic in Ravenna, having simply died here in exile from Florence, which gave him birth and nursed his blooming genius. He was the victim of internecine strife in this fair city between the Ghibellines, or imperialists, and the Guelphs, or supporters of the pope.

> "Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
> Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
> Thy factions in their worse than civil war,
> Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
> Their children's children would in vain adore
> With the remorse of ages; and the crown
> Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
> Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
> His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own."

On the 12th of April we left Bologna, and reached Venice in the evening, just in time to witness the arrival and welcoming of a newly made cardinal. The Grand Canal was crowded with gayly decked gondolas, and presented a charming contrast to the dismal scene of our first arrival in the city of the Doges on a dark and stormy night in 1881.

On the 15th of April we bade farewell to Italy, and took passage on a steamer for Trieste, Austria, where we remained three days.

Although our visit to Italy was very enjoyable, I felt delighted at being able to reach an active commercial city once more, where I might see and hear of something else besides sculptures and paintings, which are all good enough in their turn, but grow monotonous in a few months' constant inspection; especially when they are mostly repetitions of a very limited subject. I do not

think that we saw any famous pictures in Trieste. If we did I am glad that the fact has escaped my memory. Trieste is a thriving commercial place of over a hundred thousand inhabitants. The modern portion of the city has spacious squares and wide, well paved streets, lined with handsome buildings, both private and public.

We made a visit to Miramar in the vicinity of Trieste. This château was formerly the residence of Maximilian, the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico from 1864 to 1867. As we went through the handsome building and its charming park and gardens, we could not help thinking how happy the owner might have been in this garden of Eden with his lovely wife had he been less ambitious. From Trieste we went to Vienna, the Austrian Paris. It is but a few years since Austria belonged to the great German confederation, and exercised, on account of her population, though only about a third of them were Germans, more power in the Diet at Frankfort than even Prussia herself. The latter power in 1866 succeeded in humbling Austria's pride, and in driving her out of the confederation. Scarcely had the declaration of war been announced before a powerful Prussian army was seen upon the plains of Bohemia, and the Austrians were repulsed at Sadowa. The struggle lasted only six weeks. Prussia had long been making preparation for this bold measure, and took Austria, as she subsequently did France, somewhat by surprise. Still there is no doubt but that the Prussian army is far more formidable in battle than that of Austria. This is not owing to any higher state of discipline, but partly to the fact that it is composed of better material, their common soldiers being educated, whereas the Austrians are not—at least were not at that time;—and in part to the fact that the Prussians were all Germans, and loyal to their leaders, while the Austrian soldiers were a conglomeration of different and jealous nationalities. There is no city in Europe,

except perhaps Berlin, where one sees more soldiers than in Vienna. They are constantly marching through its streets. The officers may be seen at every aristocratic restaurant in the city. The people seem to be accustomed to their presence, and do not express that antagonism to them that is sometimes evinced in the United States towards the regular army.

The presence of the troops in Vienna assists the city authorities to preserve order; and one may go all over this city, of a million inhabitants, at any hour of the day or night, with a greater feeling of safety than in New York, Paris, or London.

No one can help liking Vienna. Her people are gay, courteous, and polite, even more so than the citizens of Berlin. She is at least as beautiful as the great German capital, and is probably the handsomest city in Europe, with the exception of Paris. We were agreeably disappointed in her architectural beauty. We had not expected to find so many handsome buildings, such beautiful squares, and such a broad and charming promenade as the Ringstrasse, which surrounds the oldest part of the city and is three miles in length. Like the handsome boulevards of Paris it occupied the site of an ancient fortification. It is ornamented with shade trees and flower-beds, and lined with splendid houses throughout its entire length. The most of the buildings are handsome stores, restaurants, theatres, opera houses, and public buildings. The Grand Opera House, the magnificent Hof Theatre, the Academy of Fine Arts, and the Parliament houses are facing on this fine avenue.

The dwellings of the city are mostly, as in Germany, France, and Italy, built so as to open on a common court-yard, having a single gate-way to the street, which is guarded by a porter. There are no front doors opening from the street, as in the cities of Great Britain and the

United States. If the door happens to be closed, as it generally is after a certain hour at night, and a person wishes to enter, he has to pull an electric bell, when it flies open. On entering, the porter may remain in his room and open the door by an electric apparatus, and see through the window the person coming in. If he recognizes him as a resident or guest of one of the houses fronting on the court, he suffers him to pass in unchallenged, and is always ready to furnish him with a light, or give other aid, if so requested. In the majority of the large tenement blocks and hotels in Paris and Vienna there is a court to each building, instead of only one in common to several of them. The basement and first-story fronts of dwellings in all the principal cities on the Continent are strongly barred as a protection against burglars.

Vienna consists of the old town, called the Stadt, and thirty-four suburbs. The old town is bounded by the Ring or Ringstrasse, formerly the ramparts. Although it retains many of its old, narrow, crooked streets, it is the great business centre and the handsomest part of the city. It contains the royal palace, where the imperial family reside during the winter and early spring. It is an easy matter to get a sight of his majesty on gala days, when he and all the Austrian and Hungarian nobility turn out on their splendid horses, and in their magnificent equipages, in the public parks, especially the Prater. The sight is more dazzling than the turn-out of the fashionable element of Paris in the Bois de Boulogne, or of that of London in Hyde Park. The Hungarian nobility have an Oriental fondness for gilded trappings and ostentatious parades.

Although the season in town for the Vienna aristocracy lasts from Christmas until June, the best time to see them in the beautiful drive and park called the Prater is in May.

One can then have an opportunity of seeing to perfection the handsome Austrian women, with their slender, willowy, tall, erect, and graceful figures. Although at the theatres, concerts, and operas they may be more handsomely attired, they do not look so lovely as when seen on their horses in the Prater. They are fearless and splendid riders.

Vienna young ladies of the upper class do not consider their education finished until they have learned how to ride and swim. They learn how to ride in the Prater, and how to swim by driving down to a fashionable swimming establishment on the Vienna River, which runs through the city. They go there almost every morning. In fact, it is the only means of bathing they have, there being no bath-tubs in their houses. It must not be imagined that the Prater is dull during the summer absence of the aristocracy, for it is still the popular place of amusement for the remaining eight hundred thousand people, particularly during the day. In the evening the Volksgarten draws the most refined among them, especially those who love good music. The latter grounds belong to the emperor, and are situated near the palace. It is asserted that the income derived from them goes to the son of his majesty's old nurse. They are used as a public garden and for musical concerts. As a garden they are free to everybody; but an admittance fee is charged for entrance to the portion devoted to music. The music stand is so arranged in front of a large hall that the audience may be seated in the latter, under cover from the weather, or out in the garden, according to their pleasure. During inclement weather every one occupies seats inside, but on pleasant evenings the majority prefer to be out beneath the trees. But whether seated within or without, everybody has a little table in front of him, which he is expected to use while smoking, drinking beer, coffee, *saur Milch mit*

Rahm, ices, or something more substantial. When a piece is being played, the audience is quiet and attentive, for the Austrians are passionately fond of music; but between times the conversation is gay and the eating and drinking very lively. As a rule, nothing stronger than lager beer is used as a beverage, of which whole families, from the grandparents down to the grandchildren, partake. The eating and drinking at this fashionable resort are not carried to the extremes noticeable at less aristocratic places. Although I rather prefer a healthy-looking female with a good appetite to one more spirituelle and delicate-looking, yet I have occasionally been shocked at these concerts in observing charming women, in appearance, who looked as if they lived only on the most delicate food and lovely music, devour as much brown bread, beer, cheese, onions, cabbage, sausage, blood pudding, and ham as a Pennsylvania Dutchman after a hard day's labor. To eat and to drink under the heavens beneath the shade of trees during the day, or by moonlight or lamplight in the evening, and listen to vocal or instrumental music, or a combination of both, is delightful to all classes of people in Austria and Germany.

At the Volksgarten, Strauss' orchestra and a splendid military band perform alternately at the concerts in the evening. But they do not play every night, as I learned somewhat to my disappointment. It being the summer session of the clinical lectures at the celebrated General Hospital of Vienna while we were in the city, I spent my days in the hospital, but acted as escort to my lady friends in the evening. On one occasion I was engaged to take them to a concert at the Volksgarten. Reaching our hotel too late I was told that the ladies had gone, and that they would be pleased to have me call for them. Having been there but once before I could not find the music hall, as it was not lighted up. After wandering

around for a while I concluded that the ladies must have returned home. So I started back for the hotel, but finding the road somewhat dark and lonesome I feared that the ladies, if still at the concert grounds, might wait for me until it was so late that it would not be prudent for them to venture home alone. So I retraced my steps to the garden again and looked everywhere for the music hall, but without success. When in the darkest and least frequented part of the garden, I beheld a man sitting on a seat enjoying his cigar. Accosting him I attempted to inquire in German where the Casino was, but really asked him where the *casse* or *cassa*, ready money, cash, was. To my utter surprise he jumped up and ran away, thinking, I suppose, that he was in danger of being robbed. After this incident I deemed it best to give up my search and to return to the hotel. On my arrival I learned that the ladies had gone to the garden, but not seeing the grounds or hall lighted up concluded that there would be no concert, and went back to their apartments.

Unlike the Prussian, the Austrian lady of the upper class rarely drinks beer in public, and is in many other respects more dainty in her manners; but the ladies of both countries use the toothpick, and sometimes even their fingers, in public, to dislodge an offending particle of food from between their teeth. The frequent use by Germans of the knife instead of the fork in conveying food to the mouth is an unpleasant sight to a French or English lady or gentleman.

The majority of the Viennese take their meals at the restaurants, but many business men have their lunch served in a room adjoining their office—bankers especially. They are very apt to lose their temper if disturbed at meals. Having occasion to draw some money, I called upon my banker one day for two thousand marks. Although it was office hours the paying teller was absent,

and the money was given me by an assistant in two notes of a thousand marks each. I requested smaller change, so the assistant called the chief teller away from his lunch in an adjoining room. He hurried out in a flurried manner, and threw the change in small notes upon the counter without taking back the two large notes. I handed the latter over to another bank officer, who seemed very much amused at the neglect of his hungry friend.

A short distance southwest of Vienna is the château of Schönbrunn, the favorite residence of the imperial family. There are three stories to the palace, the first opening on a broad balcony on both sides of the edifice. The building is elegantly finished and furnished, and contains a few fine pictures and a gallery of portraits of the Hapsburg family. I went through the palace during the absence of the occupants, and on one occasion was present—on the outside, of course—during a great imperial feast. After witnessing the arrival of the guests, and peeping into the room where the good things for the repast were being prepared, I concluded that I could enjoy myself better by strolling through the public garden, behind the château. There is in the park a beautiful lake ornamented with naiads and dolphins. It is surrounded by grottos, terraces, fountains, and delightful walks. On an elevated part of the grounds is a colonnade called the Gloriette, the roof of which affords a grand panoramic view of Vienna and the surrounding country.

Napoleon Bonaparte occupied the palace of Schönbrunn at the time he made a treaty with the Austrians, and came near being killed in one of the avenues of the park by a fanatical student named Stapps. The would-be assassin was offered pardon for his offence, if he would beg mercy of the emperor. Refusing to do so, he was shot. In a corner of the park may be seen the botanical and zoölogical gardens. They are well worthy of a visit.

They are almost as interesting as "*Le Jardin des Plantes*," or Museum of Natural History, in Paris. All sorts of animals may be seen in the *Ménagerie*, from a rat to an elephant. The botanical garden embraces specimens of plants from every land under the sun.

A favorite place with tourists, especially ladies, is the Imperial Château of Belvedere, situated in the outskirts of Vienna. It consists of two separate buildings, the Upper and Lower Belvedere, separated by a charming garden. The upper building contains an extensive collection of paintings by Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and German artists.

Having said so much about Italian churches, I have been tempted to ignore them in Vienna; but no one can visit this city without desiring to examine the celebrated St. Stephen's Cathedral, one of the most magnificent specimens of Gothic architecture in Christendom. Its great southern tower is four hundred and seventy feet high, and can be seen all over the city, and for miles around. It often served me as a landmark while wandering through the network of narrow streets in the old city. This immense building contains about forty marble altars and many monuments. The most notable of the latter is the one erected to the memory of Frederick III. There are vast catacombs beneath the cathedral. In the square in front of it I witnessed a fine display of all the church and imperial dignitaries on the occasion of a grand church festival. I went there expecting to be squeezed almost to death by the curious crowd, but the police and military guard kept the spectators in good order.

There are several excellent theatres in Vienna. We saw the charred remains of the popular Ring Theatre, which was accidentally consumed by fire on the evening of March 8, 1882. Upwards of nine hundred persons, including whole families, perished in the flames. It was the opinion of the chief machinist of the theatre that the stage

fixings caught fire as the gas was being lighted by an electric current, and that the flames spread so fast that it was impossible to lower the iron screen which ought to have separated the stage from the auditorium. Had this iron drop been lowered, it would have protected the audience long enough for them to have escaped, provided there had been no other obstacles.

Among the wonderful escapes from death was that of the Baroness Erlanger. Her coachman had been ordered to take her to the Ring Theatre, but happened to be a quarter of an hour late. Had it not been for this tardiness of the driver, the Baroness would have been in the building at the commencement of the fire.

Several persons saved themselves by creeping under the seats, knowing that the smoke would reach the ground last. They remained thus for half an hour and were saved. This practical lesson is worth being borne in mind.

This terrible conflagration caused such a dread of theatre accidents, that new rules were established to ensure the safety of the imperial theatres—the Opera and Burg Theatre,—the principal rule being that four firemen were to be in the house nightly, two daily, six during a performance, two at each of the side scenes with fire-hose in hand until the end.

The great Opera House in Vienna has no superior in the world, except perhaps the Grand Opera of Paris. Vienna is the acknowledged metropolis of music. If a musician can obtain her indorsement as being first class, his fortune and reputation are assured. It has taken generations of culture to create the delicate ear and fine musical taste possessed by the Viennese. The patronage of the emperors has been the chief factor in the production of this high degree of musical culture. It is asserted by many observers that Vienna has lost or is losing her

musical prestige, and that unless another Mozart, Haydn, or Beethoven shall soon appear, she will sink into a third-rate standing among the musical cities of the world. Nevertheless there are but few tourists who can visit this city without being tempted to attend the Opera.

While my lady friends remained in Vienna we went to the opera quite often. They amused themselves in the city for about a month, then made a tour of Germany: after which they returned to Paris. I stayed in Vienna for three months attending the clinical lectures at the General Hospital—the largest institution of the kind in the world. I took apartments near the hospital, so as to be convenient to emergency operations during the night. With the exception of nearly a year's close attendance upon the large hospitals of Paris, I never studied so hard in my life as I did at the summer session of the Medical Department of the University of Vienna.

In former times Paris was the fashionable place for American students, but now it is Berlin and Vienna, notwithstanding the fact that the German schools make no difference in their charges between non-graduates and graduates, while the Paris schools charge the latter nothing. The cause of this preference seems to be owing to the desire of Americans to learn that language which is most useful to them at home, and in part to the superior opportunities in German hospitals to learn practical medicine. This is particularly true as regards female diseases. To state the matter in another form, the German hospital practice is better for the students, while that of the French is better for the patients. However, some of the assistants and professors at the Vienna General Hospital are as careful of their patients as any professor in Paris could be. I asked Doctor Pawlik, lecturer on female diseases, one day, why he received such a small number of students. "Because," he replied, "I desire to cure my

patients, which I could not do if I permitted a large number of students to examine them at every clinic." I often dined with this gentleman at the *Riedhof Restauration.* He has the reputation of being able to lecture fluently in thirteen different languages.

At the Vienna hospital there is great jealousy between the German and American students, arising from the fact that the latter have the most money, and thereby manage to secure more favorable opportunities for practical instruction than the former, who generally attend only the general clinics and not the special ones. The Americans, too, are more frequently invited to private operations by the professors.

In this connection I must tell a joke on myself. Receiving an invitation to witness an ovarian operation by the distinguished Professor Carl Ritter von Braun, I took a seat among the other guests and awaited the arrival of the doctor. Just prior to commencing the operation he requested me to take a seat near him at the operating table. In attempting to do so I sat down in the professor's own chair, as the seats had been awkwardly arranged by the assistant. He very politely requested me to exchange seats with him. Had this blunder occurred in the general operating theatre I would have received the mock applause of the students. Occurring where it did, no notice was taken of it by the polite spectators.

Many of the American students at the hospital employed their time to the best advantage. When their turn came for attendance upon special patients, particularly obstetrical cases, they would patiently sit up all night. Others would idle away their time in dissipation of all kinds, for which Vienna is famous, and leave the clinics at the expiration of the session little wiser than they came.

I accepted an invitation to a 4th of July banquet given

by a number of the American students, and was selected as chairman. Dreading the responsibility of this position, I declined in favor of a physician from St. Louis. Every thing passed off very well until after midnight. As the guests had become pretty lively by that time, and had commenced to call upon each other for the third and fourth time for responses to toasts, I concluded it was time to leave. I expressed my intention to a friend of mine, who begged me to stay, to take care of the rest, as I was the only sober one of the party. I then asked the chairman to suggest an adjournment, which was almost unanimously opposed. After remaining an hour longer I quietly withdrew. On passing out into the street I was surprised to meet a few handsomely dressed females, who passed and repassed me several times, as if they thought I might be in need of their assistance. But as I had not lost my head with champagne, I had no fears of losing my heart through the bewitching smiles of painted beauty. These creatures are not allowed by the municipal authorities to importune persons on the streets, as they do in London, but they ensnare many victims by their skilful manœuvres. There are hundreds of these frail creatures near the hospital. The youngest, prettiest, and most respectable ones do not prowl the streets at night, but carry on small fancy shops or stores containing perfumery, gloves, pens, pencils, ink, paper, novels, and such things as students are most apt to need. Some advertise to teach German. One of them told me that I had a splendid German accent, and that if I would only come around to her shop for a little while daily she would teach me to speak the language fluently in a month. I thanked her for her kind offer, but told her that I had already secured a teacher. A few evenings subsequently I saw the same damsel dining with a young American student at the most aristocratic restaurant in the city.

The following spring I met the young doctor at the University of Paris. He gave me a letter of introduction to his patron and uncle, a distinguished professor of medicine in the United States, but enjoined me to say nothing about my seeing him dining out with his charming Vienna friend.

The temptations to dissipation in this gay Austrian Paris must be very great to those so inclined, but to such as love beautiful country landscapes there is a much purer and greater source of rational enjoyment in visits to the surrounding dales and mountains. I availed myself of these trips about once a week. Among the many lovely spots where I was in the habit of going I have space for the mention of only one—the Kahlenberg. It is a picturesque hill situated several miles west of the city; accessible partly by steamboat from Vienna, up the Danube Canal sometimes called the Vienna River—to Neissdorf, thence by a cogwheel railroad to the summit of the mountain. From the height of nineteen hundred feet can be obtained a most magnificent view of the Danube in one direction, and of the gay metropolis in another. The greatest historic events of Austria have taken place in the space spread out below the eyes of the spectator. It has not always been the home of peace as at present. For the furies of war have from the earliest times filled this Eden valley with the roar of cannon and the groans of dying soldiers. It was for centuries the field of wars, where the Asiatic and European races fought their fierce battles. This central gate-way between the then East and West has been stormed time and again by Mussulmanic armies so vast that the loss of a few thousand of their number could hardly be missed at roll-call. The last extensive war incursion by these semi-barbaric hordes was made in 1683 under Kara Mustapha. While his forces were holding Vienna in a state of siege, John

Sobieski of Poland collected a vast army of Germans and Poles on the summit of the Kahlenberg, and at an opportune moment hurled his forces upon the Moslem camp and forced the invaders to retreat.

The charming valley had scarcely recovered its verdure when the martial tread of a large Swedish army was heard as it marched towards Vienna.

War succeeded war until 1805, when Napoleon Bonaparte, after crushing the Austrian forces, marched through this valley and dictated terms of peace from the beautiful château of Schönbrunn.

Again in 1866 the Prussians, after defeating the Austrians at Sadowa, swept down this valley like a whirlwind, with the object of capturing Vienna, but were checked in their advance by a treaty of peace.

As I roamed through the lovely forest that crowns the heights of Kahlenberg, I could see no reminders of the terrific struggles that have from time immemorial encircled its base. Peace reigned supreme. Except on certain holidays, it is one of the most quiet spots in the vicinity of Vienna,—just the place for the lover of nature. As one threads his way through umbrageous groves in the early days of spring, he will surprise many a happy pair of lovers, too much entranced with each other to notice the passing stranger. Even the warbling birds fly not at his approach; with the exception of the cuckoo, who is always haunted with a troubled conscience, because it lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, to be hatched by them. I heard many cuckoos, but could not secure a good look at them, for they would always fly on my near approach.

CHAPTER XII.

GERMANY AND THE ROMANTIC RHINE—BELGIUM AND THE LAND OF DIKES.

HAVING remained in Vienna until the termination of the summer session of the Medical Department of the University of Vienna, I left there July 14th for Prague, the capital of Bohemia, and the second largest town in the Empire of Austria.

The train passed through a fertile and lovely agricultural region covered with a golden harvest of grain, which was being secured by picturesquely dressed men and women. They used only the old-fashioned sickle and cradle common in our country half a century ago. At the foot of the hills rested many a quiet village, overlooked here and there by the ruins of an ancient castle on a rocky height.

Reaching Prague at night, I secured a room at the Englischer Hof, where every attention was shown me that could be expected by an ordinary guest, and where none of that propensity for extortion by the landlord from English-speaking travellers, especially Americans, was manifested, as related by sensational and careless magazine writers.

After a good night's rest and an early breakfast, I secured a most excellent guide, Franz Janovsky, who drove me through the handsome streets and open squares of this magnificent old city, so charmingly located, and so

rich in artistic adornment and historical associations. Many of the streets are broad, except in the old town, where, however, the best shops are located. Passing through the Grosse Ring, the great square of the Alstadt, we came to the famous Carlsbridge, erected by Charles IV., who is named the "step-father of the empire, but the father of Bohemia." This ancient stone bridge spans the Moldau, and was commenced in 1358, but was not finished until 1503. It is sixteen hundred feet in length, and is protected at one end by two towers, and at the old city extremity by a single very large tower, which has for over four centuries guarded the city. Its elegant carvings of emperors, and of the arms of all the countries formerly subject to the Bohemian crown, have been somewhat tarnished by the dust and smoke of numerous bloody conflicts around its base. With this exception there is nothing in the peaceful and smiling surroundings to inform the visitor of the fierce scenes of cruelty and horror that have transpired here within the past four hundred years. On this bridge is to be seen the statue of St. John Nepomuk, about whom the Roman Catholics have so many charming legends to relate. He is the most revered of all the saints of Prague. The story of his martyrdom is that he was drowned in the Moldau in 1393 because of his refusal to betray the secrets of the confessional to Wenzel, the jealous and furious consort of the Queen of Bohemia. His shrine in the cathedral of St. Vitus, situated in that part of Prague called the Hradschin, is decorated with nearly two tons of silver. This remarkable old cathedral, dating back to the middle of the fourteenth century, although sadly injured by the fire of 1561, and in the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but particularly during the Seven Years' War, possesses a strikingly handsome interior, and is profusely rich in ornamental donations. Its magnifi-

cence of architecture and internal ornaments contrasts so greatly with another Gothic building, the old synagogue of the *Ghetto*, or Jews' Quarter of Prague, that one is strongly impressed with the great changes that have occurred since the days of Solomon's temple. The lower part of this synagogue is of the Byzantine style of architecture, and is considered to be a thousand years old. It was found buried in the ground.

This building, although covered with the dust of ages, and dark and dingy in the extreme, is held so sacred by the Jews that they will never permit the hand of renovation to touch it. Women are not allowed to worship in the principal part of this holy temple. They are restricted to an outside corridor, and can only see the interior of the temple by peeping through narrow slits in the walls. This custom is somewhat similar to one that prevails in the S. Croce in Gerusalemme at Rome, where I was permitted to see a sacred relic, "the true cross," while my lady friends were prohibited; notwithstanding the relic, from which the church takes its name, was found by St. Helena, who also erected the church itself. The rule is, that while gentlemen may be allowed inside of the chapel of St. Helena to see "the true cross" at any time, females are excluded except on the 20th of March. I have never learned the reason for this apparently invidious distinction.

The guide took me to see several handsome churches, public buildings, and palaces. The palaces of the Princes Schwarzenberg and Wallenstein were the most interesting on account of their historical associations. In the palace of the latter I was shown the old hall where the powerful and tyrannous general was in the habit of entertaining his guests, and where he, on one occasion after the feast was over, had the curtains of the room raised so that his boon companions might obtain a glimpse of the lifeless

bodies of three of his generals whom he had caused to be hanged in front of the hall while supper was being served.

Being a bold and successful general, he became more powerful than the emperor himself, who created him Duke of Friedland, Count of the Empire, and Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces. He yielded to no one except his imperial master, and finally met an ignominious death by assassination, because the emperor was made, by the Jesuits, to believe that his favorite general aspired to the throne.

Although the Protestant nobles had no hand in his death (for he was assassinated by the secret command of the emperor), they did not mourn his fate, as he had chiefly acquired his immense fortune by purchasing at mere nominal prices their confiscated estates. He was, during the height of his power, more haughty and ostentatious than Cardinal Wolsey, and far more so than his imperial master. A hundred houses were pulled down to make room for his palace. He had a body-guard of fifty soldiers. In his journeyings from home he required about fifty carriages for himself and suite, and about the same number of wagons to carry his furniture and baggage. There were also many led horses. His magnificent stable contained three or four hundred thoroughbred horses. Aside from Wallenstein's ostentation and occasional cruelty, he possessed many attributes that commanded the admiration of mankind, the most prominent of these being such as make the successful military commander. At his command armies arose as if by magic, with victory seated on their banners. Bravery never forsook him,—not even when in his defenceless chamber his assassin. Devereux, inquired whether he was the villain who would sell the army to the enemy and tear the crown from the emperor's head. For he calmly bared his breast to the fatal

blow, and fell dead upon the floor, a victim of the machinations of his insidious foes.

Our last visit in Prague was to the Capuchine monastery. We saw in the treasury many "monstrances" of the sixteenth century, the most remarkable of which is said to contain six thousand five hundred and eighty precious stones set in gold in the form of rays. The largest diamond of the lot is valued at sixty-five thousand dollars. It is said that all the precious stones of this "monstrance" were worn by the Countess of Kolowrat at her wedding, and were subsequently presented by her to the monastery. From Prague I went to Dresden; by rail so far as Aussig, thence by steamboat on the Elbe the remainder of the distance. The river route is charmingly beautiful, reminding one of parts of Switzerland in picturesqueness of scenery. Dresden is beautifully situated on both sides of the Elbe, in the midst of a charming country. Although its older portion has narrow, gloomy streets, the new part of the city possesses many broad, well paved streets and avenues, and a few handsome squares, lined by well built, stately modern buildings. I am not well acquainted with its climate, but know that the weather in the middle of July, when I was there, was delightfully pleasant. I found even its rains refreshing. This experience was afforded me one evening on my return from a long walk through the *Grosser Garten*, as I got thoroughly wet notwithstanding I had an umbrella. If I were a denizen of Dresden I should avail myself of frequent promenades in this lovely park of shady trees, fine walks and drives, splendid gardens, and charming lakes full of fish and waterfowl. It is too far off to be a popular evening resort for the people. They prefer the Belvedere garden and Bruehl's terrace, situated on the bank of the Elbe in front of the city, where they can enjoy the cool zephyrs of the river

while partaking their evening's repast of beer, coffee, tea, ice-cream, cake, sandwiches, and occasionally wine, while listening to excellent music.

I also visited another charming spot, called Schiller's garden, situated on the right bank of the Elbe a few miles from Dresden. Although these pleasant grounds are named after the famous poet, it does not appear that he ever owned them, but he wrote "Don Carlos," and accomplished much other literary work, while the guest of Koerner.

The pavilion, where Schiller loved to sit and weave his thoughts into stirring verses that may move the hearts of mankind for thousands of years to come, is still to be seen in a retired portion of the garden, commanding a magnificent view of the Elbe and its picturesque banks.

Although my visit to Dresden was pleasant, it was extremely lonesome, as my lady friends were absent, having made their tour through Germany several months previously, while I was in attendance upon the clinical lectures at the General Hospital of Vienna. What rendered matters worse, all letters from my wife in Paris had miscarried—even one acknowledging the receipt of three thousand francs sent her two weeks before my departure from Vienna. I had arranged for letters to meet me at all the principal stopping points in Germany, but failed to receive any during my tour. Had it not been for an answer to a telegram from Berlin I should have felt very uneasy as well as lonely. When a man is the constant travelling companion of a number of ladies for a year or two, he sometimes becomes a little tired of their whims, and fancies that he could enjoy himself just as well alone. Some persons might do so, but I must confess that I am not one of the number, as I am too reserved in my habits to form many new acquaintances. Although the Hotel Victoria at Dresden is a favorite American house,

I did not succeed in making a single acquaintance. On going to breakfast one morning I was surprised to find the room full of American ladies and gentlemen—about thirty of the former and five of the latter. The ladies were doing nearly all the talking, and the gentlemen the eating. The party was under the charge of Professor de Potter of Albany, New York. I was impressed with their good manners and easy, sprightly conversation. The former was put to the test by a little incident that occurred during breakfast. The pompous-looking steward, while instructing one of his subordinates, stumbled and fell sprawling upon the floor, scattering the contents of the dishes that he happened to have in his hands in all directions. The old ladies with an "oh!" looked very sympathetic, the young ladies smiled just a little, and the gentlemen continued their meal as if nothing had happened. I was proud at seeing such representatives of my country until they arose from the table, when the stoop-shouldered attitude of the majority of them made me think that the professor was chaperoning a party of patients affected with disease of the spine; and perhaps this was the case. For I have never learned what kind of a professor their conductor was, and have thought that he might be a professor of medicine, although such gentlemen rarely prefix their title when registering their names at a hotel, as was done in this instance.

Ladies, in studying *pose* and graceful attitudes should take for their model an unartistic little girl, about ten years old, who usually stands gracefully erect, as nature intended she should.

As Dresden is not only a handsome city with charming surroundings, but is also an art centre, it has become a place of great attraction to tourists. In its museum of casts may be seen excellent copies of all the famous specimens of plastic art for the long period of nearly four thou-

sand years. The student may here acquire in one day a better knowledge of the changes that have taken place in this department of study during successive ages, than he could by a thousand lectures from a learned professor without good copies of the things he is endeavoring to explain. He may here observe the stiff and awkward outline of Egyptain art, the physical beauty and noble forms that the Grecians gave their heroes, demigods, gods, and goddesses; the religious ardor displayed by the old masters of the middle ages in their saints and madonnas; and the realistic expression given to the productions of modern sculptors, who only succeed well by copying a living model. A most interesting place to spend an hour or two is the "Green Vault," in the old palace, which consists of six or seven rooms filled with curiosities made of ivory, the precious metals, and stones—some of them worth millions of dollars. There were vessels of silver, gold, topaz, agate, jaspar, and ruby; and one hundred and thirty-two figures in gold and enamel, representing the court and courtiers of the Grand Mogul—all manufactured by eminent artificers and artists.

Although I had a surfeit of picture-seeing while in Italy, the three months of medical study that intervened prepared me for again enjoying a visit to an art gallery. The Dresden Picture Gallery contains a choice collection of original paintings by Holbein, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Corregio, Murillo, Paul Veronese, Guido Reni, Titian, and Raphael. Of course, there were "Annunciations," "Nativities," "Holy Families," "Assumptions," "St. Sebastians" bound to a tree, "St. Lawrence" on a gridiron, and "Madonnas"; but the gem of them all, and perhaps of any other specimen upon the same subject in the world, is the Sistine Madonna, by Raphael. Had this great artist executed no other painting, his name could never be forgotten so long as the world possesses a

true appreciation of divine beauty. There is no danger of Raphael being accused of taking his conception, in its entirety at least, from an earthly model, as Rubens was of painting the fat Mrs. Rubens, and calling the picture a Madonna.

On the 19th of July I took the train for Berlin, where I arrived at midnight. Securing a room at the Hotel Victoria, corner of *Friedrich Strasse and Unter den Linden*, I got a good night's rest, and started out early the next morning to see the sights.

I expected on my arrival in Berlin to have my baggage closely examined, and to be required to exhibit my passport, and to be annoyed by the espionage of the police; but nothing of the kind occurred. The police department is probably allowed much discretion in the manner of its enforcement of the rules concerning the examination of persons arriving in the city. Yet there is no doubt but that they scrutinize every thing, and everybody, very closely in these days of socialistic agitation. Perhaps they let me off so easily because of my verdant and innocent appearance, as the Italian custom-house officers did while we were in Naples. It seems that every person coming from the Island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, is compelled to pay a tax on his arrival in the city upon any little purchases he may make in the island. We made an excursion to Capri, and on our return to Naples my sister-in-law requested me to carry to the hotel a toy table that she had bought. I did so, of course, and never knew until a year afterwards that by so doing I had defrauded the Neapolitans out of about two cents in duties. My wife then told me that the officers of the customs tried to stop me as I came ashore from the boat, and followed me some distance, demanding the duty on the table; but as I walked along perfectly unconscious of their demands, or of committing an

unlawful act, they finally retired from the pursuit, amidst great merriment on the part of knowing bystanders. It is highly probable that, as I was ignorant both of the Italian law and language, I mistook the officers for mendicants or hotel runners.

Berlin, the capital of Prussia and of the German empire, contains a population of over a million, and is growing rapidly. With the exception of a small remnant of the old city, the streets are straight, well laid out, broad, and lined with good, substantial brick and stone buildings. It resembles very much some of our largest and handsomest American cities. Its widest and most charming street, "*Unter den Linden*" (under the lime trees), is one hundred and sixty feet broad, and about a mile long. It is well paved with asphaltum, and is shaded with four rows of limes. A broad avenue for foot passengers runs through its centre, and there are on each side foot-paths and carriage-ways. The street is faced with mansions, palaces, and handsome hotels, and public buildings, and is altogether a very lively and gay thoroughfare, not equal, however, to the *Avenue des Champs Elysées* in Paris, but superior to the Fifth Avenue in New York, and Regent Street in London, and perhaps the *Ring* in Vienna. The old château (Schloss) is at one end of this noble street, and the celebrated Brandenburg Gate at the other. This gate cost an immense amount of money. It is sixty-five feet high and two hundred and one feet wide, and is supported by Doric columns, and surmounted by a car of victory, drawn by four horses. Napoleon took the same fancy for this elegant team that he did for the steeds ornamenting the front of St. Mark's in Venice, and had it sent to Paris; but having no need for it after his trip to St. Helena, it found its way back to Berlin. The Brandenburg Gate is one of a series that marked the entrance to the city through its old surrounding wall, which is now almost entirely demolished. This gate affords the

chief entrance from the city into the *Thiergarten*, the handsomest park near Berlin. The park is well laid out in green lawns, gardens, lakes, shady walks, and drives, and has several public gardens, where refreshments are served, and the visitors entertained by opera and concert music. The most celebrated is Kroll's Garden. There is a splendid zoölogical garden at the western end of the *Thiergarten*. The thousands of poor people of this great city have thus a fine chance to amuse themselves and breathe pure air, which is denied them in their overcrowded tenements. The laboring poor of Berlin know little or nothing of home life in the sense that the same class of peope in America understand it. For they possess no little home of their own in the suburbs of the city; but are compelled to rent rooms, mostly in cellars and garrets in large tenements, where good ventilation and warmth in winter are impossible, as there are no stoves or fireplaces in their apartments.

There are some handsome squares in Berlin. They are adorned with many monuments, the majority of which have been erected to commemorate the deeds of successful military men. The army is the pet of Germany, and especially of Emperor William. There are stationed in Berlin alone twenty thousand soldiers, who have been selected from all the provinces. They all meet every morning at a general parade ground on the *Tempelhoferfeld*, where they are often reviewed by the emperor himself, notwithstanding his great age. Sham battles are fought every few days. They appear so real, that if the spectator were not informed beforehand, and came suddenly upon the scene, he might consider it a sanguinary engagement. I have never seen in any country such noble-looking and well-drilled men as those composing the army division at Berlin. Notwithstanding military service is compulsory in Germany, and the actual pay of

the soldier is only five cents a day, service in the army is not altogether devoid of advantages to many of the poorer class, as it affords them a chance to see other parts of the country besides their own contracted surroundings, and to acquire a good military education.

The art collections of Berlin are far inferior to those of Italian cities, and even of secondary importance when compared with the galleries of Munich and Dresden. The opera, music, and the drama are, however, first-class.

I am sorry to state that the theatres and operas are much better patronized in Berlin than the churches, which rarely draw full houses. It is difficult to decide who is most to blame for this apathy in religion—the pastor or the people. Perhaps the former might excite more enthusiasm among his congregation if he were dependent upon them for physical support, as they are upon him for religious sustenance. As he is fed and otherwise provided for by the government, he has no incentive but that of pure love for the teachings of his Master to inspire his flock with sufficient religious zeal to make it an active, church-loving body of Christians. Although the Berlin preachers as a class are doubtless good and pure men, there are many among them who would throw aside their dull, prosy, and indifferent style of oratory if their living in this world were dependent upon the change, as is the case in the United States. There is a touch of human nature in all mankind.

Although the medical school was not in session during my visit at Berlin, I had the curiosity to see some of its leading men, as I had studied their books for a third of a century. So I called upon them, and was politely treated, especially by Professor Schroeder, who kindly invited me to see some of his operations.

One may form a good idea of the vastness of the art and science of medicine, by remembering that out of two

hundred and thirty professors in the Wilhelm University at Berlin, eighty-one lecture on medicine. As to the other departments, there are fifty lecturers on theology, thirty-eight on natural science, twenty on law, ten on philosophy, thirteen on history and geography, twenty-eight on philology, eight on art and its history, seven on the science of government, eight on mathematics and astronomy.

The *Schloss*, or Royal Palace, with its six hundred apartments, is worthy of a visit. In going through some of the rooms it is necessary for visitors to wear over their shoes felt slippers, so as not to injure the finely polished floors. These articles are furnished by the castellan, and they serve very well the purpose for which they are intended, and are also useful in preventing the noise of many footsteps from drowning the voice of the custodian as he explains the various articles of interest in the palace. The persons admitted at the time of my visit conducted themselves with propriety, with the exception of a man, who seemed to be a low-bred, ignorant American, who swore that he could not be compelled to wear old women's shoes. He was quietly sent out of the palace. It is to be hoped that this practical lesson has been of lasting service to him. Surely Berlin is not the place for vulgar upstarts to imagine that because they have acquired a little money they have a right to disregard the rules and customs of places where they are guests only through courtesy.

The Emperor William does not live in this old building, but in a newer one near by, called the Palace of the Emperor, which may be visited in the absence of the family. His favorite summer residence, when not at Wiesbaden or other bathing-places, is at Babelsberg, situated on a wooded eminence, two and a half miles east of Potsdam. As the latter city, "the Versailles of Prussia," is only six-

teen miles from Berlin, I concluded to make it, and its charming historical environs, a visit. To do so satisfactorily I deemed it best to employ an intelligent guide, and devote the whole day to the excursion.

After inspecting the Royal Palace at Potsdam, which contains many souvenirs of Frederick the Great, such as his library, writing-table, music-stand, furniture, hat, and scarf, we concluded to visit his favorite residence, the palace of *Sans-Souci*, situated in an extensive and handsome park of the same name. As this palace is a long walk out of Potsdam, or at least from the Royal Palace, and as we had planned to see several interesting places around the city, but more especially as it was raining furiously, I requested the guide to secure a carriage in Potsdam. Owing to some inexplicable reason of his own he failed to do so, and we consequently had to walk for two hours in the rain before he made an effort to comply with my wishes. He then hired at a place out of town a vehicle for the remainder of the day. As the carriage hire, as well as all other expenditures of the trip, was at my expense, I never could understand the conduct of the man, but surmised that he received a larger percentage of the carriage hire from the man outside of Potsdam than he could have got in the city. Couriers and guides have many ways of adding to their stipulated prices for showing strangers the sights. We had some experience of this kind in travelling through Switzerland. Our courier always took offence if I desired to be present when he engaged apartments and board at a hotel, or hired a coach or carriage for the various excursions through the country. Still I have no doubt that it was cheaper for us to employ him, as he probably got every thing for us as cheaply as we could have done for ourselves, and made something for himself besides. The tourist is bound to be cheated occasionally by somebody, and it makes but little difference who does it.

At the château of *Sans Souci* we saw every thing in the condition it was in when Frederick the Great died, such as his chairs, table, and bed, and even the old clock, which the custodian said stopped at the moment that the great man breathed his last. Its hand still marks 2:20. If he had asserted that it *was* stopped at that time we might have believed him. Intelligent people, nowadays, do not place much reliance on miracles occurring to mark the departure from life of even the greatest of mankind. The age of miracles does not extend down to the time of the great Frederick. Nothing but his military success ever reconciled Frederick the Great to his countrymen, for in his tastes there was nothing common with theirs. He preferred every thing French except its soldiers. He patronized its art and its literature, and kept Voltaire as his constant companion, until their final quarrel.

Not far from the palace of *Sans-Souci* is the New Palace the favorite residence of Frederick II., but at present the summer home of the Crown Prince.

On our way from the New Palace at Babelsberg the guide pointed out to me Marmor Palace, which is beautifully located upon the Harbor of Havel. He told me that this was the favorite residence of *The Bad Emperor, William*, the immediate successor of Frederick the Great but not his son, as he had no legitimate offspring. The Bad Emperor ascended the throne at the age of twenty-six, and died from excessive dissipation ten years thereafter. He kept about one thousand concubines, whom he made go naked in warm weather. Whenever he saw a young woman whom he desired for his harem he had her secretly seized and imprisoned in his seraglio. He so disgraced the throne that respectable Germans are ashamed to mention his name. If this story by the guide be true it is strange that we have never heard more of it, unless the German nation has the same power to cast into oblivion

the names of bad rulers, as the secret powers of Venice had in regard to their unfaithful doges.

We next visited Babelsberg, the usual summer residence of the present Emperor William. It commands a fine view of Potsdam and the surrounding country. As the sky had cleared off, and the air had been rendered cool and delightfully refreshing by the rain-storm, we enjoyed this portion of our excursion very much. In fact, I was so pleased with the palace and its charming grounds, that if the emperor had been at home, and had given me an invitation to spend a week with him, I probably would have accepted. The lady who ciceroned me through the house stated that my dear friend William was at Wiesbaden; so I returned with a heavy heart to Berlin, and started the following morning for Wiesbaden, but concluded to take Nuremberg and Heidelberg on the route.

Although leaving Berlin early in the forenoon I did not reach Nuremberg until three o'clock the following morning. The night portion of the ride was extremely lonesome, as no one occupied a seat with me, except a German professor, and he only for about an hour. However, as he understood as much English as I did German, we conversed together in each language alternately, and parted like old friends.

There being a state exhibition at Nuremberg, the city was crowded, and I had great difficulty in securing an apartment for the night. The proprietor of one of the first-class hotels told me that if I would sleep in a bath-room for the night he could give me a good room next evening. I was glad to accept his kind offer. I may add, however, that I would almost as willingly have slept in the back yard as in that damp and noisy bath-room.

The *Bahnhof Ausstellung*, or National Exhibition of the Arts and Industries of Germany, was located only a short

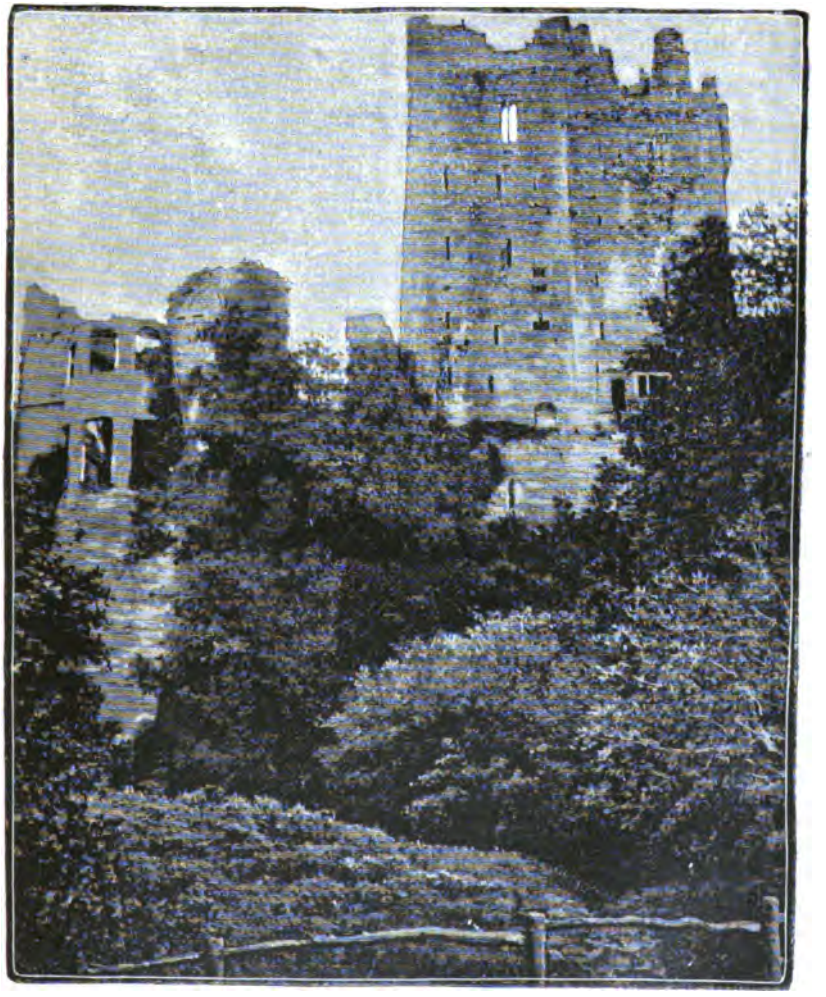
distance from the city, and gave me an excellent opportunity of studying the practical part of German life. Nuremberg is more interesting on account of the reminiscences of its former glories than for its present size and importance. As its population now of about eighty thousand is less than it was a few centuries ago, we naturally find very few modern buildings. We see almost everywhere the old Gothic style of architecture. Several of its structures, such as St. Sebald's Church and the Church of St. Lawrence, were erected in the tenth and thirteenth centuries. The castle, or *Burg*, was built in the eleventh century, and has in its yard a lime-tree more than seven hundred years old. There is an ancient well in the castle three hundred feet deep, cut mainly through solid rock. By means of a floating light at the bottom and a reflector at the top one is enabled to see the surface of the water below.

Although in my tour through Europe I had seen many instruments of torture, I was not prepared to see such a tartarean machine as the *Eiserne Jungfrau*, or iron virgin, to be seen in the tower of the city wall. It is an iron figure of a giantess, which opens by secret springs. The hollow interior is lined with poignards, which pierce the poor victim when thrust into its embrace. When the instrument is opened again the mangled corpse is allowed to drop into a dark vault beneath. This horrid instrument of torture is only equalled by the iron tooth-lined chute in the prison of Chillon. If one's curiosity is not satisfied at an inspection of the iron virgin, he may find many minor instruments of torture in the old tower.

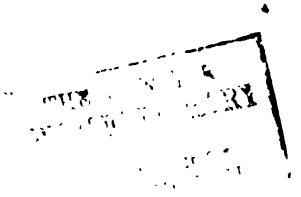
In traversing the city one may notice in the public squares many curious old statues, one of the most interesting being the *Gänsemannchen*, or Geese mannikin, or little man, a bronze fountain, representing a peasant carrying two geese with streams of water flowing from

their bills. This mediæval curiosity may be found in the Goose Market. I visited a number of interesting old churches, and government and city buildings; but as I am not writing a guide-book I shall pass them by in silence, and hurry on to Heidelberg. The word hurry alludes to my description only; for, although I secured a ticket on the fast express train, the circuitous route and frequent changes of cars made this part of my journey by far the most tedious of any I experienced in Germany.

On reaching Heidelberg, and finding no letters, when I expected a dozen or more, I was in no humor to be swindled by roguish hackmen. But they were of a different opinion. I got along all right until, after securing an apartment in a good hotel, I went out to hire a cab to conduct me to and from the castle. Being instructed by the porter of the hotel as to the usual fare for the round trip, and seeing a number of disengaged drivers, I asked one of them what he would take me up and bring me back for. Seeing that I was an American, he demanded an extortionate amount. I told him that I would rather walk than give more than the usual fare. As I started off one of the group cried out that he would take me up and bring me back for the price offered, provided I did not remain in the castle and grounds over an hour. On arriving at the castle he demanded his fare, and insisted that he had not engaged to take me the round trip. I told him that if he did not fulfil his engagement he was not entitled to more than half fare, which I offered him. He swore that he would not accept it. I laid the amount down, and walked off. He picked it up, and then waited until I had inspected the castle and grounds. On coming out of the gate I expected trouble from him and his companions, so I walked on without endeavoring to hire a return cab. The fellow impertinently drove a little ahead of me all the way to my hotel. He doubtless thought his conduct would annoy me.



Heidelberg Castle.



The chief curiosity in the castle is the *Heidelberg Tun*, capable of holding eight hundred hogsheads of wine. The castle was founded in 1294, and forms the most magnificent ruin in Germany. Although this famous old castle has often been described, the visitor is never disappointed at its beauty and its grandeur. It is so vast that a thousand men could have found in it suitable apartments prior to its partial destruction. Its walls are massive, and its façades beautifully carved. The oldest portion of the castle dates back to the latter part of the thirteenth century; but it has had many additions since by its various rulers. It was several times almost destroyed by wars; but was as often restored again. Being set on fire by lightning in 1764, and seriously damaged, it has never since been restored or tenanted.

There is a splendid view of the city and surrounding country from the terrace, which forms the north part of the castle gardens. In fact, the elevated situation of the castle and its grounds adds wonderfully to the picturesqueness of the old ruins themselves. The beautiful gardens are much frequented by the citizens of Heidelberg, as well as by tourists. It is here, the same as in other charming gardens that adorn the hill-sides of Heidelberg, that one has a good chance to see the students of the famous university of Heidelberg, accompanied by their dogs, who manage to get them into many scrapes; for they will fight for their pets on as slight a pretence as for themselves. It is strange how the young fellows love to have their faces scarred by duelling. Although they are obliged to have a large portion of their features protected when fighting a duel, yet the encounters are so frequent that nearly all the old students have their faces pretty well scarred. He who can boast of the most scars is the greatest hero. The majority of the students seem to have few aspirations above owning dogs, drinking beer,

singing songs, and fighting duels. Although so punctilious in matters of honor, they seem ignorant of the ordinary etiquette of good society. In fact, a stranger to their singular code of etiquette can hardly mingle with them without becoming entangled in a quarrel. For an accidental jostle in the street against one of them or his dog, an unguarded expression suggesting the slightest disparagement of any thing liked by a student, the least uncomplimentary epithet in relation to the university and the habits of its beer-drinking, duel-loving students, may result in a fight or duel. The number of students in attendance at the university rarely exceeds a thousand, who receive instruction from one hundred and eight professors.

The situation of Heidelberg, on the beautiful Neckar, not far from its confluence with the Rhine, surrounded by vine-clad hills, is charmingly picturesque. From Heidelberg I went to Wiesbaden on the 26th of July. This famous bathing place was, prior to 1873, infamous on account of its large gambling establishments, especially the *Kursaal.* As gambling is unlawful there at present, it is presumed that most of its former habitués now visit the gambling hell at Monaco.

Wiesbaden (meadow-bath) is so popular as a watering place that it is sometimes visited by as many as forty or fifty thousand persons yearly. It has several hot springs, the warmest being the *Kochbrunnen*, which has a temperature of about 156° F. The old gambling house, or *Kursaal*, is the centre of attraction. It is a magnificent building, devoted to balls, concerts, reading, and elegant suppers, and has attached to it a lovely lawn and garden.

Emperor William has a palace in Wiesbaden, but he left before my arrival. Another disappointment!

Wiesbaden has a permanent population of nearly fifty thousand, and a floating population in summer of as many more. It is charmingly located, and offers many conve-

niences for driving or walking, as there are well-cared-for roads and paths leading to points of interest in the surrounding valleys, hills, and mountains, on the shores of the charming Rhine, which flows by at no great distance.

Of course the city is full of every variety of bathing establishments, and splendid hotels, and cosy cottages, and all nationalities of visitors, especially Germans, English, and Americans. Many of these are real invalids, and as many others only loungers. It it hardly pleasant, even to a physician, to visit any watering place where the sick predominate. I left the shady promenades of Wiesbaden on the 27th of July for a trip down the Rhine to Cologne. I secured passage on a fine steamboat at Biebrich, only a few miles from Wiesbaden. The lovely Rhine, the pride of Germany, when considered in connection with all that nature, art, poetry, history, and romance have done for it, surpasses every other river in the world—especially that portion of it between Biebrich and Cologne. But if we compare the river and its natural surroundings alone, with our Columbia, between the Dalles and the confluence of the Willamette River, the pet stream of Germany dwindles into comparative insignificance. Although the Rhine is a noble river, rushing through deep cañons in several places, its chief interest consists in the poetry and lovely legends connected with its villages, and the old ruins and castles that crown its mountain banks in so many places. What lover of poetry is not intensely interested in seeing "Sweet Bingen on the Rhine"; or what children do not delight in beholding "The Mouse Tower," a signal tower located on a rock in the Rhine, where the legend tells us that the cruel old Bishop Hatto, about nine hundred years ago, took refuge in order to escape from the wrath of myriads of mice who invaded his palace, and finally pursued him to the tower, and devoured him by piece-meal, because he had enticed a number of his poor starving

subjects into his granary, under pretence of supplying them with food, and then locked the door and set fire to the building, and laughed at their agonizing cries of help—exclaiming to his attendants, "Hear ye how the mice are piping?" Who can pass the slender towers of the ruins of Ehrenfels, on one side of the river, and the ruins of the Falkenburg, nearly opposite, without remembering the fate of the charming Uta, who, although living in honor and splendor in the former castle, was so attached to a robber chieftain who occupied the latter stronghold, that when he was driven from his home and his castle burnt by the emperor, was willing to share his fate by locking arms with him and jumping into the river together.

There are numerous ruins of old palaces and castles situated on the picturesque, vine-clad heights on both sides of the Rhine, some of them inhabited once by powerful princes of the realm, and others by robber-knights who levied toll upon persons passing up and down the river, all having historical reminiscences of more or less startling interest; but, strange to say, there are not many modern palaces or chateaux upon these lovely spots. I am inclined to think that our own Hudson has a larger number of new and handsome villas upon its green banks than the historical Rhine. As we glided down to Coblenz, I had the pleasure of seeing on the opposite side of the river the Gibraltar of the Rhine, or *Ehrenbreitstein* (honor's broad stone). Portions of this Prussian stronghold date back to the seventh century. It mounts four hundred cannon. The government has, during the present century, spent immense sums of money in the enlargement and strengthening of this old fortification, till it would seem to be almost impregnable.

From a short distance above Coblenz to the seven mountains, eighteen miles below, the country bordering on the Rhine is more level, and consequently more agricul-

tural and less vineal. There are also to be seen a large number of thriving villages and cities, and modern villas, summer residences, chateaux, with very few old ruins. The gateway of the Seven Mountains being passed, the river loses its picturesque charm and moves sluggishly on to the German Ocean. Our first view of the Rhine was at Basle, on our trip to Switzerland and Northern Italy, and our last on our journey through the Netherlands, but the most enjoyable view of it was in my steamboat ride from Biebrich to Cologne. The latter city was anciently an important Roman town, and has many curious old buildings, but is as a whole unattractive to strangers with the exception of its large and handsome *Dom*, or cathedral, and the Church of St. Ursula, or the Eleven Thousand Virgins. The former has been called the St. Peter's of the North, because of its immensity, perhaps, as its architectural design is purely Gothic. It is the largest and handsomest church of its kind in the world. Although commenced in 1248, it has just been finished. Nothing could be more sublime and soul-inspiring than the view of its interior. When we gaze also upon the numerous pinnacles and lofty spires of its immense exterior, we wonder at the faith of its architect in presuming that such a lovely and stupendous pile could ever be raised by the hand of man.

Of course, I went to the Church of St. Ursula to see the bones of the eleven thousand virgins. The sight, if not repulsive, is at least very grotesque, but not more so than that of the Capuchin Golgotha at Rome, and less so than that of the Roman or Parisian catacombs.

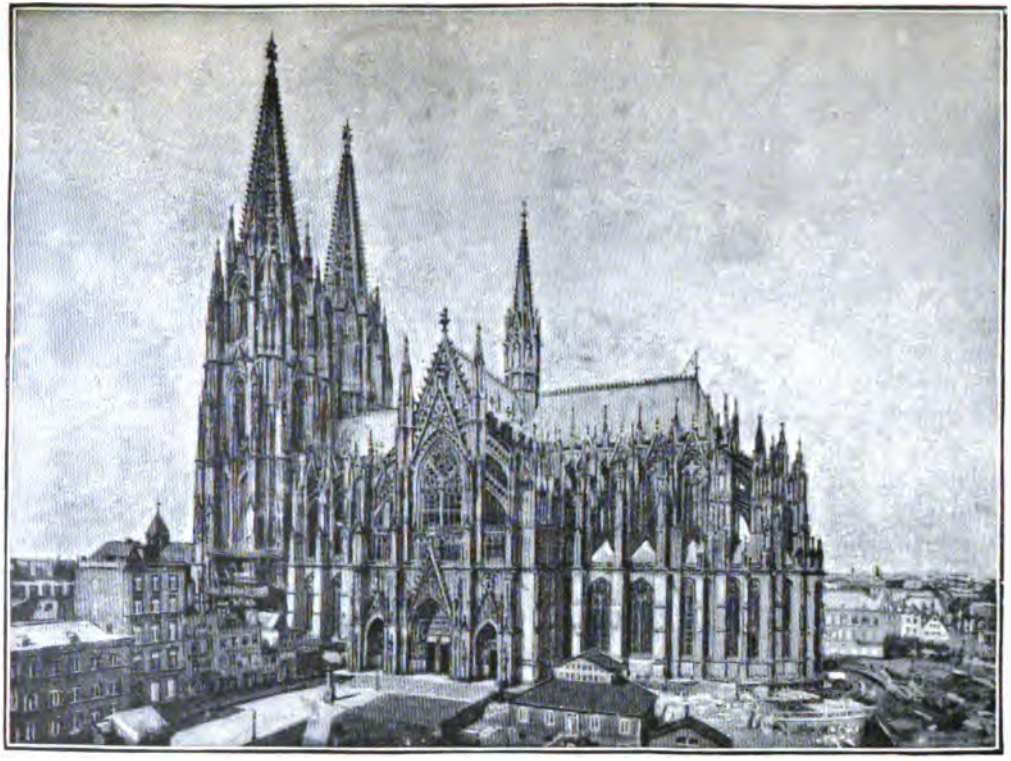
The bones may be found in every available nook and corner of the church, and the greatest industry and ingenuity have been exercised in so arranging them as to satisfy every variety of taste. There are Mosaic patterns made of legs, arms, and many of the small bones, having

ornamental borders of skulls, embellished in some instances with silver and gold. Some of the bones in a select room, called the "Golden Treasury," are ornamented with pearls, diamonds and other precious stones. This is the room containing the skull of St. Ursula, and the bones of her principal followers.

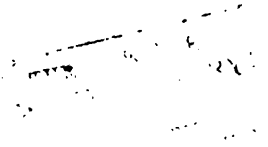
Although the legend of the pilgrimage to Rome of St. Ursula, the daughter of a British king, and her eleven thousand virgins, and of their massacre at Cologne on their return by the Huns, because they remained steadfast to their vows of perpetual chastity and would not marry prince or king, is sadly interesting; yet when the sacristan demanded of me a somewhat exorbitant fee for seeing the skulls of St. Ursula and ten of her principal companions, after my having already given him a handsome gratuity for showing me the rank and file of the skeletons, I could not help wondering whether the bones were really those of the martyred virgins, kept on account of reverence for the dead, or whether they might be a miscellaneous collection of dry bones thus preserved and shown for the receipts derived from the exhibition.

I took my departure from Cologne July 28th, at 8.30 A.M., and surprised my friends at dinner in Paris at 7 P.M. The journey, though interesting, was not eventful.

Miss Couch and Miss Wilson, had by this time finished their purchases in Paris, with the view of returning to the United States, and my family accompanied them to England by way of Belgium and Holland. We left Paris August 31, 1882, and arrived at Brussels on the same evening. Although I had passed over this route a month previously, on my trip from Cologne to Paris, I enjoyed the excursion very much, as I could then see the charming scenery through other eyes besides my own. It is undoubtedly true that a traveller can see more, learn more, and enjoy himself more in company with a few select companions than when



Cologne Cathedral.



alone, or than when he is a member of a large excursion party—Cook's for instance, when there are sometimes as many as a hundred in one company. The city of Brussels, in its institutions, costume, and manners of its inhabitants, and in its architecture and general appearance is like Paris on a small scale. Although its population consists mostly of Flemish, French, German, and English, the French language is better understood than any other among the higher clasess. The city is picturesquely situated, and is divided into a lower, or older portion, and an upper, or newer portion; the chief business and some of the most stately public buildings being situated in the former, while most of the handsome, regular streets and modern French houses are to be found in the upper town. Here is the park, which is the fashionable promenade. The boulevards, which have taken the place of the walls which formerly surrounded Brussels, are broad and handsome, and are adorned and shaded with trees, and those portions of them extending through the upper part of the city are, like the park, very popular places for promenading. The principal streets, such as the *Rue Ducale*, *Rue Bellevue*, and *Rue Royale*, are near and around the park. They can compare in size and style of architecture very favorably with the best streets in any city in Europe. The park, although much smaller, is almost as pleasant a place for a morning or evening promenade as the *Bois de Boulogne*, of Paris, or Hyde Park, of London. The fashionable carriage drive, or *Allée Verte*, extends along the banks of the canal, which connects Brussels with Antwerp. To the south of the park the royal palace is located, and on the north side the chamber of the Senate and Representatives.

Although the upper town, by reason of its broad and regular streets, its handsome modern houses, and its being the seat of most of the public offices, the legislature, and the court, takes precedence over the lower town, yet for

business and antiquarian interest the latter is the more attractive. Among the old and handsome buildings of the lower town the *Hotel de Ville* stands pre-eminent. It is very large and built in the Lombard-Gothic style. It has an extremely light and graceful tower three hundred and sixty-five feet in height. It is located in the *Grande Place*, an interesting old square, possessing a history of romantic and tragic events unsurpassed in Europe. Here were executed, in 1568, Egmont and Horn, the leaders of the people in their revolt against the tyranny of Spain.

Although Brussels is of very inferior antiquity to many of the old German cities on the Rhine, and even to some of the towns in its own kingdom, it has experienced more changes in fortune than most of them. It is supposed to have been founded in 604. During the reign of Charles V. it was the residence of the Court of the Netherlands. It has been the arena of most of the wars that have devastated that part of Europe within the last few hundred years. It suffered terribly in the war of Spain against Louis XIV., and also in the strife between Austria and Louis XV., and also, in 1789, during the Brabant revolution. Being a dependency in turn to Spain, France, Austria, and the Netherlands, it finally, in 1830, became the capital of the kingdom of Belgium. Since then it has become a very prosperous city.

Its Botanic and Zoölogical Gardens, its Gallery of Natural History, and the Museum of Modern Paintings and Sculpture, and the Brussels Museum, containing many of the paintings of Rubens and other celebrated masters of his time and generation, are well worthy a visit. The churches of Brussels, unlike in this respect those of Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent, are very deficient in the possession of fine paintings.

On the first of September we made an excursion from Brussels to the battle-field of Waterloo. I shall not attempt

Hotel de Ville, Brussels.

a description of this interesting but much written about spot. We, of course, after having walked all over the field, ascended to the top of Lion Mount—so-called because it is surmounted by a Belgian lion—in order to obtain a general and extensive view. We found this artificial and costly mound very convenient to enable the spectator to see at a glance the entire field of battle. Still I can sympathize with Wellington on his visiting Waterloo and beholding this mound, erected by the Prince of Orange or King of Holland, when he exclaimed: "A million francs to spoil the field! I will never visit it again!" He alluded to the cost of the mound, and the fact that for its erection a ridge on the most important part of the battle-ground had nearly been destroyed to secure dirt.

It is strange to consider that, among the five great powers who helped to crush Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, in order to preserve the peace of Europe, the least in importance at that time, Prussia, should now be the greatest on the continent—a power that has crushed proud Austria, and humbled in the dust France, under Napoleon III.

From Brussels we went by rail to Ostend. In passing over Belgium we were struck with the appropriateness of its old name, *Pays Bas*, or the Low Country. This comparatively insignificant division of the earth's surface is perhaps more thickly settled than any other kingdom in Europe, and yet its rich soil affords sustenance for all its inhabitants. It reminds us, in this respect, of Egypt. The most level portions of the kingdom are nearest the ocean and Holland, the slightly elevated parts are those towards Germany and France. The soil, however, is everywhere rich and fertile, and liberally responds to careful cultivation. But although agriculture occupies a high position in Belgium, manufactures are co-equal. These two interests recognize the fact that they are mutally dependent upon each other for success, and therefore there exists no rivalry between them.

Belgium has a constitutional monarchy, consisting of a king, a Senate, and a House of Representatives; both houses being elected by the taxpayers. The Parliament has its annual session in Brussels. Each of its members is allowed about a hundred dollars per month. This modest salary is no temptation to the money lover, but really serves a good purpose, by enabling many men of uprightness and ability to accept the position who could not otherwise afford to devote their entire time and labor in attending to the business of their country. Although the monarch was, in the first instance, chosen by the nation, the crown passes to his male descendant by right of inheritance. If there be no male issue, the monarch may, with the consent of the chambers, appoint his own successor.

Notwithstanding Belgium is one of the smallest of the little kingdoms left on the map of Europe, and has a standing army of less than fifty thousand men, it is at present enjoying a larger degree of liberty and happiness than some of its more powerful neighbors. Its position and smallness are probably its greatest safeguards, for its comparative geographical insignificance can excite no envy among the adjacent nations, who, besides, like a strip of neutral territory between them. Moreover, neither of them would allow the other to swallow up the little monarchy, and it is entirely too small for a division among them. And though it is true that for several centuries she was alternately under the protection of first one and then the other of her most powerful neighbors, who fought their battles on her soil, she has been enabled since her independence, to preserve a neutrality which has greatly redounded to her prosperity. This was pre-eminently so during the last Franco-German war, which proved of immense commercial value to the peacefully inclined little state.

Ostend, to which we journeyed from Brussels, is, next

to Antwerp, the principal port of Belgium. It is more celebrated, however, as a bathing place, and for its fine oysters, than for its commercial importance. We hear everywhere in Europe of the excellence of the Ostend oysters, which after all are only English oysters deposited in the salt-water oyster beds of Ostend, in the condition of spat or fry, and fattened for exportation. They very closely resemble the oysters obtained along the Pacific coast of the United States—being small, but possessing a delicate flavor.

We enjoyed a walk on the handsome promenade that extends along the sea-wall in front of the city, and were much pleased to see the visitors making themselves merry at the *Kursaal*, which is located near the centre of this pleasant thoroughfare.

After a short stay of only a day and a night at Ostend, we took the railroad train for Bruges. This curious old city derives its name from *Bruegge*, or bridges, because of the great number of the latter spanning the numerous canals intersecting the place. These canals are sufficiently large for vessels of a hundred tons. There is a ship canal leading to Ghent, capable of floating a vessel of three hundred tons, and another going to Ostend through which ships of five hundred tons can pass.

In the middle ages Bruges was the centre of an extensive commerce, and these canals, though comparatively idle now, were thronged with vessels. The city then carried on a brisk interchange of its own manufactures for productions of foreign lands. Its silk, linen, and woollen manufactures surpass all others, and its fine tapestry was in great demand for more than a hundred years prior to the establishment of the celebrated French manufactory of the Gobelins at Paris.

The streets of Bruges are generally broad and well paved, but have no sidewalks. Many of the old Spanish

houses, presenting their gables to the street, and having overhanging balconies with carved devices, bear dates as far back as the middle of the fifteenth century. The population of the city has dwindled from two hundred thousand in 1480 to less than one-fourth that number at present. Its chief objects of interest, such as the *Grand Place* and its belfry, *Notre Dame*, *Hotel de Ville*, and *Chapel du Saint Sang* are worthy of a visit by the tourist, if not too much pressed for time. The lovers of Longfellow's "Belfry of Bruges" will at least go and see this interesting old bell-tower, and listen to its wonderful chimes, which play by machinery every four hours. From its top may be had a magnificent view of the historical old city and its suburbs.

Our next visit was to Ghent, the chief city of the eastern port of Belgium—having a population of one hundred and thirty thousand. It was one of the most important cities in Europe during the Spanish rule in the middle ages. Like Bruges, it is full of canals, floating the characteristic flat-bottomed and round-sterned vessels so common in Belgium and Holland. It has wide streets and many picturesque old Spanish buildings like those of Bruges, but the grass is not allowed to grow in the principal thoroughfares so freely as in the latter town. In fact it is a more thrifty city. Ghent, like Bruges, has a high belfry tower, from the top of which a fine view of all the public and private buildings, the canals, squares, ramparts, surrounding gardens and distant fields may be obtained. Like the leaning Tower of Pisa, and the Campanile of Venice, this old tower is unattached to any church. The principal object of interest to us in Ghent was the Cathedral of *St. Bavon*, where we saw the celebrated picture by Hubert and John van Eyk, called the Adoration of the Spotless Lamb. A splendid painting by Rubens, representing St. Bavon renouncing the profession of a soldier

to become a monk, is also to be seen in one of the numerous chapels of this famous old building. The Cathedral was founded in 944. Its interior is vast, simple, and impressive. The alternation of white and black marble in the finish of the screens, side walls, and altars gives a pleasing variety to the interior. The effect is heightened by many fine specimens of marble sculpture in the way of tombs of the bishops and statues of the saints. The pulpit having elaborate carvings in wood, intermingled with white marble statuary, presents a fine and beautiful appearance.

The new convent, *Béguignage*, near the Antwerp gate, built to replace an old building of the same name, is an interesting place to visit. The inmates, on entering the establishment surrender all their private property for the benefit of the order, and are afterwards supported by the same. The Sisterhood embraces ladies from several nations, some being of high birth. Their duties are purely benevolent, and consist in attending the sick either in their own buildings or in the public hospitals.

There are several very fine modern buildings in Ghent —such as the theatre and university.

From Ghent we went to Antwerp, where we arrived on the evening of September 5th. Although this famous old city now contains a population of less than two hundred thousand, it was a larger and more important commercial centre than even London was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is the principal commercial city of Belgium, and notwithstanding its being once on the decline, it has during the past thirty years increased rapidly in property. Its renewed commercial activity is attributed to Napoleon I., who deepened the river Scheldt, on which it is situated, so as to allow the largest vessels to come to its wharves. He also enlarged the harbor, which, by a few subsequent alterations in the line of commercial docks, has become

one of the most capacious and convenient harbors in Europe.

The size and character of the remaining old private and public buildings in Antwerp prove that she was once a city of great opulence and prosperity. But she has suffered greatly under the tyranny of her Spanish rulers, especially Alva, whose name is hated all over Belgium. She also had to stand the brunt of the fierce struggle arising from the revolution of Belgium against Holland, in 1830.

The streets of Antwerp are generally very crooked, but some of them are broad and handsome—especially the *Place de Meir*.

Although I took great interest in the general appearance of this highly picturesque city, my lady companions, like the great majority of tourists, cared very little about the place except for the fine paintings by the old masters, to be found in its churches and art galleries. Two of the most superb of these—the Elevation of the Cross, and the Descent from the Cross,—by Rubens, are to be seen in the Cathedral of Antwerp. These pictures, as works of art, are of nearly equal artistic excellence, but the latter is generally regarded as the masterpiece of the great artist. I claim to be no critic in the art of painting, but the sight of so many thousand pictures in Europe, and a review of the criticisms upon the best of them, had educated me at least to such an extent that I was able to distinguish an inferior from a very superior one. Then my knowledge of anatomy, and of the scenes of recent death, had prepared me to understand so truthful a picture as the taking down of the lifeless body of our Saviour. There is death in every feature, in the pale and bloodless face, in the hanging, motionless limbs, in the whole body as it sinks heavily into the arms of a few of his most faithful followers. I had seen so many of this great painter's fat Dutch

babies, called by him seraphs, cupids, and holy children, and of his Madonnas taken after fat Mrs. Rubens, that I could not feel much enthusiasm for his works until I had seen these two wonderful pictures in the Cathedral of Antwerp. The building itself is a sight worth seeing. Although unfinished, it is one of the handsomest cathedrals in Belgium. It is five hundred feet long, by two hundred and fifty feet wide, and has a tower four hundred and six feet in height. It is constructed of stone and iron, and was commenced in 1420, and was nearly finished in about a hundred years thereafter. Its architectural beauty is greatly marred by its mean surroundings. It is falling into decay. It seems a pity that while Prussia, a Protestant country, has furnished vast sums of money to restore and finish the Cathedral of Cologne, rich and Catholic Belgium cannot keep in proper order this historical cathedral. Its plan called for two towers, but only one has ever been finished. The great height and light and airy beauty of this one render it an object of admiration by all who have seen it. Napoleon fell in love with it, and could he have transported it to Paris, as the French did the Descent from the Cross and other valuable paintings and works of art, it is possible it would never have found its way back, as did these in subsequent years.

The lover of art can find hundreds of fine pictures and good carvings in the many old churches of Antwerp, but a description of them here would be tedious. I must not, however, bid adieu to the city without allusion to the carved pulpit in the Church of St. Andrew. It is on a very extensive scale. The base on which the pulpit rests represents a rocky sea-coast, where the Redeemer is walking, and where he meets Andrew and Peter, the fishermen of Galilee, whom he called to be his disciples. Their fishing pharaphernalia and boat are well represented. Recently caught fish are seen in the net. The human

figures are life-sized; that of the Saviour is graceful and dignified in bearing. In the pulpit proper is a large crucifix, and the canopy, crowning the whole, is formed of angels supporting the cross. Every thing appertaining to the pulpit, and some of the fishing trappings, and all the figures, are delicately carved out of wood; the pebbles and rocks of the sea-shore are natural stones. This pulpit is considered by good judges to be a remarkable piece of carving..

Besides the large number of choice pictures in the numerous churches of Antwerp, there is a large collection in the Museum of Paintings, where may be seen pictures of Quintin Matsys, Rubens, Van Dyck, and all the chief artists of the Flemish school. The Descent from the Cross, by the first-named painter, is a magnificent work. That of Rubens, called Christ Crucified between Two Thieves, is almost equal to his two famous paintings in the cathedral, to which allusion has just been made. Van Dyck has several fine pictures here, the principal being a Dead Christ and Virgin. In this Academy of Paintings we saw many copyists, the most remarkable being an armless man, Mr. Charles Felu, who was *painting with his feet*. His stockings being cut off at the base of the toes. He was engaged in copying the portrait of a fisher boy. His copies are all well executed, and command a high price in the market. We felt some regrets that we had not secured one of these.

On the 7th of September we bade adieu to Antwerp and Belgium and crossed over into Holland, stopping at the *Hotel Paye bas*, in Rotterdam.

Holland is a flat country turned up at the edges to keep its old master, Neptune, from reclaiming it as a part of his rightful domain. It is crossed and recrossed by innumerable canals, and quite a number of railroads; both of which are easily and cheaply made, as there are no rocky

obstructions, or hills to level or tunnel. One of its chief industries is raising of cattle, which cover its plains, and, when sold to English butchers, fill the pockets of the fat, sturdy, old Dutch inhabitants, so that they may live plainly, but comfortably, and have abundance of leisure to smoke their pipes. The most industrious things in the country are the numerous windmills, which keep a constant flapping in the air.

The entry into Rotterdam is very striking. Owing to the innumerable ships in the canals, and the trees growing along the latter, there is such a strange mixture of tall masts, trees, and houses, that one is hardly sure whether he is entering a city, a harbor, or a forest. It is a city of great commercial importance; having an extensive trade with the Dutch possessions in the East Indies, as well as with other countries. It is pleasantly located on the right bank of the Maas, the chief outlet of the Rhine, although a smaller branch at Leyden, discharged by sluice-gates at Katwyk, alone retains the name of the Rhine to the sea. The distance of Rotterdam to the latter is twenty-five miles. The city is built in the form of a triangle, having its hypothenuse towards the river. It is everywhere intersected by canals, which are fed by the river. It is the second city in size and commercial importance in Holland. Its houses are generally large and lofty, some being built in the old Spanish style, and others according to modern architecture. Many of the merchants, even the most wealthy and fashionable, reside in the upper stories of their business houses.

As Rotterdam is a place of little historical interest, we did not devote much time in seeing its art galleries, museums, and churches; but after a general inspection of the city took our departure for the Hague, a more historical and fashionable place. It is the residence of the court. It is a charming city, containing many residences, situated

on open parks and squares, and broad, long avenues, lined with stately trees.

After selecting a hotel we hastened on to Scheveningen, a famous watering-place, only two and a half miles distant. It has fine hotels, and a lovely beach gently sloping down to the water, having all the requisites for sea bathing. It being rather late in the season, we had not the pleasure of seeing a great many visitors, though it is said that the society here is quite gay and fashionable during the height of the season.

After a quiet stroll around the town, and along the beach, we returned to the Hague. The following day we devoted to sight-seeing in the city; of course, doing full justice to the picture galleries and the royal palaces.

The Hague derives its name from a word signifying "hedge," as one of its beautiful royal parks is surrounded by a hedge. It is a place of over a hundred thousand inhabitants; but it is not either a manufacturing or commercial city, but, like our own Washington, commands attention because of its beauty, and the fact that it is the seat of the national government. As it contains fine squares, stately avenues of trees, fine collections of pictures, good museums, and is beautifully located between a splendid sea-beach for bathing on the one hand, and a fine park for hunting on the other, it may be considered the most desirable place in Holland for persons of leisure, wealth, and culture to live.

The Vijverberg is the most attractive square in the city. It has a charming walk, and an avenue of noble trees on one side, and a large basin of water on the other, and contains several large and handsome edifices; among others, the *Binnenhof*, or palace of the States-General.

The Picture Gallery and National Museum are in an old mansion once occupied by Prince Maurice. The gallery contains some of the most celebrated productions of

the Dutch masters. Here may be seen Paul Potter's Bull, and Rembrandt's Anatomical Lesson.

There are many charming country mansions in the environs of the Hague, the residence of the late queen being the most attractive. Americans like to visit it, not only on account of the magnificent grove that surrounds it, but because of their country being delicately complimented by one of the rooms of the "Palace in the Wood," as the house is called, containing a portrait of Mr. Motley, who had done so much to illustrate the history of Holland, and who had thus secured the friendship of her queen and people.

The large forest surrounding this royal summer palace is known as the Queen's Wood, and is a favorite resort of the citizens of the Hague, and of tourists also. It is chiefly composed of beech trees, some of them being of a noble size. Among other historical places visited by us in the Hague were the houses of John and Cornelius De Witt, who, notwithstanding lives of remarkable devotion to the public service, were maligned by secret enemies, and torn to pieces by a thirsty mob. It seems that Cornelius was confined for a falsely alleged conspiracy to murder the Prince of Orange. His brother, John De Witt, the Grand Pensionary, being under false imputations also, went to the prison to counsel or assist Cornelius. While there the mob, believing in the guilt of both, forced open the prison doors, and murdered the prisoner and his brother. Such was the ungrateful reward of a long and faithful service of the public welfare.

On the 9th of September we left the Hague, with its historic and tragic memories, for Amsterdam, the metropolis of Holland. So far as its being a city of the sea, it resembles Venice; but is in every other respect the very opposite of that beautiful city. Although intersected everywhere by canals, these do not, as in Venice, consti-

tute the only thoroughfares through nearly all the city, but run through the middle of the streets, so as to leave well-paved passages or quays on each side. These are kept scrupulously clean. They are generally shaded with one or two rows of trees.

As the city is constructed on a marsh, the foundations of all the buildings consist of piles driven deeply into the soft soil. In order to form an idea of the vast number of piles required for this city of over three hundred thousand inhabitants, it may be stated that one single edifice, the palace, rests on nearly fourteen thousand of these wooden columns. Although Amsterdam is situated on the Y, an inlet or arm of the Zuyder-Zee, where that is joined by the river Amstel, its largest ship docks and basins communicate directly with the North Sea by an immense canal, lately constructed at an enormous expense. But the outlay in this direction is fully justified by the commercial demands of this prosperous old business centre.

Many of the buildings in Amsterdam lean towards the streets so much that in narrow places their attics almost meet. At first I supposed, like many other travellers, that this was owing to the irregular sinking of the piles on which the foundation rests; but, after observing that the business men use the top stories of their buildings for warerooms, instead of the basement rooms, which are too damp and wet, I came to the conclusion that these leaning structures were so made in order to facilitate the hoisting of freight by block and tackle at their fronts—this being the manner in olden times, and partly so yet, of raising up all heavy articles of merchandise.

Although there is water everywhere in Amsterdam for commercial and cleansing purposes, there is none for drinking or cooking use. This has to be brought all the way from Haarlem, and costs almost as much as beer and gin. They have even sunk artesian wells in the city in

the hope of thus obtaining it, but without success. The most striking things in Amsterdam are the bells. They are found in church steeples, spires, towers, everywhere throughout the city, and are nearly always chiming; although each set is supposed to ring only every quarter of an hour, while the large bell on the top of the tower of the palace tolls every hour. Their jingle is not only merry, but quite musical. The people all over Holland are fond of this kind of music.

We enjoyed ourselves immensely in walking and driving about this queer old city, along its canals, over many of its three hundred bridges, down to the harbor, for miles along the great embankment that keeps out the sea, through its crowded business streets, and more quiet thoroughfares, into its curious stores, odd old churches, famous old royal palace, and picture galleries, and had just come to the conclusion that at last we had found a city where everybody was frugal, brave, happy, and honest, when my niece seized me by the collar and exclaimed: "Uncle Rodney, that man has stolen Minnie's purse!" As we had recently come out of a store, and were standing on a crowded corner of a busy street, considering where to go next, it was impossible for me to determine which of the five hundred persons around us was the miscreant, until a sneak-face fellow, about twenty yards off, turned around, and seeing Miss Wilson pointing towards him, commenced to run down a narrow, crowded cross street. Keeping my eye on the rascal, I followed in hot pursuit, yelling at the top of my voice, "Stop thief!" After a chase of several hundred yards I overtook him, and whacked him repeatedly with the strong handle of my umbrella. Finally he tumbled on the pavement, and put his right hand into his pocket in order, as I supposed, to secure a pistol, and shoot me. But instead of that he handed me a purse, which I did not recognize as Minnie's,

but really feared that I had pursued the wrong man, and robbed him. I was, however, soon relieved of my anxiety by Miss Minnie's coming up and claiming her stolen property. By the time all the ladies of my party had joined me, the street was jammed with excited people, all inquiring, in unknown tongues to us, the nature of the disturbance. Presently an English-speaking gentleman asked me whether I intended to have the thief, who was still lying on the ground, arrested. I replied that I had already punished the rogue sufficiently. He said that I had no right to take the law into my own hands, and that as the fellow was evidently a bad man, I should appear against him. I told him that as my party intended leaving the city the next day I hoped that he would not point me out to the city authorities, so we slipped out of the crowd, and continued our journey the following morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD AGAIN.

THE ladies were delighted when we departed from Amsterdam, for they had been quite nervous over the affair connected with the capture of the pick-pocket, and the probability of our being detained there to give evidence against him. Besides, they did not know but that I might be punished for beating the rascal. After getting safely out of the city they were ever ready to laugh when the incident was mentioned, because of its supreme ludicrousness—especially at the stentorian voice with which I cried, "Stop thief!" and of my utter bewilderment on getting possession of the purse, and fearing that I had captured and robbed an innocent man. In our journey from Amsterdam we passed through Utrecht and Rotterdam, and arrived in Flushing just in time for the departure of the 10.10 P.M. steamer for Queensboro, England, where we landed at 5.50 A.M., and took the London, Chatham, and Dover Railroad for the great metropolis, which we reached on the 13th of September. After stopping at the Charing Cross Hotel for a couple of days, we secured apartments at 42 Harley Street, Cavendish Square, where we soon felt at home.

After being on the Continent so long, and hearing little else than foreign tongues, it was with a sense of supreme relief that we heard our mother English again. I cannot sympathize with the vulgar prejudice in the United States

against our English cousins. I am sure that intelligent and well-behaved Americans will always find as kind treatment in Great Britain as among the same class of people in their own country. Much of the national prejudice between the two nations is produced by ignorant or malicious correspondents of newspapers, or blatant political demagogues. We enjoyed this visit much more than the first one, chiefly because we were better acquainted with the city, and had more leisure for the examination of the principal objects of special and general interest. The International Medical Congress absorbed so much of my time during the first visit, that I necessarily omitted seeing many things of general importance, as well as others of special or professional interest—as the great medical schools and hospitals. Fortified by former acquaintanceship and letters of introduction from such celebrities in the profession as Dr. J. Marion Sims and Sir Wm. MacCormac, I had no difficulty in securing an interview with many of the great medical men of London, and the *entrée* of the hospitals and medical schools. As professional subjects are, however, of no interest to my friends, for whom these reminiscences are written, I must pass them over, and relate something, in addition to former subjects, of what we saw in London.

I have seen persons who have visited London time and again without having even once seen her immense zoölogical gardens, or her magnificent museums. This seems very strange, when we bear in mind that they exceed every thing else of their kind in the world. The zoölogical gardens of Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, though wonderful in magnitude, are far inferior to those of London. We never returned to the city without spending a few hours there. At the second visit, our disappointment in not seeing the famous old elephant, Jumbo, whose acquaintance we had formed in the summer of 1881, was almost as keen as was

that of all London, from the Queen down to the chimney sweep, when "that Barnum," as the indignant English people called our great showman, purchased the beast of the directors of the zoölogical gardens in London for $10,000. Jumbo was always the greatest attraction at the gardens, but the *furore* to see him, after it was known that he was soon to be taken to America, yielded $15,000 additional profits to the zoölogical society. It was a strange phenomenon to see a great city, while busy controlling the commercial, and to a great extent the political relations of millions of people in all parts of the habitable globe, and while in the midst of great political and financial excitement at home and wars abroad, give way to such emotions as manifested themselves on the eve of the departure of Jumbo for New York. The excitement was so great that it seemed for a while as if any attempt to remove him would be met by mob violence. After the abatement of the *furore*, the attempt to get him to walk to the London docks, where he was to embark for New York, was a failure; as he lay down and refused to leave the gardens. He was then placed in an immense iron-bound box, and hauled to the ship. There not being standing room for him between decks, a hole was cut through the upper deck for his head. The ship conveying him to New York arrived at her destination April 9, 1882, and he was landed safely and in good condition.

Thousands of English children laughed and wept when they heard that, on arriving at New York, Jumbo would not go ashore until after a careful examination with one of his big feet to see whether the earth there would bear him. Even British men and women felt an implied compliment in this action of their pet, because it was evidence of his distrust of the solidity of American soil. The cables from America to England concerning the movements of Jumbo in this country were for a long time read

with greater avidity than the war news from the British army in foreign lands.

After realizing many thousands of dollars in exhibiting this famous old elephant in the United States, Barnum was preparing to speculate on the increased notoriety that the removal to America had given Jumbo, by making a tour of Europe in the summer of 1886; but Jumbo's ill temper and occasional stubbornness, which caused his sale in London, was the means of destroying this well-planned speculating scheme, and the poor animal's life at the same time. It seems that in September, 1885, after an exhibition at St. Thomas, Ontario, the driver started down the railroad track with Jumbo and the baby elephant, Tom Thumb, to where a Grand Trunk freight train was standing. As a coming train approached them the driver endeavored to induce Jumbo to descend a steep embankment, so as to get out of danger, but refusing, he was struck in the side by the locomotive in full force, and so badly injured that he died in a few minutes. He was more than twenty-five years old, and was probably the largest elephant ever in captivity. He was of the African species. He had spent about twenty years of his eventful life in the London Zoölogical Gardens, and has perhaps been petted and ridden by more children than any other animal in the world. All England, and millions of people in America, lamented his sad death.

Since the departure of Jumbo the greatest attractions in the Zoölogical Gardens of London have been the lions, the sea-lions, and the hippopotami. Everybody who can crowd in are permitted to see the lions feed. This is not the case in the menagerie of the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, where the number of visitors at any one time is limited; as it should be in order to prevent stampedes and serious accidents.

The two hippopotami are seen to the best advantage

while swimming in a large basin of water built for their special use. This is true also in regard to the sea-lions and seals. It is very amusing to witness the trained performances of the seals while being fed.

We visited the British and the South Kensington Museums almost every time that we went to London. It was my good fortune to make my first visit to the former museum through an invitation from the International Medical Congress in August, 1881, to hear the renowned Professor Richard Owen, the great author and lecturer in the department of comparative anatomy and physiology. Although seventy-seven years old at the time that I heard him lecture, he entertained his medical audience for about three hours in a series of eloquent descriptions of many of the most interesting specimens of natural history contained in this vast collection. I regretted my inability to take short-hand notes of his brilliant lecture for future reference. I was so deeply impressed by his remarks that I could, shortly after the lecture, have repeated its substance, but a few fleeting years have blotted the most of it almost entirely from my memory.

During his lecture, the incidental mention of the celebrated Elgin marbles, which cost about $350,000, was extremely interesting. The history of this vast collection of broken slabs, reliefs, capitals, columns, statues, and colossal figures brought from the Parthenon, or Temple of Athene, in 1801, by Lord Elgin, and purchased by the British government, after great controversy, in 1816, was very fascinating to me when explained by the professor, but, having seen in the Louvre at Paris, and in the galleries of Italy, many hundreds of such things, I cared not for a second sight of them. The celebrated Rosetta stone, which furnished to learned men a key to the hieroglyphic Egyptian language, was also shown and explained to us by the same lecturer. He also made brief reference to the

Egyptian monuments, some of which date back two thousand years before the Christian era. Allusion was also made to the vast collection of Assyrian antiquities, which had lain beneath the sands of the desert for two thousand years, when Layard unearthed them forty years ago, in his excavations at Nimrod and Nineveh. He showed us, too, a rare old book, published in 1798, called "An Enquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Veritable Vaccinæ," in which Jenner asserts that the first inoculation of man was from the horse, and not the cow, as generally supposed.

The library of the museum contains about a million volumes, and, with the exception of the Imperial Library at Paris, probably contains the largest collection of books in the world. There may be found in it more American publications than are contained in the largest library in the United States. The magnificent reading-room has accommodations for three hundred and ten writers or readers, who have free access to the volumes contained in the library. Any one who can be vouched for by a respectable citizen of London, may spend all the time he desires in this room, provided he does not interfere too much with others desiring the same privilege.

The museum's botanical, mineralogical, and geological collections surpass in number and quality those of all other museums. The geological collection has lately been transferred to the South Kensington Museum. Its sculpture gallery is full of ancient and modern sculptures.

The South Kensington Museum was begun in 1856, and receives constant additions, while the British Museum was finished in 1847. The former is used as a national portrait gallery, and for the preservation of works of art, and manufactures connected with the arts, ancient and modern. Its collections, both modern and mediæval, are immense. It has connected with it a well-organized and successful industrial and art school. It has an immense number of casts

and reproductions of the works of sculptors and artists from all parts of the world, and is constantly furnishing copies to the less-favored parts of Europe and America. It is here demonstrated that the most famous and highly prized works of art in the world can be accurately copied, and thus brought within the reach of any people under the sun. We find here casts, electrotypes, and drawings of the famous productions of artisans and architects of all ages. There are plaster of Paris, wood, and bronze copies of doors, stalls, choirs, baptismal fonts, and pulpits from famous churches, portals from cathedrals, ancient tombs, the column of Trajan, and even of ancient public buildings. We also saw there the locomotive engines, "Puffing Billy" and "Rocket," invented by George Stephenson, who, when asked by a peer on a committee of inquiry into the feasibility of his proposed railways, whether it would not be very bad if a cow should get on the track in front of the moving engine, replied, "Yes, vara bad for the coo, my lord."

Among thousands of other interesting things we noticed Galileo's telescope, with which, in 1601, he discovered the spots on the sun, and the moons of Jupiter; and Newton's telescope, the first "reflector ever made," which he invented and manufactured with his own hands in 1671.

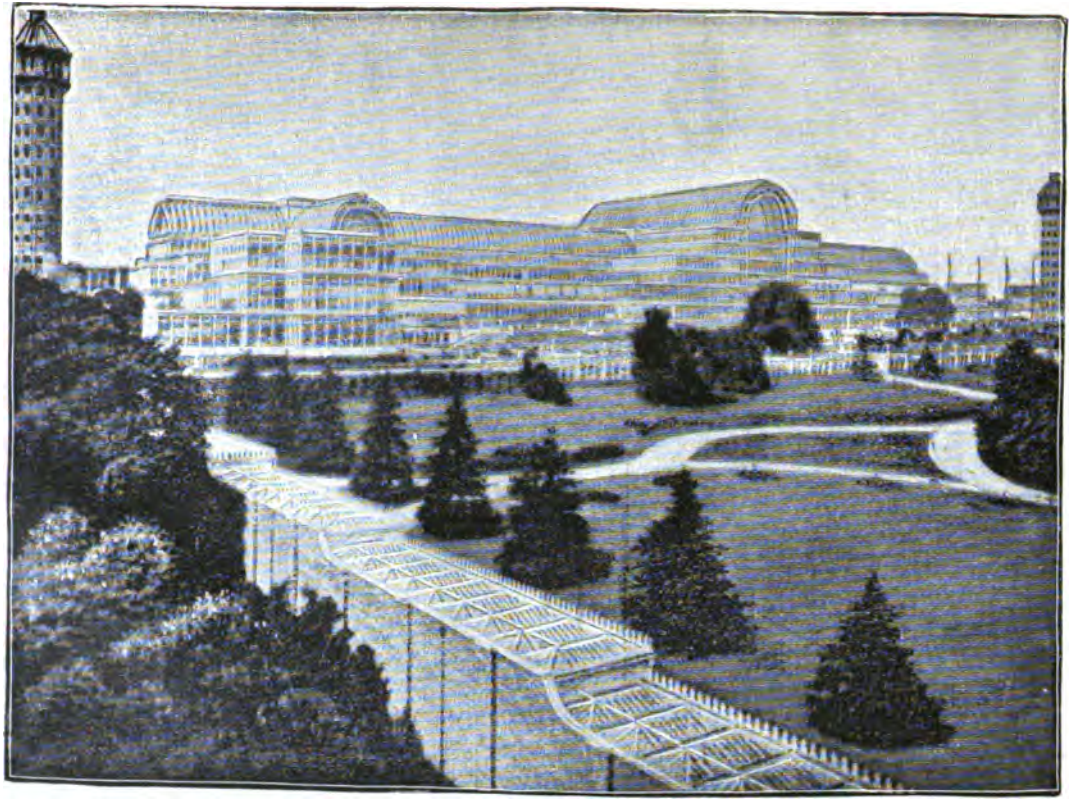
During this visit to London we paid our respects to Madame Tussaud's collection of wax figures. They consist of about three hundred life-size figures of poets, authors, statesmen, divines, military and naval men, scientists, princes, queens, and kings. There are also two large rooms full of noted criminals. We found the United States represented by Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Grant, and Johnston. The murderer of President Lincoln was also to be seen in the "Chamber of Horrors," which should not be visited by nervous ladies. Some of the figures are so natural and life-like that one is occasionally

tempted to say, "I beg your pardon, sir," as he jostles them too closely. Such mistakes do really occur when the rooms are crowded. There appear to be no defects of artistic excellence in shaping, coloring, and dressing of the figures, except one or two representing Americans, which are a little on the burlesque order. The collection as a whole is far superior to any thing of the kind to be seen elsewhere.

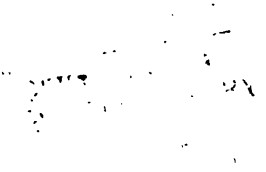
There are many charming places suitable for short excursions in the vicinity of London. Allusion has already been made to several of them. There are none more pleasant on a clear day in the early autumn than Richmond Hill, Richmond Park, and the Kew Gardens. The view from the first is charmingly beautiful. It has nothing of the grand and sublime, like many of the views in Scotland, Austria, and Switzerland; for the surrounding landscape is not rugged or mountainous, but undulating, and covered with green meadows, shady groves, and smiling villages, intersected here and there with laughing brooks and the meandering Thames.

In our visit to Richmond Hill we were blessed with a clear sky. After enjoying the surrounding view we drove through Richmond Park, which is much larger than "Central Park," at New York, and more of a forest. Its grand old woods reminded me of some of the oak forests in Maryland. It bears a slight resemblance to Druid Park, near Baltimore, but is of much grander dimensions, and contains more open ground. It is full of rabbits, pheasants, and deer.

After partaking of refreshments, we drove to the celebrated botanical gardens at Kew, which are under the directorship of Sir Joseph D. Hooker, who honored some of the members of the International Medical Congress of 1881, including myself, with an invitation to visit the gardens. Not being able to accept his invitation at that



Crystal Palace.



time, we concluded to make a visit on our return from Richmond Park. Every nook and corner of every island and continent on the globe has contributed to the floral decorations of this extensive garden. We saw many plants, and specimens of trees in section, from the United States, especially from the Pacific Coast. The flowers, shrubs, and trees, both in the lawns and in the hot-house, are labelled so that every one is enabled to study the beautiful science of botany for himself.

Although there are shady walks everywhere through these extensive grounds for promenading and recreation, the lover of botany, who has but a few hours to spend amidst so many millions of floral beauties, finds himself continuously moving through a labyrinth of glass corridors filled with strange cacti, palms, bamboos, plantains, ferns, blooming orchids, and millions of other lovely plants from the temperate and torrid zones. There are also many representative plants from the frigid north and south. One of the most curious plants is the *Victoria Regia*, whose thick-ribbed, round leaves are found floating on a pond, and are sufficiently strong to hold a weight of sixty pounds. Among the large trees in the garden we recognized the graceful elm, the stately beech, and the sturdy oak. My old taste for botany, cultivated by a long residence on our western plains, where the wild flowers were among my dearest friends, returned to me again, while roaming over this most celebrated of all botanical gardens; and I was sorry when the lengthening evening shadows bade us return from the study of fragrant flowers to that of man, as found in that whirlpool of mankind, the great metropolis of the world—London.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER WINTER IN PARIS.

PARIS has been called the American's paradise. It seems to me to be the Briton's also. And no wonder, for the rain, fog, smoke, and black buildings of London are enough to cause the most of its inhabitants to run over to Paris when they desire to obtain a little sunshine. Thousands do so now, but when the Strait of Dover will have been tunnelled, and communication between the two cities will be entirely by rail, we shall see as many English as French in the streets of Paris. The latter already has its West End full of Americans and English, and some of its best hotels in the fashionable business portion of the city—like the Continental—are patronized almost exclusively by the English-speaking race.

We had gone to Paris to spend another winter, it being our fourth visit there, having just returned from London, where we had made our third call. As we had already been in Rome, Vienna, Berlin, and other principal cities of Europe, we were prepared to judge of the comparative merits of these great cities in point of beauty, pleasantness, and general attractions, and had come to the conclusion that Paris far excelled them all.

In Rome, one could look at her old ruins and dream of her past greatness; could visit her three hundred churches, including the grand St. Peter's, also her numerous palaces, particularly the Vatican, all filled with works of art by the

great masters, and be pleased for a while. But so far as one of her chief attractions is concerned—paintings, they are so numerous, and so limited in their subjects, that one soon becomes surfeited, and desires more variety. This can be obtained nowhere in such perfection as in the art galleries of Paris.

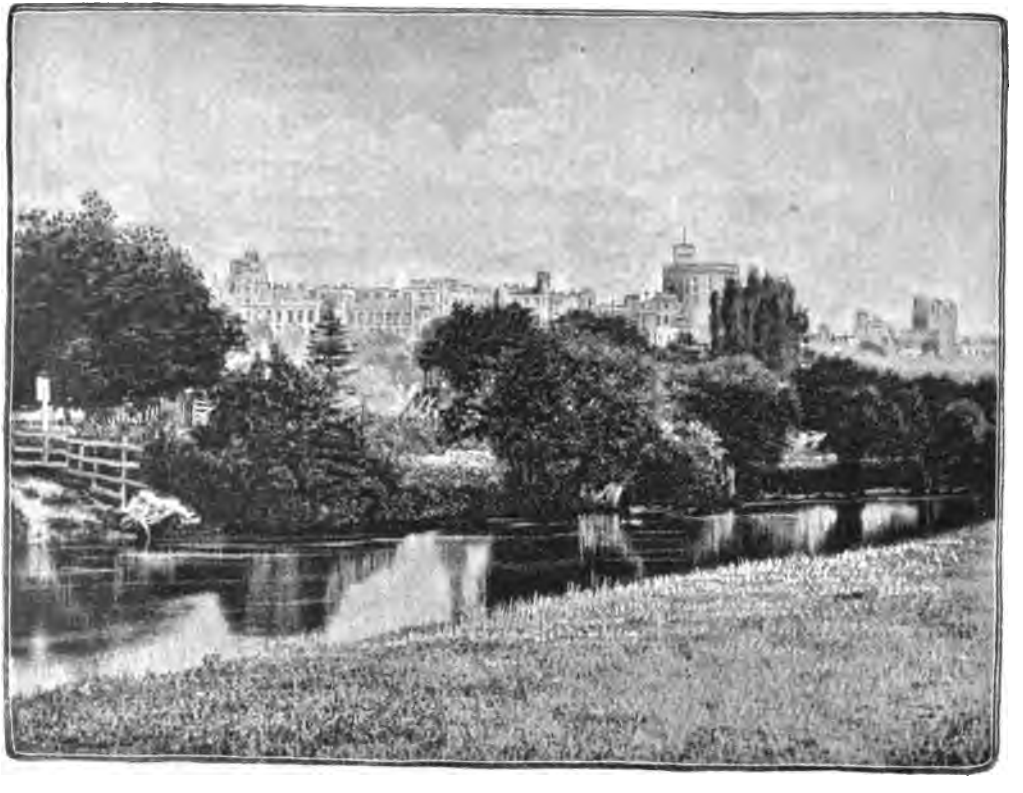
As regards modern attractions in every department of art and science, Paris is far in advance of Rome. The latter cannot even surpass her in climate. For, although Rome may boast of her clear skies and pleasant days in winter and early spring, her nights are then uncomfortably cold. Her summers are always too hot and malarious. The climate of Paris is on an average reasonably pleasant for at least nine months in the year. There are some moderately cold, and a few hot days, and a good many rainy ones. But the rains are mostly gentle showers. There is but little ice and snow in winter.

One very noticeable difference between Berlin and Vienna on the one side, and Paris on the other, is the few soldiers to be seen on the streets of the latter, whereas the former two cities are full of them. They may be seen everywhere. In the saloons, restaurants, and places of amusement, as well as in the streets. This was the case in Paris also under the monarchy, and emphatically so under the empire of Napoleon III. Yet France has a large and efficient army. As a republic, however, she is prudent enough to keep it out of sight until an emergency. For democratic and republican citizens do not take kindly to regular soldiers, no matter how necessary they may be for the defence of the nation from enemies, within as well as without. This feeling exists in the United States as well as in France. In the former, the army is chiefly kept on the frontier, to keep peace between the border settlers and the Indians, and is rarely employed in the old settled States; in fact only when the State authorities

are unable to quell their own disturbances. Somewhat this line of policy is carried out in France.

There is another marked difference between Paris and the other continental cities, and even between the former and London. Allusion is made to the number of professional beggars. One can go nowhere in the Italian cities without being bored by them, and cannot take an hour's stroll through the principal streets of London without encountering a half dozen male and female mendicants. This is not so in Paris; and partly for the reason that although both cities have laws for repressing mendicity in the main streets, yet those of London are more harsh, and for that very reason less often executed, than those of Paris. Professional beggars are very discerning, and rarely ask alms in London except from those whose benign visages indicate that they possess too tender a feeling to hand the culprit over to the police. Another reason is that there are in London many more beggars than policemen, and that the latter have their time so usefully taken up in conducting the ladies safely across the crowded thoroughfares, that the beggars may ply their vocation almost with impunity. In Paris, on the contrary, the guardians of the public comfort and safety devote but little attention to the perils of street crossings, but a good deal to professional beggars.

There are three days in every year—from sunrise of the 31st of December, until sunset of the 2d of January—when the mendicants are tolerated. During that period they swarm on the principal boulevards like locusts. You may then behold the ragged woman with the baby crying for food, the barefooted, almost naked girl, the man without arms or legs, or being entirely limbless, mounted perhaps on the back of a professional brother; in short, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the palsied, and the maimed of both sexes and all ages.



Windsor Castle.

At the end of three days they all vanish, with the exception of a very few old deaf and dumb, or blind, or limbless creatures, who are permitted to sit on the inner edge of a sidewalk, or the outer edge of a bridge, and receive alms, but are not allowed to ask for any thing.

Deserving paupers are well cared for in France by the *Assistance Publique*, a fund raised partly by voluntary subscription, and partly by legislative enactment. Of course many professional beggars are rank impostors. Some are perhaps only lazy, but others thieves, and a few burglars. It is not wise, however, for those blessed with an abundance of this world's goods to always give the street mendicant the cold shoulder instead of alms. I have too often seen their cheeks bedewed with tears on the reception of relief from some good Samaritan to believe that they are all impostors. It is gratifying to think that though in giving to these people one's alms may often be misdirected, yet they may sometimes save a poor family from absolute starvation. Nevertheless it is wiser for the municipal authorities and aid societies of all large cities to provide for the deserving poor, than to allow them to beg on the streets. Public and private charity can in no other way be properly directed. When this is done, public solicitation of alms may be restrained, if not entirely prohibited; and impostors thus prevented from securing what was never intended for them.

The French have many holidays, but Sunday is their day *par excellence* for amusement. After church service in the morning the boulevards, avenues, and parks are thronged. So are the theatres, circuses, operas, zoölogical gardens, race courses, and hundreds of similar places of amusement. It is the time too for society parades and country excursions.

A stranger is puzzled to comprehend how so many persons can leave Paris on this day and yet the main thor-

oughfares remain so full. There are several reasons for this. There is a current and a counter-current —of Parisians going to the country, and of the provincials coming to Paris, so that each may enjoy a change of scene and amusement. Another cause is that all the employés of the larger manufactories, shops, stores, and other places of business are unemployed on Sunday. The closing of the larger establishments is not a legal or religious custom, but is simply owing to the fact that the proprietors find it more profitable to shut up on this day than to pay extra wages to their employés for very little work, as they are not much patronized on the Sabbath, the citizens preferring to spend their time in amusements. Of course the small confection stands, shops, creameries, cafés, and restaurants in the vicinity of the places of amusement do a thriving business.

There are many parks and woods in the vicinity of Paris for short Sunday excursions. Among the favorite may be mentioned Vincennes, St. Cloud, Versailles, the Bois de Boulogne, Fontainebleau, and St. Germain-en-Laye.

The observance of the Sabbath in Paris, and in continental cities generally, is just the opposite of what it is in Great Britain—especially in London. In the latter city every thing is quiet on Sunday. The saloons and restaurants are closed ; and of course all places of business also. It is needless to add that I prefer the good old English custom as being the most conducive to health and morality. The continental system is, however, the most popular among certain classes of people in Great Britain and the United States.

There is one custom in Paris that I do not remember seeing elsewhere, except in Vienna and Venice on a much smaller scale, that of thousands of well-dressed people sitting all day, and nearly all night, in front of boulevard cafés, drinking, smoking, and playing piquet, dominoes,

and cards, and consuming sorbets and ices. As the sidewalks are broad, these people do not interfere with passers by to any considerable extent. Although the custom is adopted in Vienna, yet the most popular fashion there is to seek some garden possessing an abundance of shade from horse-chestnut and other lovely trees; and only in pleasant summer weather. In Paris, on the contrary, one may see the custom carried out at all seasons.

The greatest inconvenience to me while in Paris was the scarcity of fruit, and the constant presence of wine at every meal, except at the first *déjeuner*. If I had eaten as much luscious fruit there as I am accustomed to at home I should have returned a bankrupt. On several occasions I had to pay at a fashionable restaurant or café as much as two dollars for three large peaches or pears, and to give the *garçon* a franc *pour boire* besides.

Of course inferior varieties of fruit are much cheaper at the proper season, but there is no time when one can obtain the fruits common to the United States at less than from three to five times the price in the latter. We might suppose that grapes and oranges ought to be much cheaper than with us, but such is not the case, though they may be obtained for the same average price.

When fruit is called for in a restaurant, a large dishful is set on the table and the guest is allowed to help himself. He is charged for the exact quantity eaten, and not for the whole dishful. An untravelled American is too apt to take the latter view, and to eat the entire quantity, and be very much surprised at the enormity of the bill.

On one occasion some American gentlemen happened to be seated near one of their supposed inexperienced brothers, who had requested the waiter to bring some strawberries, at a season when this delicious fruit was unusually scarce and dear. The man ate all in the fruit dish and inquired for his bill. The gentlemen expected to see

the fellow dumbfounded on learning the amount, twenty-five francs, charged for the berries. He glanced at the items, and with the utmost *sang froid* said: "*Garçon*, bring me another dish of strawberries."

The cost of living in Paris is about the same as in New York At first-class boarding-houses and hotels one may live very comfortably at from five to ten dollars a day for each person. Of course if the guest has unusual accommodations in rooms and board, and uses much high-priced wine, he may run up his bill in a very short time to an enormous sum. Second- and third-class houses are proportionately cheaper. The poor can live at the cheap cafés and restaurants at almost a song; because these establishments serve up meals and drinks that have passed on the downward grade from several higher classes of drinking and eating houses. Nothing is wasted in Paris. The surplus of a first-class hotel or restaurant is used in the second-grade house, that of the second in the third, and so on to the bottom of the scale. Even bones and crumbs of bread are utilized. The former make good soup, and the latter are softened, pressed into suitable masses, nicely browned, and finally cut into small chips to be used in the soup.

As a rule, I do not like French cooking. It is too artistic and complex. Yet a tourist may find in Paris any variety of food, and any mode of cooking. I was once surprised at the answer of an American on being asked by an English lady how he liked the Paris bread. He said that he did not like it at all, as it was too dark and hard. I am afraid my fellow-countryman must have obtained his meals at some fifth-rate establishment, as the best Paris bread is superior to that of any other in Europe. Parisians have three meals daily—the *first breakfast* at an early hour, consisting of a roll and a cup of coffee; the *second breakfast*, or *déjeuner à la fourchette*, being a substantial meal of meat,

bread, etc., corresponding with our lunch, is served from ten to one o'clock; and dinner is ready between five and eight P.M.

A person having apartments at a hotel may be served in his room, or in the breakfast or dining halls, or in the *salle á manger* of the hotel, or secure his meals at an outside restaurant if he pleases. The best restaurants in the city are located near the Grand Hotel, *Boulevard des Capucines*. And so are the best *cafés*. The *Paris Grand Café* is situated on the corner of the *Boulevard des Capucines* and the *Rue Scribe*, just west of the hotel. It is the largest and most magnificent café in Paris, and perhaps in the world. An average of two thousand persons visit this celebrated place nightly for coffee, wines, and ices, and to read the papers and play billiards, etc. Many of the visitors of both sexes prefer on pleasant evenings to sit at the tables, arranged on the broad sidewalk in front of the café, and sip their coffee or wine, or eat their ices. Of course every thing in this grand place is first-class, both in quality and price. Although called a café, it is really a café restaurant, as meals may be had there. In fact, it is the place of all Paris for the largest and most fashionable dinners and banquets.

At all the hotels and restaurants, a person may be served *à la carte*, and pay for only what he orders, or, so far as dinner is concerned, take a *table-d'hôte*, and pay a fixed price for the same.

The *table-d'hôte* at the Grand Hotel, *Boulevard des Capucines*, is accompanied with choice music. The dinner is elaborate and excellent, and the price only eight francs. Choice wine extra.

Lodging and board may also be obtained at some of the boarding-houses and hotels at fixed prices per day, week, or month, upon the American plan.

There are good restaurants everywhere in Paris, but if

the traveller has failed to inform himself in regard to them from a friend or guide-book, he can never go amiss by patronizing a Duval restaurant, where the meals are well served and at moderate prices. The guests are waited upon by women. Ladies need have no fear of the respectability of these establishments. They may be found in all the principal streets of Paris. If one be very hungry it is better to select some other good-class restaurant, as the Duval furnishes very small quantities of meats. This difficulty could of course be overcome by ordering an extra quantity of any scant article.

No matter where one takes his meals in Paris, it is customary to give a *pour boire* to the waiter. This is generally left on the plate in which the latter returns the receipted bill and change. The amount ranges from three to twenty cents, according to the respectability of the restaurant, for one person, but less in proportion to the number taking a meal together. I have elsewhere stated that a gratuity is expected by the waiter everywhere in Europe, but the Parisian *garçon*, unlike his brother in Vienna, Berlin, Rome, or London, does not bully you by innumerable vulgar intimations and artifices into giving him what custom has made him believe to be his dues. On the contrary, his tasteful, engaging, and generous zeal in your behalf is so flattering to your self-respect, that you would consider yourself a selfish, miserly churl not to open your purse-strings to a person so kind and polite.

During our last six months in Paris we followed much the same course pursued the previous winter. Miss C. and Miss W. having returned to the United States, my party consisted simply of my wife, four children, and myself. The two boys were at a boarding-school, and came home to see us twice a week. Our two girls attended a day school, and returned home every evening. There were several French and American young ladies boarding at the same *pension*.

My time was, as usual, chiefly taken up in attendance upon the medical clinics at the hospitals during the forenoon, and the lectures at the Faculty of Medicine of the Academy of Paris in the afternoon. I devoted two afternoons weekly in taking our children sight-seeing. Among other places I took my boys to see the Paris sewers. In order to enter them it is necessary to obtain a permit from the Préfet de la Seine. The usual route is from the *Place du Châtelet* to the *Place de la Madeleine*, or vice versa. At the time of our visit persons were allowed to enter both ends at the same time, meeting near the centre.

While awaiting our turn, a gentleman from Washington city, accompanied by ladies, inquired whether I had any surplus tickets. Happening to have one, I gave it to him. "Thank you," he said; "I have been trying for three months to secure sufficient tickets for my party, but lacked just one. Here is a gentleman who has none, but he will be able to find his way in, ticket or no ticket, as he hails from Chicago." Sure enough, after entering I met the Chicagoan and asked him how he got in. "Oh, I can always go where I please by my wit and talent." It is likely that he slipped a few francs into the hands of the guard; but this is a more hazardous thing to do in Paris than in any other continental city. We went along the main sewer in boats to its intersection with a branch sewer running under the *Rue de Rivoli* at the *Place de la Concorde*, where we took cars for the terminus; the car passengers from the other end taking our boats. Both the cars and boats were drawn by men running along the sides of the sewers.

All the drains are constructed of stone or solid masonry, and lined with water-proof cement. They communicate with the streets by iron ladders, and are well ventilated and lighted. The latter is effected partly by windows,

but chiefly by gas burners. The sewers are utilized as conduits for telegraph, electric light, and telephone wires, which are on the inside. The city water mains are placed along the outside. No unsightly and dangerous poles for telegraph or other wires are permitted to obstruct the streets, as in American cities.

We travelled through about three miles of the principal sewers. Their total length exceeds seven hundred miles. They vary in width from four to eighteen feet, and depth below the grade of the streets from ten to more than one hundred feet. All the branches of the right bank of the Seine empty, under the *Place de la Concorde*, into a main sewer, which descends thence to Asnières, three and a half miles distant, and below the city. The "*collecteurs*" of the left bank discharge their contents, a little above the *Pont de la Concorde*, into a huge iron pipe of three feet diameter, which carries them across the river, and thence into the main sewer near its mouth. The sewers cannot be cleansed by simply flushing with water. The larger ones are cleansed by forcing through them boats made to accurately fit the channels. The motive power is water. The filth is forced from the smaller ones by a machine fitting the bottom of the sewer, running on side wheels, and propelled by workmen.

Prior to the admission of visitors, the sewers are made thoroughly clean. In order to obtain permits for inspection of the sewers, it is generally necessary to make application at least several months before the time of the visit, as only a limited number are issued at any time. One reason why the sewers can be so easily cleansed and made suitable for examination by visitors is, that they only carry off the surface water of the streets, and the drainage from kitchens, but not the contents of water-closets. The latter establishments are regularly cleansed out at night, by means of a suction apparatus worked by steam, and

their contents carried to a field some miles from the city, where they are disinfected and deodorized, and then used as manure. The *débris* of each *ménage*, including the kitchen, is placed in the courts, and carried off early every morning in carts, and deposited at a safe distance from the city.

During the epidemic of typhoid fever in Paris, in the winter of 1882 and 1883, this not commonly known defect in the sewerage system, of failing to carry off the contents of privies, caused much comment and agitation in the public press of the city, and several plans were suggested to remedy the matter. There were several deaths from this disease in the building where we had apartments; one victim being the wife of a member of the *chambre des deputies*. I felt much sympathy for her husband, who had politely offered me a card of admittance to the House of Deputies, which can only be visited by a *carte d'entrée* from a member, or by borrowing a diplomatic card. Having already availed myself of our ambassador's, Mr. Morton's, ticket of admission, I could only thank him for his kindness.

In the arrangement of the seats of the deputies, and of those of the secretaries, and of the presiding officer's chair, there is a marked similarity to that in our House of Representatives at Washington, except that there is an orator's tribune in front of the Speaker's desk for the use of members desiring to address the assembly. The debate at the time of my visit was quite animated, and there was a display of much refined, even-flowing, and at times very rapid eloquence, but nothing of the deep, or loud-toned, thundering oratory often heard in the United States Congress. There was, however, one man present who could have furnished us with both styles of oratory—the renowned Monsieur Léon Gambetta, the great leader of the republican party.

I saw this wonderful man a few months later lying in his coffin in the same building, with all France crowding its portals for a farewell look.

He was a popular and elequent speaker, and had the courage of a lion. During the siege of Paris in 1870 by the German army he was shut up in the city, but made his escape in a balloon which landed him in Amiens. He was made Secretary of War, and commenced, like Peter the Hermit, to arouse by his fiery eloquence the people of the provinces to wage a holy crusade against the invaders of France. Many thousand volunteers responded to his appeal, but their bravery and numbers were useless when confronted by the disciplined veterans of the German army. After the war he became less violent and more conservative as a political leader, and held the republican party so firmly together as to gain power for the French republic, which has been constantly menaced by the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and Imperialists. If these parties had united, they could perhaps, in spite of the great influence of Gambetta, have overthrown the republic; but they have always been, and continue to be, too jealous of each other to accomplish this end.

Gambetta was pre-eminently a great organizer, but was at the same time so deficient in true administrative capacity that he could never have made a successful premier or a judicious president. He was the ideal tribune of the people, the Danton of the Third Republic. Although he represented the most radical constituency in Paris, he yet retained the confidence of all parties who had at heart the establishment of a republic upon moderate and firm principles. He could denounce clericalism and monarchism as the common enemy on the one side, and yet hold in check the ultra-radical element of his own party. He continued to be the most powerful political personage in France until stricken down by death on the last hour of the last day

of 1882. His body lay "in state" at the Chamber of Deputies in a magnificent catafalque for several days before the funeral. It was visited by hundreds of thousands of people of all nationalities. His funeral represented one of the most remarkable pageants of the nineteenth century. The hearse, which was drawn by six caparisoned horses, was preceded by three draped artillery wagons laden with three thousand wreaths of natural and artificial flowers.

During the march of the funeral cortége every street, square, and house-top within a mile of the Chamber of Deputies (sometimes called *Palais Bourbon* or *Palais du Corps Législatif*) was crowded with people, as well as the entire line of march from there to *Père Lachaise*, the temporary resting-place of the remains. The *Place de la Concorde* presented a most animated appearance, more than one hundred and twenty thousand persons filling every inch of the area except the space kept open for the procession. The *Jardin des Tuileries* was also covered with a sea of upturned faces. The number and beauty of the banners, wreaths, and floral emblems carried by the various delegations in the procession exceeded every thing of the kind that I have ever seen.

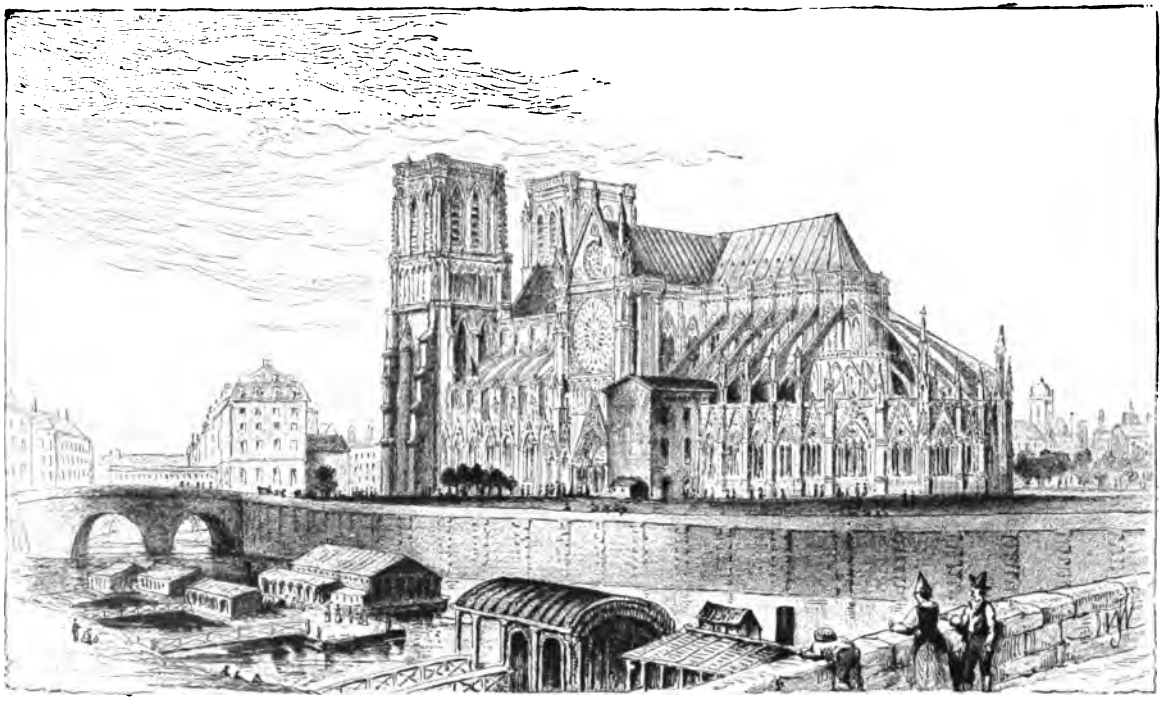
The police preserved most excellent order among the spectators, who were nearly all on foot. The French police excel those of all other large cities in keeping immense crowds under proper discipline. I have had many occasions for observation upon this subject.

After the decease of Gambetta, the factions in opposition to the republicans deemed it a fitting opportunity to overthrow that party, and with it the third republican government of France. Prince Louis Bonaparte made an effort, and so did the Communists; but both attempts were miserable failures, and had the effect of adding strength to this party, by more fully uniting its incon-

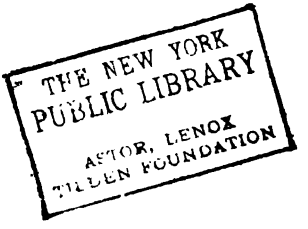
gruous elements. France having gone through so many ordeals during the past one hundred years it is most surprising how fast she has recovered her prosperity. With the exception of the United States she is at present by far the most free and prosperous republic in the world. Her thriving condition is largely due to the industry and economy of her people. Paris especially is the wonder of the age. After the siege, in the latter part of 1870 and the beginning of 1871, by the German army, and the subsequent rise of the Communists, it seemed as though she would require a century to recover her former prosperity. She, however, continued to be the great centre of attraction for all the world, who soon filled her coffers—depleted by the German indemnity—with gold again.

One feature of her attractiveness to which I have not yet called attention, is her liberality in throwing open the doors of her public institutions free to all. She thus offers to foreigners, as well as to her citizens, a liberal education gratis. One has nothing to pay in visiting her museums of art, or in attending lectures by celebrated professors at the Sorbonne, the College of France, or the School of Design. Poor students, especially artists, from all nations, are glad to avail themselves of these great advantages.

While in Paris we had an opportunity of finding out how difficult it is for foreigners to get married there, owing to the obscurity and strictness of the law upon the subject. A medical friend of ours from New York came to Paris to meet his affianced and get married. The young lady was a boarder at the same *pension* where we were, and we watched with a great deal of sympathy the efforts of the doctor to please his future wife by endeavoring to have the marriage ceremony performed in Paris, so that they might go direct from there to New York without having to cross the English Channel, which she so



Notre Dame, Paris.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greatly dreaded. The difficulties of arranging the preliminaries in Paris were so complex and formidable that they were compelled to be wedded in London.

There are a number of famous churches in Paris, the oldest and most renowned being the Cathedral of *Notre Dame*, which, from its historical associations, Victor Hugo calls the "Book in Stone." No other church in France has absorbed so much attention from historians, artists, poets, and writers of romance. It is a noble structure of Gothic architecture. It was erected between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, on the site of an old Christian basilica, which had replaced a pagan temple. Prior to 1748 the church was approached by a flight of thirteen steps, but since then the grade of the surrounding ground has gradually been raised to the level of its paved floor, thus dwarfing the height of the building and greatly marring its former symmetry and beauty. During the Revolution this famous old cathedral was ordered to be destroyed, but the decree was rescinded, and it was named the Temple of Reason, and here was set up the goddess of Reason. The statue of the Virgin was replaced by one of Liberty. The usual sacred music was abandoned for the patriotic hymns of the National Guard.

Notre Dame is one hundred and forty-four feet wide, three hundred and ninety feet long, and has a spire two hundred and eighty feet high, although only one hundred and thirty-five feet high above the roof. It is a beautiful and imposing building, whether viewed from the front or rear. It is an inspiring spectacle when this grand old building is filled with eight or ten thousand worshippers, and the vast choir of sweet-voiced women are chanting sacred music, in harmony with the thundering tones of the magnificent organ.

We made several visits to the cathedral, and several also to Saint Rock, St. Germain-des-Prés, Sainte Genevieve

(or the Panthéon), Sainte Eustache, La Trinité, the Madeleine, and others; but besides the American Episcopal Church we took more interest in going to a modest little chapel in an obscure side street, not far from the Panthéon, to hear the celebrated Père Hyacinthe preach. It was a little painful, however, to hear this eminent divine waste his oratory upon so small a congregation, mainly composed of strangers. He seems to occupy an undefined position in religious doctrine between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, but has no permanent following. If he would declare himself a Protestant and open a church in New York or London he would draw as large congregations as Beecher or Spurgeon. Unless he does something of this kind he may just as well give up his opposition to the Roman Church, for this old crystallized institution cannot be weakened by such spasmodic, undisciplined efforts from within.

One of the most interesting places in Paris is the *Hôtel des Invalides*, situated on the east side of the Seine, opposite the *Place de la Concorde*. Whatever may be said of the extravagant and voluptuous old Louis XIV. he instituted many schemes for the betterment of Paris and her people; but none of these projects redounds more to his credit than the founding of the *Hôtel des Invalides*. Soldiers of thirty years' service, who possess a pension, are furnished with a comfortable retreat during their declining years.

In front of this retreat is a vast esplanade, planted with groves of horse-chestnut and other beautiful trees. The interior of the *Hôtel des Invalides* is so arranged as to make the apartments of the old soldiers occupying them as comfortable as possible. In the galleries of the great court-yard are a series of good frescos representing French history.

It is very impressive to attend the chapel of this old

building to see the venerable invalids assist at military mass. They attend in full-dress uniform, that is, so far as their crippled condition will admit; for, strictly speaking, a man minus a leg or an arm or both, or all his limbs, has no need of a full dress.

Many of the old veterans listen with tearful eyes and warm hearts to the sweet tones of the semi-martial and semi-spiritual music by the organ and military band stationed in one of the galleries.

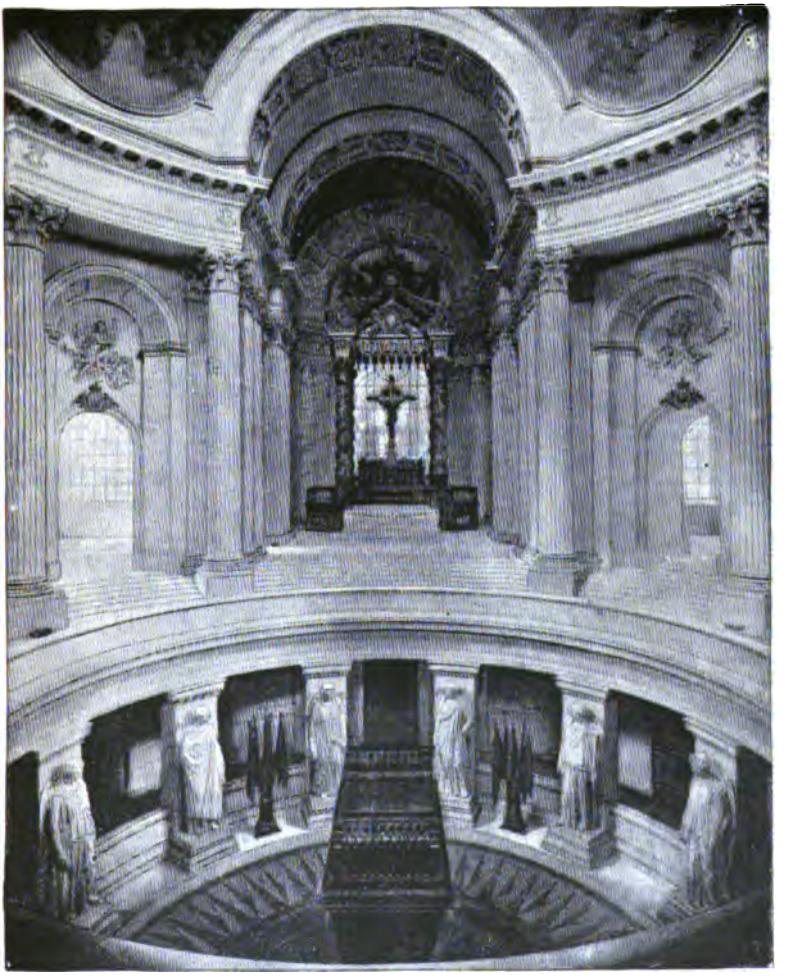
A large portion of the *Hôtel des Invalides* is occupied as a military museum and armory, where may be found numerous trophies of war captured during many sanguinary contests in India, Africa, Egypt, Italy, Austria, Spain, and Germany during a period of several centuries. A large proportion of these were contributed by Napoleon I., who has at last found a resting-place near by. In his will the great captain said: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I have so much loved." His remains were brought from St. Helena in 1840, and deposited in what is called the Tomb of Napoleon, a magnificent structure attached to the *Hôtel des Invalides* on the south side. Its front on the Place Vauban is one hundred and thirty-eight feet wide. It is surmounted by an enormous gilded dome three hundred and twenty-three feet in height, and conspicuous from every part of Paris.

The dome itself really belongs to the *Hôtel des Invalides*, and existed as such during the reign of Napoleon I. It is related that on being informed that the workmen of Paris were furious with hunger, he replied: "Set them to gilding the dome of the Invalides!" little dreaming that his remains would in half a century find a resting-place in a tomb constructed beneath this very dome.

The cost of converting the base of the dome into a

tomb was nine million francs, or about one million eight hundred thousand dollars. On each side of the tomb are placed life-size statues of the Emperor's favorite marshals, Bertrand and Duroc. In a covered gallery around it are twelve marble figures emblematic of some of Napoleon's greatest victories, and in a black marble cave is a statue of the Emperor, in the costume of his coronation. His remains lie in a sarcophagus, composed of a huge block of polished red Finland granite, given to the Emperor by the Czar of Russia. The sarcophagus itself occupies the centre of a circular crypt thirty-six feet in diameter and twenty feet deep.

Napoleon is held in such affectionate remembrance in France that could he return from his tomb the people would flock around his standard again, as did his old army after his escape from the island of Elba. His tomb, while commemorating his heroic deeds of arms and the great military glory of France, is looked upon with jealous and fearful eyes by the present rulers of the nation, the republicans; for they can never tell when another of his race may be considered by the people to be worthy of the mantle of the great Emperor.



Tomb of Napoleon—Hôtel des Invalides, Paris.

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CHAPTER XV.

AMONG THE STUDENTS AND DOCTORS—PRACTICAL HINTS TO TOURISTS.

THE most of my "Two Years in Europe" was spent among the medical profession. Under the head of the International Medical Congress I have had a little to say concerning the largest and most learned assembly of medical men ever convened. In fact no place except the metropolis of the world could attract such a body of distinguished physicians and surgeons from every civilized nation under heaven. It was intensely interesting to me to be able to take part in their deliberations. The slight acquaintanceship formed there of many of these famous physicians gave me the opportunity of seeing more of them in their own country, as I subsequently visited various parts of Europe. Sir Wm. MacCormac, the Secretary-General of the Congress, was particularly kind in my after visits to London in furnishing me cards and letters of introduction to many famous medical men of the metropolis.

On my way to Europe I met, in Philadelphia, the lamented Professor Samuel D. Gross, who offered me letters to some of the London doctors, but said that it was generally not very difficult to form their acquaintance even without this assistance, if the visitor would write a polite letter to the one whom he desired to see, stating that he had read his works with much pleasure and would

be greatly pleased if permission could be granted him to pay his respects. I tried this plan, but did not find it to answer the purpose so well as the presentation of letters from parties who had a right to give them. I was much indebted to the late J. Marion Sims for assistance of this kind both in London and Paris.

All the fashionable and celebrated London doctors live at the West End. They generally occupy as offices the best rooms on the first floor of their residences. Their families, if they have any, live in the upper stories. It is almost impossible for patients to consult them at home except during regular office-hours—generally from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; and on the other hand it is just as difficult to secure a visit from them during this time. It is also useless to send for them while they are at dinner. First-class patients so thoroughly understand that the leading London physicians can be consulted only in the morning, that they rarely call upon them at their offices except at that time. Not long since, however, a lady, wishing to consult a West End physician, arrived at his house a minute too late, as the doctor was just on the eve of driving to the hospital. He abruptly inquired why she came so late. She apologized, but the doctor rode off in his carriage to the hospital.

There is a titled London physician who gives his patient a card with a number on, and requires him on his next consultation to present the number and not his name. Some of his patients complain that this treatment of them is too much like that adopted in hospitals. Generally speaking, however, the first-class London doctor is scrupulously polite at all times. Many of the doctors let their patients wait their turn in the reception-room, from whence they are summoned by the servant into the consulting-room.

The afternoon is devoted to hospital practice and visit-

ing of patients at their homes. The evenings are passed in social intercourse at home or elsewhere, but especially at the clubs.

It is not customary in ordinary cases for the patient to ask the amount of the physician's fee. It is considered more polite to ascertain beforehand each doctor's usual charge, and to leave it on the table of his office after the consultation is over. If the patient expects further attention from him he should be careful not to leave too small an amount. An English pound, or five dollars, is the smallest fee for office consultation.

No matter how many patients may be waiting for the doctor, a medical brother, if properly presented, will receive an audience in advance of them. Politeness and humanity demand that when the caller sees the doctor's waiting-room full of patients he should remain only a few minutes. The doctor may or may not invite his new acquaintance to dinner at his residence or club, but he will always extend to him some courtesy in the way of seeing interesting cases and operations at the hospital with which he may be connected. He will, moreover, take pains to have his invited guest escorted through the hospital and properly seated if necessary, in order to see a surgical operation to the best advantage. In visiting a hospital under such auspices one has a far better opportunity of investigating an interesting case than he would have if compelled to mingle with the crowd of students and doctors at a distance.

The medical profession can hardly be considered a lucrative one even in the great city of London. For, although several of the most distinguished men have an annual income of about one hundred thousand dollars, there are hundreds of doctors unable to pay their board. There are many others willing to work hard both by night and day at some eleemosynary institution for years, without

any compensation whatever, in order to gain experience and a reputation. The majority of the eminent men who are now enjoying a handsome recompense for their toil and talents have had this experience. Sir Andrew Clark, the physician in ordinary to her Majesty the Queen, told me that he worked twelve years for bread, twelve more for butter, and twelve more for the luxuries of life. If hard work, professional experience, a good reputation, and a handsome income are the acme of his aspirations, he ought to be a happy man; but if failing health, or a desire for rest or pleasure, should cause him to give up work, the income would vanish, and he would not have proper means of support in his declining years. The same thing may be said of the majority of the celebrated medical men of London, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Paris, and our own New York. As to the last two cities we may point an illustration in the late lamented J. Marion Sims, who, after years of toil, gained a reputation and income in both these great capitals equal to the best. A few years' rest and travel in order to recuperate his failing health so reduced his practice and income that his last years in Paris were marked by a prudent economy unknown to him in his earlier days in that gay city.

The French doctors never could overcome their jealousy of this celebrated practitioner. Although too polite to treat with disrespect letters from him to them in behalf of his American medical friends, it was very easy to see in their dubious compliments that they looked upon him as somewhat of an American adventurer. And this too, notwithstanding he introduced among them one of his most brilliant operations for the cure of a certain female infirmity, which, up to the time of Sims' discovery, had been considered incurable by the whole medical world. The old French doctors are exceedingly bigoted and vainglorious. They believe that the medical lore of to-day can

only be found in its pure and crystallized condition in the halls of the Faculty of Medicine of the Academy of Paris. Hence they care very little about the medical practice, or even the language, of other nations.

It is astonishing how few of these aged veterans understand any living language beside their own. Of course they are adepts in the Greek and Latin. The rising generation of physicians in Paris are, however, becoming educated in German and English, and love to secure an opportunity of forming the acquaintance of gentlemen from Germany, England, and the United States, in order to gain experience in speaking their languages. Aside from the pleasure such a knowledge affords them, it is of great advantage in a professional sense for them to be able to converse with their patients in their native tongues. Many foreign patients do not like to communicate with their doctor through an interpreter, and are equally unwilling to make a selection in all cases from the few of their own countrymen located in Paris, when they might choose from hundreds of eminent French physicians and surgeons, provided the latter understood the invalid's language.

One reason why there are proportionately so few foreign medical men in Paris is because all regulations concerning alien doctors located there are indirectly under the control of the Faculty of Medicine of the Academy of Paris. Up to about seven years since it was no very difficult thing for an educated foreign physician to secure a proper license to practise his profession in Paris, but since then he has been compelled to submit to a certain course of studies, and an examination of the most rigid nature, before a certificate is furnished him.

No matter how skilled and practical a medical man may be, if he has become a little rusty in the theoretical knowledge of his art, and is not well versed in the teach-

ings of the French school of medicine, or in the dead languages, he stands but a slight show of securing permission to practise his profession even among his own people. The consequence is that the few American and English practitioners who were lucky enough to establish themselves in Paris prior to these restrictions have a large field of practice among their own countrymen, but not with the French themselves, as they rarely employ alien medical men, even though it has for a while been the fashion to avail themselves of the services of American dentists. As an American physician is dependent chiefly on his own people for patronage, it behooves him to keep on friendly relations with the U. S. Consul-General and his assistants, and also with the American Legation, inasmuch as the persons connected with these departments have a wonderful influence in building up or pulling down a doctor's reputation. I know of an eminent American physician who lost a large portion of his practice through the ill-will of a prominent member of the consular department in Paris.

Although the Faculty of Medicine of the Academy of Paris have had their own way in regulating restrictions upon foreign practitioners of medicine, they have not yet succeeded in laying similar ones upon dentists, who find very profitable employment. American dentists are very popular even among the Parisians themselves, although there is not one in ten of them who can speak the French language. They employ French interpreters—usually prepossessing, handsome women, who act as assistants to the dentists. Their offices are generally furnished magnificently. They will never give a sitting of over two hours a week, although the dentist may have plenty of time, unless the person needing assistance plead haste, because the doctor likes to be considered a very busy man. Of course, many of the best dental surgeons are really

too much engaged to give appointments oftener than about once in four or five weeks. Within the last few years, however, Paris has been so overrun with American dentists that some of the inferior ones are compelled to resort to stratagems in order to secure a practice. It is related that the servant of one of them brought suit not long since against his employer for several months' back pay. On being asked concerning the nature of his duties, he replied: "I went into the office two or three times daily and screamed and groaned like a patient having a dental operation performed upon him. This gave the appearance of business, and attracted a few cases for the doctor, but the proceeds of their patronage were barely sufficient to pay his office rent. So I was requested to wait for my wages until he could get from America a remittance which never came. Therefore I have brought this suit."

Dentists may postpone their consultations for great lengths of time, but as a rule physicians cannot without great detriment to their patients. Yet many of the most prominent French doctors will sometimes put their patients under the necessity of waiting at their offices during office hours for several days in succession without giving them an audience. During this period, if a brother doctor calls with a proper letter of introduction he will usually secure an interview at once.

So far as my personal experience extends I know of but a single exception. While in Paris, I started out one day to present some letters of introduction from Dr. J. Marion Sims and others to a number of distinguished French medical men, and met a prompt reception from every one except Professor Charcot. His servant invited me into the dining-room, stating that all the reception rooms were full of patients, and that the doctor would see me soon. After waiting a little while I got up with a view of calling at a more convenient period. An English

gentleman, present with his invalid wife, advised me to remain or I might not be able to see the Professor at all, adding that he had frequently brought his wife over from London and remained several days in Paris without being able to see him. Just then my name was called, and I was ushered into the private office of Dr. Charcot, who received me with the greatest politeness and cordiality. If I had not known to the contrary I would have supposed from his manner that he had ample time to devote to my entertainment. He asked me whether he could assist me in any way by letters to the chiefs of hospitals, or to the Medical Faculty of the Academy of Paris. I informed him that the Dean of the Faculty had granted me a card of admission to all the lectures at the college, and to all the clinics in every hospital under their control in the city, even to Salpétrière—but that I would consider it a compliment to obtain his card of admission to the latter. On receiving it I took my leave, wondering why there should be a prevalent belief among medical tourists that the French doctors are less polite to their American brothers than the English.

The professor is one of the three great lights of the medical world that were typified by the fire portraits at the Crystal Palace, during the farewell festival given to the International Medical Congress, which convened in London in 1881. It is generally supposed that the French are whimsical and changeable. This may be so in politics, but not in the paths of science, and especially in medicine. Nowhere except in Paris can be found so many aged doctors, surgeons, and professors on active duty, who have followed their profession for a lifetime. The French public, too, seem to appreciate them just in proportion to their ability and experience. Many of the best clinical lecturers are over seventy years of age, and some of the members of the Faculty of Medicine are

above eighty, and yet meet their appointments with the utmost punctuality.

Oh, with what veneration I used to look on the gray heads of Professors Sappey, Wurtz, Le Fort, Robin, and Depaul! Many a morning have I got up at daylight and walked or drove four miles to attend the clinic of the last-named at the *clinique d'accouchements*, an institution under the auspices of the Faculty of Medicine, but built mostly from private funds contributed by Professor Depaul himself. I have seen him visit one hundred and twenty hospital patients, perform five obstetrical and gynecological operations, and lecture for an hour in one morning. He would perform duty similar to this twice a week for eight months in the year, besides attending to a large private practice. The venerable old man continued this hard work almost up to the day of his death, which was announced shortly after I left Paris in 1883.

Professors Charcot and Tarnier seem to work just as hard. Both of them give up much of their time to clinical instruction, at their respective hospitals, for the benefit of science and humanity, although in doing so they lose the patronage of many private patients, who cannot secure their services when most needed.

A French professor not only loves science for itself, but because a knowledge of it affords him an opportunity to discourse upon it. He loves to lecture, and does it better than any other person under the sun. It is almost painful to hear an English or German professor lecture after listening a year or two to the smooth-tongued Frenchman. The eloquence of Professor Jaccoud was thrilling, even when he discoursed upon so trite a theme as typhoid fever or consumption. He lectured three times a week in the Medical Department of the University of France, and was always listened to with marked attention, especially by foreigners, who appreciated his lectures all the more be-

cause of his clear and distinct enunciation. Some of the professors—Charcot, for example—talked so fast that it was difficult for persons not well versed in French to comprehend him. The discipline of the medical students at the University of France is very good. They attend the Faculty lectures punctually, and, except the first- and second-year classes, are rarely noisy or very demonstrative in applause. Of course, they are compelled to be unobtrusive in their disapprobation, or run the risk of being summarily dismissed; for the university is a government institution, and its professors are in no way dependent upon the class for support, as is the case in the United States medical colleges. However, the students even of the third- and fourth-year classes will occasionally have a little fun in the lecture halls. For instance, one afternoon, while waiting for Professor Jaccoud, a knot of them were engaged in a discussion concerning his previous lecture. An old, gray-haired man among them got very animated upon the subject, and actually repeated the substance of a good deal of the lecture. On the next occasion the students called him out, and he recited almost word for word a large portion of the professor's last remarks, but was much more emphatic and excited than the learned doctor himself. The fun increased daily for some time, the old man getting almost frantic with excitement under the stimulus of the applause of his hearers; and on one occasion, forgetting to keep his eyes on the door through which the professor made his *entrée*, the latter came in while his imitator was in full blast, with his back turned towards him. Taking in the situation at a glance, he quietly sat down and enjoyed the fun as much as the students. As the speaker turned around and beheld the beaming face of the professor, he collapsed completely, and never afterwards allowed himself to be made a fool of for the benefit of mischief-loving students.

However well behaved the medical students are under the eyes of their professors, many of them have a gay time of it after college hours. The temptations thrown around student life in Paris are so great, that many a mother's darling boy instead of returning home after four years' study with his Paris diploma, so much prized by every one, especially the provincial French, comes back after repeated failures broken down physically and mentally.

As a rule, the more spending money a medical student is supplied with by doting parents, the more certain is he to be ruined by the great temptations surrounding him in Paris. This is also true respecting all kinds of students in the city. Their name is legion. The whole of the area of that part of South Paris commonly known as the *Quartier Latin*, is for nine months in the year virtually a huge university. Here centre all the departments of that immense institution, the Academy of Paris, the largest subdivision of the University of France. All the old edifices now occupied by the Academy of Paris, were for many centuries owned and used by the principal school of theology in the ancient University of Paris, called the Sorbonne, in memory of Robert de Sorbonne, who founded it in 1253. Although this old theological school was suppressed in 1789, and its buildings subsequently turned over to the five faculties of the Academy of Paris—that of law, medicine, science, letters, and theology—yet the name Sorbonne is still applied to its main building, situated upon the *Rue des Écoles*, just east of the *Boulevard Saint Michel.*

The Academy of Paris is so popular that students from all the principal academies of France flock to it, in order to obtain the crowning honors in their respective departments. Hence the presence of such an immense army of them in the Latin Quarter during three fourths of every

year. The favorite promenade of the students is the Boulevard St. Michel, which is lined on both sides with cafés, restaurants, and stores, full of such things as are most inviting to students. Many of the first two are called *Brasseries*, where it is quite in the fashion for the guests to carry on flirtations with the waiter girls while sipping their coffee, wine, or beer, and smoking. But it is not only in the *Brasseries* that the students find opportunities for flirtations, for the majority of the young sewing girls who reside in the classic haunts of the Panthéon and Notre Dame sooner or later fall victims to their seductive gallantry. In short, the Latin Quarter is a dangerous place for students, and sewing- and shop-girls, from the provinces, who have come to Paris to finish their education or to improve their condition. It is a wonder that parents or guardians will suffer their sons and daughters to pass through such an ordeal. They had far better keep them at home.

About the same thing may be said concerning student and shop-keeping life in the neighborhood of the great schools of medicine in Vienna. Many of the students fall a prey to some of the female shopkeepers with questionable morality, and in their turn the ambitious young girls from the country who are tempted by better wages in the city than in the provinces to act as clerks in these shops, or to sew in the dress-making establishments, often find themselves misled under promises that are never fulfilled. This evil, and the constant temptation to acquire habits of beer- and wine-drinking, should make the people of the United States hesitate before sending their sons to either Paris or Vienna for a medical education. It is true that the anatomical and pathological museums of these cities are infinitely superior to ours, and their facilities for teaching practical obstetrics, and one or two other branches of medicine are better also, yet all the essentials of an

excellent medical training can easily be obtained in the large cities of the United States. If a young medical man is to go abroad at all, let him do so after his moral habits have become so fixed that they are not easily upset by such deceitful vanities as wine and profligate women. I am also of opinion that a few years of practice in his profession prior to visiting the foreign schools of medicine, will enable a person to select to much greater advantage from the teachings of its professors. An inexperienced student is too apt, when he goes abroad and finds any thing different from the home-practice, to imagine that it is better. I am free to confess that although I attended several sessions at the medical school at Paris, and one session in Vienna, I did not find much to adopt in preference to the modes of practice taught in the best schools of the United States. Before going there, and seeing for myself, I had a much more exalted opinion of a doctor who had been educated abroad than I have at present. Many such graduates go to Paris or Vienna for a few months, with no preliminary knowledge whatever of either French or German so as to enable them to understand what they see and hear, and yet on their return assume airs that would do honor to a physician of one of the crowned heads of Europe. Others go abroad when very young, and if they manage to steer clear of the pitfalls just mentioned, may in a few years return to our country with a good foreign education, general and medical, but yet unprepared to cope with the modifications of disease as found in the United States. If patient and diligent, this obstacle may in course of time be surmounted. I fancy, however, that the doctor would be better to receive a thorough American education, general and special, and after a few years of practical experience in the treatment of diseases as we find them here, visit the European hospitals, because he would then be able to make a better selection of foreign

methods of treatment, if he should find any superior to his own.

A celebrated member of the American bar informed me that he had two sons educated as lawyers—one trained for his profession in the United States, and the other in Germany. After the completion of their education they became partners. Their natural mental capacity was about the same, but their respective ability to rise in their profession was painfully unequal. The one educated in America seemed to comprehend the law as adapted to the genius of our institutions so much better than the other that his practice was a success, while that of his brother was a sad failure.

I have witnessed a similar result in the practice of young physicians who have been educated in the same way.

My advice is therefore for every parent to consider well the disadvantages, as well as the advantages from a moral, pecuniary, and professional standpoint, before deciding to send his son abroad for a foreign education.

To those who determine either to go abroad themselves, or to send their families for recreation or pleasure, the following suggestions may be useful.

The usual three months' trip to Europe is of very little service to any one except for the purpose of visiting London and Paris. We found two years hardly sufficient to enable us to examine all the most important things in Great Britain and on the Continent.

An American should travel considerably in his own country, and learn something of its social and political aspects as modified by different sections, something of its great natural resources, something of its geography and topography as regards its great rivers, lakes, falls, plains, and mountains, as a basis of comparison before going abroad.

He need not insult Europeans by always harping upon the advantages of free institutions, or upon the immensity of our rivers, lakes, mountains, and falls in comparison with theirs; but he should be able to give them a correct description of these great features of our country when called upon, and to form a proper estimate of our advantages and deficiencies in a natural, social, and political point of view. He should also study the history of the places embraced in his prospective tour before starting, in order to gain the full benefit of travel. Otherwise in spite of the dull, but useful information to be obtained from guide-books while *en route* he will unwillingly pass by many interesting places, and not fully appreciate those seen. Besides, with no preliminary knowledge of the most noted of these wonders in various parts of the countries as a *point d'appui* for his memory, he will soon find that the abundance of novel things gradually stowed away in his brain for future use will be mostly forgotten in a few months afterwards.

Another preliminary to foreign travel is a fair knowledge of either French or German, or of both languages. It is true that in every country in Europe there are hotels which have porters or clerks having a smattering of the English tongue; but it is exceedingly inconvenient to depend upon them for all necessary information, because they are always very busy, and can rarely be seen when most needed. The ordinary servants of these establishments, whose services one needs more than those of the porter, clerk, or head-waiter, rarely understand English; and although *valets de place* may be found in almost every city, they usually speak such poor English, and have such imperfect knowledge of the places to be seen, that it is far better, if possible, to dispense with their services. Besides there are many art galleries, churches, and palaces where the *valet de place* is not allowed to enter with his party—

the sacristan or custodian claiming the right to show strangers around, and he generally is only able, if in Italy, to speak to you in Italian or French, of if in Germany, in German and French.

A knowledge of the latter language is also necessary on the train, and at the stations, and in the mountain roads of Switzerland, unless you can stand the expense and imposition of a courier, who may be willing to serve you at a moderate, nominal salary, but whose indirect perquisites are usually appalling. We found one of these fellows convenient in taking us through the mountain passes of Switzerland, where there is such a jumble of bad French and worse German spoken, that it is impossible to understand it, even though one is moderately familiar with these tongues as spoken in Paris and Northern Germany. No one desires to be dependent upon a *valet de place*, or courier, or interpreter in shopping in the large cities, for he is sure to make one pay extreme prices, in order that he may secure his percentage from the shopkeeper for securing customers. When in Geneva we desired to purchase some watches and other articles, and our courier requested us to be on the look-out for sharpers, and added that he knew of a shop where these things could be obtained cheaper and better that at the manufactories. Much to his chagrin we avoided both his services and the store that he recommended so highly, and feel satisfied that we were more cheaply and better served than we would have been had we taken his advice.

If then the tourist desires to be independent of such fellows, he must study both German and French before going to Europe. He should not depend upon learning the few phrases usually appended to guide books, for however well he may make use of them, the responses from persons spoken to will rarely or never be as there laid down. If his early education in this respect has been

neglected, he ought to secure, if possible, a competent teacher—not an English one; but a German for the German, and a Frenchman for the French. He should do the same thing for his children, too, if they unfortunately have wasted all the best hours of their school days in delving in Latin and Greek instead of learning the modern languages, which are practical and serviceable.

I am glad to see that the leading colleges of our country are at last feeling the necessity of giving less attention to Greek and Latin, and more to French and German. Even the French and Germans themselves appreciate the utility of learning other modern languages besides their own—especially English,—and are for this very reason employed in the various avenues of business in London, in preference to the graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, the University of Dublin, and other famous schools of Great Britain, where the dead languages are taught almost to the exclusion of the modern.

I have heard of instances where persons have gone abroad to spend a year or more in travelling, and who have been so disgusted on arriving in Paris at the inconveniences to which they were subjected because of their ignorance of the French, that they have immediately returned to America with the avowal that they would never undertake a tour on the Continent again without a travelling knowledge of this tongue.

I do not desire to be understood as advising all persons ignorant of the French and German languages not to travel, but wish simply to state that it is worth the trouble and expense to learn one or both, when possible, on account of the greater interest and instruction to be gained thereby. Of course these hints are of but slight service to the man of more money and stomach than brains; who only goes abroad to smoke, eat, drink, sleep, and spend his nights at theatres and houses of doubtful

reputation; and returns home without seeing, or at least without appreciating, the thousands of interesting treasures to be met abroad in all departments of the vast field of human knowledge. But even he would find French useful in any part of the Continent that he might chance to rove for pleasure.

Let me caution the reader against the common error that all preliminary study of a modern language is worse than useless, as the false pronunciation thus acquired has to be unlearned in Europe before one can commence the real study of the language, and that it only takes two or three months abroad for any one to learn how to speak it. The first part of this declaration is partly true as regards those who study without a good master, which should never be done if avoidable; but the assertion that any person may acquire a speaking knowledge of a modern language in three months while travelling is erroneous. I am sure of this from an observance of the failures of so many persons who have held this opinion. It takes more than that period for the average graduate of French in our best American schools to learn how to converse in this language even in a tolerable manner after arriving in Paris. How then is it possible for a person totally ignorant of the language to learn to speak it in the same length of time.

The next suggestion that I beg to offer is upon the subject of baggage, of which it is better not to take one superfluous pound, for some of the railroads on the Continent charge enormously for extra luggage, and the quantity allowable for each person without extra charge is rarely over one moderate-sized trunk. The tourist has no need of much clothing. It can be bought anywhere, and washed in a few hours. Ready-made clothing is so cheap in Europe that it is often better to buy a new suit whenever needed, and, after wearing it awhile, to throw it

away, than to pay extra for its washing or transportation. Remember one thing, however. That is to take an abundance of warm woollen wraps for the trip across the Atlantic. For you may always calculate on a few days of cold and exceedingly disagreeable weather—even in mid-summer. These wraps, together with your sea-chairs, may always be left with the steward of the steamer on arriving at Liverpool, or any other place of disembarkation, for deposit in the baggage warehouse of the steamship company. Your name should be attached to each package, and a receipt from the steward obtained. If you should return on the same steamship line in a few months, or a few years, all that is necessary is to present the steward's receipt at the steamship office and request that your packages be sent on board.

It is better to be provided with a passport, although you may find no use for it, unless you go to Portugal or Russia. It is sometimes of service at post-offices and banks and art galleries as a means of identification. It can be obtained on application by letter to the Secretary of State at Washington.

The expenses of travelling are of no consideration to many persons going abroad, but the vast majority of tourists desire to know in advance something of the probable amount. This varies, of course, according to the habits of the traveller, and his means and rapidity of travel. One person may spend in wine, other luxuries, and extra attendance, in a week a sum sufficient to last his more frugal friend a whole year. It may, however, be stated in general terms that it costs about as much to travel in Europe as it does in the United States.

Without going into details I shall merely state that the expenses of a small party of adults of both sexes who may spend a year or two in European travel, who select the most comfortable modes of travel, the best hotels or

boarding-houses, who see all the most interesting sights, go to the best theatres and operas occasionally, secure comfortable but not the most showy equipages in going the rounds in large cities, or to the parks in their vicinity, who are fond of walking for short distances, who spend nothing in wine bills, give moderate *pour boires*, and attend but few fashionable parties, will average about two thousand eight hundred dollars a year for each person. In this estimate no allowance is made for a supply of new dresses and presents that ladies always secure on the eve of their homeward voyage. An average lady tourist would expend three thousand dollars for these purposes, and consider herself a pattern of economy. It is possible for a respectable but very economical tourist, who is willing to put up with second- or third-rate accommodations on railroad trains and at hotels, to make a tour of Europe at the rate of three dollars a day.

There are various ways of carrying funds for the defraying of travelling expenses. The "circular letter of credit" is the most convenient, as one may draw money on it in all the principal cities of Europe without having the trouble of presenting proof of identification. But this convenience has its drawbacks, the chief of which is, that as the bank can pay the amount called for to anybody presenting the paper, the owner would be the loser in case of the loss or robbery of the letter of credit. Circular letters may be obtained in New York, Paris, or London. The last is the best place.

No honest person need fear that great bugbear, the custom-house, which is found on the frontier of every nation. The chief inconvenience is the detention, and that is never very great, as, on an average, only one trunk to each traveller is opened, and there are always sufficient officers to accomplish this duty in a very brief period. As a rule, custom-house officials are polite and

honest, but I fear that there are exceptions, as I have known persons to pass through the custom-houses both in Europe and the United States with many times the legal allowance of articles, if their own statements are to be taken as true.

The best guide-books for the tourist are Appleton's, Baedeker's, and Hare's. The last should be purchased in London, as a reprint of an English book is subject to seizure at the custom-houses of Great Britain.

If the tourist expects to go through both Northern and Southern Europe, he should visit the former in summer and the latter in winter. Late spring and early autumn are the most pleasant seasons for doing Austria, Germany, and the Netherlands; and Switzerland, too, if one desires to avoid the crowd and higher expenses of midsummer. Vehicles, meals, and lodgings may be obtained in Switzerland at reduced rates before and after the rush of summer visitors.

The American traveller ought not to be deceived by the almost universal advice volunteered to him, never to drink water while in Europe without an admixture of wine or spirits. This is a device of the evil spirit himself to lure people to their ruin. In my opinion, the much-abused water is more wholesome than its substitute, and is certainly not so apt to lead the drinker to the habits of intemperance, which are often cultivated by a tour of Europe.

Even in cities where the water has the reputation of being impure, it can always be obtained pure at the best hotels. In places where one is in doubt concerning its quality, it might be filtered through charcoal, boiled, and cooled before being drunk.

In Naples, where we were told that the drinking of water, even when boiled and used in tea or coffee, was a deadly poison, we used it freely without detriment, and

remained in a better condition of health than many who drank wine, whiskey, or brandy in lieu thereof.

Over half a century of personal experience and professional observation upon this question has confirmed me in the opinion that the person in any climate or country who drinks only water is, on the average, more healthy than the one who adopts an alcoholic substitute.

There is another point of hygienic interest to the tourist, to which I desire to call attention. As there are but few hotel lifts or elevators in Europe, the American is very apt to prefer apartments near the first-floor because of the trouble of ascending several flights of stairs. This is a great mistake, for the upper rooms are generally quieter and healthier. The latter is especially true in malarious countries like the lowlands of Southern Italy.

It is also better to select lodgings on an elevated site, provided it is not to the leeward of low marshy districts. This suggestion is particularly applicable to Naples and Rome. Tourists ought to avoid the night air in the suburbs of the latter cities, at all seasons, but especially in spring, summer, and autumn, when it is so tempting to take moonlight strolls outside of the city. Many of the villas in the vicinity of southern Italian cities are uninhabitable at night during the nine warmest months in the year.

It is well for tourists in general to avoid summer travelling in Southern Italy, because of the great heat and the presence of malaria. Yet I do not think that there is any more danger in visiting that region during the warm season, than in a corresponding tour through the southern and southwestern sections of our own land in summer.

Intelligent, prudent persons may make the trip through any of these places without any serious risks of contracting their local or endemic fevers. It is simply necessary to be temperate in eating and drinking, to dress ac-

cording to the changes of the weather, to avoid the night air, and exposure to the hot noon-day sun, and to select, as before stated, well-ventilated apartments in the upper stories of well-located city hotels.

Many diseases are contracted in Florence and Rome by the habit of visiting the churches, palaces, and art-galleries when fatigued and over-heated by too much walking, without putting on an overcoat or wrap, for these places are generally much colder than the external air, especially in the spring and early summer.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SOCIETY AND HOME-LIFE OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

As we went abroad for study and observation, it was not our desire to mingle to any great extent in the fashionable world. Wherever we journeyed, however, it was our pleasure to stop at the best *pensions* and hotels, where we met with representatives from all classes of civilization; but we had few opportunities, except in Liverpool, London, Paris, and Vienna, to see much of the society and home-life of the people.

I have already had occasion to allude to the hospitality extended to us in the first-named city, through acquaintances formed in our own country, and of the greater courtesy shown us in London simply on account of our connection with that vast assemblage of medical men known as the International Medical Congress, which held its session in the city during the month of August, 1881. This gave us an opportunity to study the customs and manners of all grades of English society, from tradespeople up to the fourth class of the English nobility. Of course, the opportunity thus given us to see a little of the inside of that great exclusive circle, called the English peerage, could not be presumed upon during any future visits to the city; and we are frank to admit that, having satisfied our curiosity, we had no further desire to cultivate an acquaintanceship entirely beyond our humble place in society.

The invitations from these high-society people to the members of the congress were chiefly to lawn parties, although some of us were invited to dinner. The Prince of Wales himself was a guest at some of these dinners. His Royal Highness seems to be very popular with the medical profession.

When one is invited to dine with, or to visit, a gentleman's family in the vicinity of Liverpool or London, a train is suggested, and he is informed that a carriage will meet him at the station. If he have any lady members of his family travelling with him, it is the custom of the English ladies to call upon them prior to giving an invitation.

On several occasions, while in London, the gentlemen who invited me to dinner acted under the impression that I was a bachelor, much to the annoyance of their better halves.

Under such circumstances the latter would apologize for the apparent remissness, and beg to be informed when it would be agreeable for them to pay their respects to the ladies. If they lived in or near the city where we were sojourning, they would sometimes come with a carriage and take us to see some of the pleasant places in the vicinity of their homes, and stop there in time for dinner.

When invited to dinner in London, it is considered more polite to be a few minutes late than early. It is an unpardonable offence to go except in full evening dress. The butler is generally an important-looking and well-dressed personage who feels the dignity of his station, as the guest will discover, if he decline wine and at the same time ask for a glass of water, for he will usually direct an inferior servant to serve him with this vulgar beverage. After dinner the ladies retire from the table, leaving the gentlemen to smoke and drink for a while, after which they are expected to join the ladies in the drawing-room.

This is different from the custom in polite French society, where there is no separation of the sexes, the French ladies sometimes even permitting the gentlemen whom they suspect might be miserable without a cigar, to smoke in the drawing-room.

In England, although one may be dining at the table of a merchant prince or banker, or other person engaged in business, he will hear nothing of the shop at table. No allusion is made to pounds, shillings, and pence, or to the prices of commercial articles, or even to stocks, though the quotations may be varying to such an exciting extent as to cause your host and fellow-guests to be at business hours greatly perturbed by them. Somehow an Englishman finds something else to talk about in social entertainments than the humdrum occurrences of daily life. This is a fortunate habit, as it removes the intellectual machine from its usual groove, and thus prevents its too early exhaustion; for the mind cannot dwell on the same subject continuously, except at the risk of narrow views and an early decay.

The same custom prevails at the houses of medical men while dining. At some entertainments given by English physicians of London, where I had the honor of being a guest, hardly a word was suggested bearing upon professional subjects.

When you meet an English doctor or surgeon in his office, or at his hospital, the custom is of course quite the reverse—for he loves to talk about his interesting cases, provided always that the conversation is agreeable to his guest.

But although ordinary business matters are ignored at an English dinner, the conversation may turn upon literary, artistic, political, or scientific subjects, and is often much more formidable than it is with either the French or Americans. The guests prepare themselves for

it; and in some cases means are adopted by mutual friends, and even by the host and hostess, to bring out certain guests upon important topics. All other conversation is frequently hushed when some clever or great man is thus induced, very willingly, of course, to express himself upon some interesting literary, scientific, or political subject.

Although the Englishman must have his morning, and his full-dress evening suits, they are always plain, simple, neat, and in good taste. Unlike the full-dress evening suit, which is always black, the morning coat and vest may be of some sober tint, and the pantaloons of a lighter color. The cut or fit is always admirable. The Englishwoman's dress is commonly a sad failure, and is a subject of jest by Americans and French. The latter, except in the old aristocratic circles, do not dress regularly for dinner as the English do. The Englishman, be he merchant, banker, lawyer, physician, clergyman, general, admiral, or one of the nobility, is not generally the brusque, red-faced, selfish personage we hear so much of in newspaper correspondence. As to the ladies in English households, although they may not always, or even generally, be so gracefully attired as their American or French sisters, they certainly know how to entertain their guests upon other subjects than the common gossip of the hour. If a gentleman without a lady sends his card or letter of introduction to an Englishman in town, whose family is absent from the city, and whose house is undergoing repairs, he will receive a call and an invitation to a club dinner, but sometimes when the host is much engaged in business, simply the invitation. When an invitation to dinner has been given, the Englishman deems that he has complied with all that etiquette demands of him, but he will in some instances seek to cultivate further acquaintanceship.

Your host will make many inquiries concerning the larger cities of the United States, but, except in Liverpool, will look inquiringly when Portland, Oregon, or any similar out-of-the-way place, is mentioned. And why should he not? What American knows much about the smaller towns of England?

There are two rooms in an Englishman's house that are always large, no matter how small the other rooms may be. These are the drawing- and dining-rooms.

Every person with any pretension to rank has ancestral portraits on the walls; and occasionally a few choice landscape and other pictures. Many fine historic paintings and other works of art sometimes accumulate in the mansions of the wealthy. When I had the honor of being invited to a garden party at the Baroness Burdett Coutts' house, Holly Lodge, West Hill, Highgate, not far from London, I saw many select and charming pictures. In fact her picture gallery would be no discredit to some of those in the grand old villas of Florence and Rome. It is said that the Marquis of Westminster has nearly two hundred choice paintings—there being among them three by Titian, two by Rembrandt, six by Rubens, and one by Raphael.

Every English gentleman's house in the country has a name, such as Burford Lodge, Bolton House, Clarence Villa, or Highgate Green.

The great drawback in English society is social caste. There is too strong a line of demarcation drawn between the nobility and the inferior stratum of society. To make matters worse, these two great divisions are separated into so many grades that it is extremely difficult for a stranger to understand the exact degree of deference due to the various steps in the social ladder. Each caste is very exclusive in its demands to be separate and apart from association with inferior grades in the social scale. This

feeling of contempt in England for those of a lower social position is apt to be intensified when exercised towards Americans. We noticed this at all foreign watering-places, especially in Germany and France, where the American and English ladies are frequently quite antagonistic. In London, however, refined and educated Americans are often well received even in the higher grades of society. This is partly owing to the fact that so many American ladies have married into the families of the nobility of England, and are always willing to help their friends and relations into society; and still more to the fact that the Prince of Wales is a great admirer of American ladies and gentlemen, and that he strives to cultivate their acquaintance. He is often seen at dinner parties, where every lady present comes from the United States.

Another reason why many American ladies are so well received into London society circles, and particularly at ambassadors' dinners, is that, having been thoroughly educated on the Continent, they speak Italian, French, and German much better than the average educated Englishwoman. Our girls not only excel the English young ladies in speaking the continental languages, but also in music, especially vocal. With these advantages, frequently combined with great wealth, it is not usual, at least in London, for their envious British sisters to snub them in what is called the best society, even though they are not fortified by social rank. But if the same parties meet on the Continent, the Englishwoman is apt to exclaim: "Oh, she is an American, and you know Americans are not admitted into English society."

Wealth alone is no passport into English society, neither is beauty, but these, combined with fine accomplishments, need but little help from aristocratic friends to introduce the possessor into the best society in Great Britain. The average American, however, stands no chance of seeing

any thing of the home or the society life of the British aristocracy, and has no desire to do so, being therefore happier than the one who does succeed, because running no risk of being snubbed by some supercilious English individual of rank.

I never had the opportunity of seeing any thing of the home life of the English nobility higher in the scale of rank than baron, and I could not have had this chance except through the courtesy extended to the Medical Congress, as before mentioned.

I am here reminded that the abbreviation of the word baronet, a title next below that of baron, is very puzzling to some of our *nouveau riche*. For instance, it is related that one of our millionaires from the State of Nevada was lately airing himself among the English country gentlemen. While one of them was exhibiting to him sights of the neighborhood the guest noticed numerous tablets bearing the names of the deceased baronets of the county. There were Sir Tom Grus, Bart.; Sir John Simpson, Bart.; Sir James Ferguson, Bart.; and so on. "You have a number of the Bart family buried here, I see," said the Nevada gentleman. His American travelling companion trod on his toes, but the millionaire continued his remarks. "Well, they were nice people, those Barts, and we had some of 'em working for us in Nevada. There was Jim Bart, I well remember, and a better miner never stepped into a cage." When he found out his blunder he was almost as much mortified as a swell London tailor, who by chance happened to be one of an English hunting party. While riding alongside of a nobleman he remarked to the latter that the company seemed a little mixed. "Yes," replied his lordship, "but you know that we cannot all be tailors." English society is so complex that it is scarcely possible for a foreigner to understand it. Its organization is most elaborate and, from an English point

of view, perfect. It is, moreover, highly exacting and tyrannical; so much so that a person is often ostracized from the best society for some little error in etiquette, without ever knowing wherein he has offended. But it is astonishing how quickly and perfectly an ambitious, educated, and refined young American lady acquires all the nice points of the social code. The average American girl, however, who takes her first trip to Europe, is looked upon as a kind of savage; and is considered a target for all sorts of fun and satire. She is described as a fresh Yankee, who has never before been out of her Boston or New York. She may be pretty, have a dazzling complexion, bright eyes, handsome figure, and an easy carriage, but her harsh and loud voice, and nasal twang set the soft-mannered Englishwoman's nerves in a flutter. She may have a fair education, plenty of wit, and shrewd, quaint humor, and never be at a loss for something to say, but she is not admitted into the best English society. After half a dozen years of schooling and travel on the Continent, this young lady may become a desirable acquisition to the same *stratum* of society that rejected her at first.

There are so many grades of English society that it is hardly possible to say which is the one *par excellenee*. In point of rank it is of course among the families of the princes, dukes, and marquises, but in point of good manners it is more apt to be found in a lower rank of the social scale; especially among the squires.

In an English drawing-room every thing is unobtrusive —even the furniture. The conversation is low-voiced and mild. No great enthusiasm or earnestness is tolerated. One of our blatant political demagogues would astonish English society people if let loose among them for an evening's talk upon one of his favorite subjects. A bull in a china-shop could not be more out of place.

English men and women are capable of conversing upon almost every subject connected with Europe. The ladies are the better linguists—understanding generally two or three languages besides their own.

One may converse with an Englishwoman upon common, practical, or even business subjects without the dread of wearying her, as would be the case if the conversation were with a Frenchwoman, whose vivid, exacting, and wearied imagination demands amusement, flattery, spicy anecdotes, or intellectual dainties only to be found in certain novels. She cares nothing for the commonplace realities of life.

The Englishwomen are more practically educated than the French. They take more physical exercise, travel more, and mingle, during their younger, or unmarried days, more with the opposite sex. Yet, strange to say, they are more bashful or ill at ease in conversation with gentlemen than their French sisters. The latter are more pleasing conversationalists, appear more at ease in the drawing- or dining-room, dress better, and make greater efforts to please their husbands by elegance of toilet and delicate flattery than the English. But, unfortunately, they also often take more pleasure in pleasing, to an excessive degree, other persons besides their liege lords. The average French married woman would die from ennui if restrained from flirtation with the opposite sex. Yet, prior to marriage, she is allowed far less freedom to exercise this peculiar yearning than either the English or American young lady. She is always chaperoned in society, and guarded by relatives in home-life. She is astonished at the great liberty permitted the others. She is scandalized on visiting Hyde Park, London, or the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, or other places on the Continent, at seeing young ladies of the English race promenading, riding, or driving alone with a man not her brother or

father. It is particularly offensive to her to see a young lady, as is so common in Hyde Park, taking a turn on horseback, without other escort than a groom, even though the latter remain, as is customary, several yards behind his mistress.

She detests the fast American girl, who is described by a Frenchman in the Paris *Figaro* "as stylish to the backbone. As independent as independent can be, but very pure. As devoted to dress, pleasure, spending money; who shows her moral nature nude—just as it is—so as to deceive nobody. Who flirts all winter with this or that one, and dismisses him in the spring, when she instantly catches another. Goes out alone. Travels alone. When the fancy strikes her, she travels with a gentleman friend, or walks anywhere with him; puts boundless confidence in him; conjugal intimacy seems to exist between them. She lets him tell what he feels, talks of love from morning to night, but she never gives him permission to kiss so much as her hand. He may say any thing. He shall do nothing. She is restless; she gives heart and soul to amusement before she marries. After marriage she is a mother annually, is alone all day, hears all night nothing except discussions about patent machinery, unexplosive petroleum, and chemical manure."

Notwithstanding the French young lady's detestation of such a fast American girl, she will, so soon as married, feel herself at liberty to flirt to her heart's content, and sometimes to her husband's great discontent and social ruin.

In England, women of every station in life are trained to a knowledge of some useful employment, which is often exercised in charity towards the more dependent and helpless part of the community. In France, when a woman of the higher classes ceases to be a sentimental coquette she ceases to be herself.

The Englishwoman generally marries for love, the Frenchwoman as a makeshift. A man of great wealth, even though he be an octogenarian, can always find a wife among the youngest and prettiest French girls. Yet the latter have great difficulty in getting married to persons near their own age and social position without possessing what is called in France a *dot* or marriage portion. Poor girls in France who desire to marry are usually very industrious and economical, and, notwithstanding their small earnings, generally accumulate a sufficient *dot* to entice an offer in marriage. These industrious creatures are frequently more faithful and devoted to their husbands than those who marry for a position in society, or for the enjoyment that wealth commands.

It is a great error to suppose, because there are so many butterflies and dolls among the French people, that the men and women are generally idlers. The truth is that as a nation they are the most industrious people in the world. The poor are faithful and hard workers. The middle classes work day and night to better their condition; and those who have a literary taste, or a love for art, will strive unceasingly to make their mark in the world. It is a mistake to believe, because there are always thousands of lazy vagabonds in the great city of Paris, who take more pleasure in sleeping by day, and seeking whom they may rob or murder under the shadow of the night, that the poor generally are lazy and shiftless. The fact is, that almost everybody in the country has more or less money hid away for times of emergency.

Let the government seek small loans from the people as she did after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–71, and the world will be surprised at the vast number of little sums that will be forthcoming. Every old stocking in the country would furnish a pittance. As a nation, France, notwithstanding her numerous wars, is wealthy; and this

wealth is accumulated by the habits of industry and frugality among the people generally.

In England when a young man desires to marry, he endeavors to find out from the one whom he loves what her feelings are upon the subject before asking the consent of the parents to his addressing their daughter with a view to matrimony. At least this is the rule among all except some of the higher classes. The French custom among all except the lower classes is quite the reverse. It would in France be considered highly indelicate for a gentleman to even hint to the young lady his affection before securing the formal consent of her parents or guardian. With this object in view a friend is charged with the delicate commission of ascertaining, not whether they will accept the gentleman as a son-in-law, but whether he might have an interview with the parents with the possible hope of getting permission to prosecute his courtship. If the answer be favorable the meeting is held, when the gentleman's fortune, expectations, and the amount of proposed dower are inquired into. If the preliminaries can be favorably arranged, a second meeting is agreed upon, when the young lady is expected to be present. After the second interview the lover is permitted, through one of the lady's near relatives, or by letter, to ascertain from the lady herself whether he may become a pretendant to her heart and hand. If she consent, he is then for the first time presented to her as an accepted suitor. He may thereafter visit the house in an intimate but not familiar manner; but under the surveillance of the lady's relatives. No familiar promenade or *tête-e-tête* is allowable. Every thing is conducted in this delicate and guarded manner until the marriage ceremony is terminated. If the parties be of the Roman Catholic faith they must be doubly married—once by the head of the municipality in accordance with civil require-

ments, and again by ecclesiastical authority, or they will not be considered by the church as properly married.

In England the gentleman who marries the daughter of one of the gentry, or of one of the nobility, should not expect a fortune by her, as she rarely gets from her father a sum larger than the income of her eldest brother. Hence an important reason for a dower from her suitor. The dower is placed in the hands of trustees, entirely beyond the control of the husband, and is used as her pin-money. With it she must dress herself and her children. Without this legal precaution all the wife's property would be lost with that of her husband in the event of his insolvency.

Although not so graceful and charming in manner, the English lady is generally more healthful, and perhaps more beautiful, than the Frenchwoman. As a rule, also, a Frenchman is more polished and polite than the Englishman, but is far less cordial and sincere.

In consequence of the difference in rank there is far more inequality, and consequent coldness, between the children of an English nobleman's family than in the home-life of the French, where the parents show no partiality to their children, and where the latter, being equal among themselves, are not expected to give way to the elder brother, as to a person far above them in expected, if not actual, rank, power, and wealth.

Yet, generally speaking, the intercourse of families in England is cordial and warm, and they usually shake hands on parting at night and meeting in the morning; and extend the same courtesy to guests.

The large cities of France, especially Paris, are the preferred abodes of the upper classes; but the higher orders of English like the country better for their residences, and only go to London during "the season" or session of Parliament.

An American (and even a Frenchman of the present day) is often at a loss how to apply the word gentleman when travelling in Great Britain. If he uses it in speaking of any person below the rank of the English gentry, he is very apt to learn that he has committed an error against the usual acceptance of the word in England. Although a merchant or shopkeeper, no matter how wealthy, is not considered in English parlance a gentleman, he may become one by courtesy if he retire from the trade, buy a large landed estate, and live in fine style, and is intelligent, refined, and honorable in his dealings with the world. He is not permitted, however, to force an acquaintance with the gentry and nobility around him, but must patiently await their pleasure of recognizing him as entitled to their courtesy. Even when this point is gained he will find himself often ignored on grand occasions where only hereditary rank and distinguished literary, civil, and military renown are admissible.

The most common meaning of the word gentry in England is gentleman, embracing the whole body of those who are distinguished from people below them by being descendants of persons of acknowledged gentle birth and condition, and from those above them by not being of noble birth.

An English nobleman is usually a great landlord. His houses and lands are generally let to farmers, who sublet them to inferior tenants. The same course is pursued by some of the landed gentry. As none of the farmers or their tenants own the lands, they are to a great extent influenced in political matters by the nobility and gentry, who, like our own politicians, are very polite at election times, even though somewhat exclusive on ordinary occasions.

Both in England and France a country-gentleman

having an income of about fifteen hundred pounds is expected to keep two carriages, several horses, a gardener, and five or six servants, and so on in proportion to his wealth. Servant hire, however, is very cheap all over Europe. Pacific-coast wages to that number of servants would absorb half of his income.

Both the English and French worship mammon, but not more so perhaps than people of other nationalities. They are, however, very exacting upon the subject of propriety, of which each nation has its own standard.

You shock a London acquaintance by carrying a parcel, be it ever so diminutive, in the street, or by wearing a cap or felt hat instead of a silk hat; or by going to dinner save in full evening dress; and, in short, by doing any thing out of the usual style or fashion.

The French are equally exacting, except as to the full evening dress for dinner, about which there is great latitude in all classes of society but the diplomatic and old-time aristocratic. They are, nevertheless, very particular at dinner parties to see that the hostess with her companion goes to the table first, and the host with a lady guest last, and that the same order be preserved when the dinner is over.

They also consider it the duty of a gentleman on meeting a lady (even one unknown to him) on a staircase to remove his hat with a bow; and when he meets a lady acquaintance anywhere, even in the street, to not only take off his hat in bowing, but to keep it off while in conversation with her.

English people, whether in business or social circles, seem to be more calm and thoughtful and deliberate in their actions than either the French or Americans. Their motto appears to be "to make haste slowly." In their social relations with women they are much less given to flattery and flourishing gesticulations than the French, or

the Gallic Americans, but are probably more sincere and ready to extend a helping hand in the hour of adversity.

While in Paris, we had a good opportunity of seeing something of Americo-French society—or the mixed society of Americans and French that attend our Minister's receptions and parties and those of the President of the French republic; but after a little experience we preferred to live a more quiet life.

The permanent American residents in Paris have formed a colony of their own in the newest and handsomest part of the city—the *Avenue des Champs Elysées* and its vicinity. They are very particular as to whom they receive into their social circle, but occasionally an American adventuress gives them and their French friends no little vexation and annoyance. The kind of adventuress who gives them the most trouble is born and bred a lady, but who has lost caste in her own circle in the United States by some moral obliquity, and has ventured upon a wider field for her peculiar talents in Paris. If she be intelligent, beautiful, and ambitious, she is sure to cause great commotion in the American colony when unsuspectingly admitted into its coterie.

Occasionally one of these bold and desperate women succeeds in capturing a silly old Frenchman of rank, and thus gets a footing into polite French society. When her true character becomes known, it requires much vexation to get rid of her. A case in point happened during our visit to Paris. The adventuress managed, under the prestige of her French husband's name, to gain a footing into the drawing-room of a French lady of character and rank. On learning of the moral *status* of her guest, the hostess requested her servants not to admit the woman again. To the surprise of the French lady, her American acquaintance forced her way into her presence one day and demanded to know whether it was by her orders that the

servant desired to exclude her. On receiving an affirmative answer, the self-constituted guest seized a heavy ivory paper cutter and pursued her hostess around the room. The French lady luckily succeeded in reaching the bell and ringing it, whereupon the servants forcibly removed the fierce and dangerous intruder.

It sometimes happens that a charming couple is universally received into and petted by the American colony, when it turns out that they are not married, or, worse still, that the woman is a noted New York, or Baltimore, or Chicago demi-monde? I have the best authority for stating that such things have occurred.

If an American medical gentleman bear a letter of introduction to a London professional brother, he is very apt to be invited to dinner, as well as to have courtesies shown him in the way of visiting the hospitals to see interesting cases and hear lectures from distinguished professors. It is somewhat different in Paris. A letter of introduction from one who has the right to give it will always secure to the bearer admission to hospitals, medical museums, important clinics, and even certain private operations, but seldom an invitation to a family dinner.

Still, the greater urbanity of the Frenchman in such courtesies as he is pleased to show you is often more pleasant to the visitor than the more extended, and perhaps more sincere, hospitality of the Londoner.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAREWELL VISIT TO LONDON AND OXFORD—FLORA'S RESCUE.

BIDDING adieu to Paris on the 7th of May, 1883, my family of six persons arrived in London on the same day. Had this been our first and only visit to the world's great metropolis, we would have been ready to exclaim with many thousands of tourists: What a dreary, rainy, smoky, and sepulchral place London is, in comparison with Paris! For we left the latter in sunshine and serenity, and arrived at the former in fog and rain. Yet this dingy fog was nothing in comparison to the black smoky one that envelops the city about once a year—generally in the latter part of autumn or the beginning of winter.

We knew, however, that London is not always foggy and rainy, and Paris forever bright and clear, for on our first journey from the former to the latter the scene was reversed. Nevertheless you may generally expect cloudy, smoky, and wet weather in London, and moderately fair and pleasant weather in the capital of France.

When the sky is serene in London one has a much better chance of enjoying himself by out-of-doors exercise than in Paris, because he can visit its immense parks, and breathe pure country air under the shade of huge old trees, as old and as grand as the forest trees of America. Regent's Park is larger than the *Luxembourg* and the *Jardin des Plantes* combined. Besides, one may start

from a point a little west of the Houses of Parliament on the Thames, and walk westward for several miles through a succession of noble parks; such as St. James Park, Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington gardens—all within the handsomest portion of the city, called the West End. The lovers of nature may stroll through these parks and drink in the beauties of lakes, trees, and flowers, as much undisturbed by the noise of the great city surrounding them as though they were actually in the country.

When Paris shall have become as large as London is now, and shall have spread around the *Bois de Boulogne*, *Vincennes*, *St. Cloud*, and other parks in her environs, her situation may be compared with that of the great English capital at present. Even the East End of London has her parks, but they are not so beautiful as those of the West End.

The centre of London, or the city as it is called, has none of these breathing-places, for every thing there smells of commerce and money. There is located the great centre of the world's commercial exchanges. The most stupendous of these are the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England, which control the financial and commercial world. There is not a power on earth that is not directly or indirectly affected by these institutions, especially the latter. Here are obtained the sinews of peace as well as of war; for no grand railways, or lines of battle-ships, or vast supplies for the armies and navies of the world can be secured without aid directly or indirectly from this great money centre or its branches. It is well worthy of a visit. In order to see the interior I presented to the governor of the bank a letter of introduction, and was told by him that if I would call on the next day he would give me an order to make the desired visit. On telling him that I anticipated leaving town the following

morning, he gave me permission to go through the interior with two of the directors who were just starting on an inspection tour. This was an unexpected pleasure, as I thus gained access to many rooms denied to visitors generally. We were conducted by some of the local officers of the bank. When the visit was over I was in a quandary about offering a "tip" or "*pour boire*" to any one of the officials, as they all appeared to be such grand fellows, until one, who seemed to be a porter or watchman, said to me in an undertone: "You have had a rare hopportunity to see the bank." My doubts were removed on observing his misplaced *h*, and I slipped into his itchy palm a half-crown, the possession of which appeared to make him happier than the sight of the shiploads of bank notes that he had shown me. As every muscle of the man's face indicated his satisfaction and delight at being the recipient of so small a piece of money, I could not help wondering how he would have expressed his joy if put in the place of a certain lucky butcher who, having amassed an immense fortune during war times, went, on one occasion, with one of the only two fifty thousand pound notes ever issued by the Bank of England, and offered it to a private banker as security for the loan of a much smaller sum, saying that he had been in possession of it for a long time. The banker expressed his astonishment that any person should be willing to hoard so large a sum and lose the interest for so long a period. "Very true, sir," remarked the butcher, "but I likes to look on 't so very well that I have t' other one of the same kind at home."

With the exception of these two bills, and two others for £100,000, no such large notes have ever been issued by the bank. Perhaps the corporation was fearful that the butchers might eventually capture them all.

Being accustomed to the soiled paper money of the United States, I was surprised to see how clean the Bank

of England notes appeared, until informed that on their return to bank to be exchanged for coin they are never reissued, but are cancelled by punching out the numbers indicating value and tearing off the signature. They are then placed in boxes and stored away in an underground "cancelled bank-note library," where they are kept for possible future reference for five years, and then burnt up. The number of cancelled notes thus accumulating in five years averages about seventy-nine millions, or enough, if joined end to end, to form a narrow belt capable of reaching half way around the world, representing an original value of nearly eighteen hundred millions of pounds sterling, or five times that amount of United States dollars.

As English money is the basis of exchange all over Europe, and current everywhere, it is a good plan for the tourist to carry with him circular Bank-of-England notes, or else circular letters of credit on London. A letter of credit from an American banker to his London correspondent will always secure such an accommodation.

My sons and I visited a good many places in London where the ladies did not care to accompany us. We would do so while they were out shopping—that is, making purchases to be sent home by vessels from London or Liverpool to Portland, Oregon. I preferred that all articles purchased by us, subject to duty, should be thus sent, rather than to make an attempt by false invoices and bribes to United States custom-house officers to run them into New York with ordinary baggage, as many sharp and unscrupulous travellers do. Among the numerous interesting places visited by us were the London docks. There are about half a dozen of them, and all of prodigious dimensions, especially the India docks. These docks contain an average of about eight thousand vessels at one time, and the annual arrival from all parts

of the world exceeds forty thousand. We went through many of the large warehouses and wine-cellars lining these docks. They are simply immense. Nothing is more curious than the ease with which vessels are loaded from and unloaded into these mammoth store-rooms, unless it is the lifting of the immense ships themselves for examination and repair.

On the 18th of May we visited the International Fisheries Exhibition in London, the largest, perhaps, that has ever been held in any part of the world. There were representative collections from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Norway, and the United States. The exhibition was held in the grounds and buildings of South Kensington, near the Natural History and the South Kensington museums. Nearly three million persons attended the exhibition. It was not only opened under royal patronage, but it was under the fostering care of the nobility and the best society from the beginning, so that it became quite fashionable to visit it. Even the Princess of Wales had a flower stand on the premises. There has rarely been a time when all classes of society took more interest in an exhibition than in this one. Of course, in order to attract the people, there were added to the exhibition, which was really a splendid one of itself, many adjuncts in the way of amusement, such as fireworks, music, etc. Our own country was well represented, especially in specimens of Columbia River salmon. The exhibition was the means not only of entertaining in a rational way many thousands of people, but of giving them instruction in a vast industry of great international importance. The visitors generally seemed to be happy and easily amused. Almost any thing would make them laugh; even so trifling an incident as the unsuccessful effort of a very corpulent woman, weighing about four

hundred pounds, to enter the exhibition buildings through a gate entirely too small for her.

Our farewell visit to London lasted two weeks, during which time we were constantly occupied in sight-seeing in and around the city—even repeating our visits to places of more than usual interest. Of course we went to church on Sundays to hear the most celebrated ministers of various denominations—among others, the great Spurgeon. During the evenings of the week we sometimes went to the theatre, concerts, and operas. We had the pleasure of seeing the great dramatist, Irving, perform at the Lyceum; and of hearing Madame Christine Nilsson sing at the Royal Albert Hall. She sang "From Mighty Kings," the "Miserere," and a song composed expressly for her by William Carter, called "Not for Ever." As usual she electrified the immense audience.

On the 21st of May we bade farewell to London, and took the train for Oxford. This was my second visit to the seat of England's ancient and renowned university, having spent several days there in the autumn of 1882.

Compared with other English cities, Oxford is only a respectable village, having a population of less than forty thousand, composed chiefly of people connected more or less with the university. It is a sober, quiet place, having few, if any, drinking saloons and houses of debauchery.

It is situated on a gentle swell of a somewhat rolling but generally level country, near the conjunction of the Cherwell and upper Thames—the Isis. Owing to the beauty of its numerous college buildings, it presents an imposing and picturesque appearance from a distance, but this effect is partly destroyed by a closer inspection of its narrow crooked streets, and short avenues. Its chief beauty lies in the admirable architecture of the twenty colleges and five academical halls, which constitute the University of Oxford. One of these buildings, Christ

Church, is seven hundred and thirty-two years old. They are all in a fine state of preservation; much better in fact than the castles of the same age in other parts of Great Britain, or on the Continent. Their style of architecture ranges from the Norman, Gothic, and Tudor, to that of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Although this great seat of learning is not known to have taken the name of university until so designated in a statute of King John in 1201, yet as it then had over three thousand students, its origin must date long anterior to that period.

The admission to Oxford is not very difficult, and the degree of B. A. is about as easily obtained as in the majority of our American colleges, but it requires hard study to obtain a "scholarship," and still harder to secure a "first-class honor."

Oxford students are allowed an abundance of time for recreation. The amusements in which they take the most interest are rowing or sailing boats, playing cricket, fishing, hunting, riding, driving, swimming, fencing, and military exercises. Of late years there is not so much drinking and frolicking among them as formerly. As they are not allowed to visit the town except in cap and gown, they are easily recognized, and detected if engaged in any acts discreditable to the university, the officers of which patrol the city during the night, for the purpose of discovering any infractions of the rules of the school. If a student desires to have a frolic on a broad scale he seeks permission to visit London, which is only fifty-two miles away, where, being unknown, he is too apt to rush into the depths of dissipation of all kinds.

Aristocratic students are no longer permitted, as of yore, an undue display of their rank or wealth, but are kept within reasonable bounds.

The benefits of the school are not, as formerly, restricted

to the friends and patrons of the Established Church of England, but Noncomformists are admitted to its course of study. Neither are the expenses of tuition and living so high as they were a few years ago. The necessary fees payable by each student for the whole three years of study will average about £65. The living expenses of an economical student need not exceed £250 annually; £300 if he employs a private tutor to help him in his studies "for honors."

A vast amount of the Oxford endowment funds is expended in scholarships; which are bestowed for knowledge alone, so that the recipient of such pecuniary aid is not necessarily considered poor. An average scholarship is £65 annually for five years.

A college of Oxford consists of a head master, fellows, tutors, and of scholars, or students who have obtained scholarships, and of undergraduates, or pay students.

In a general sense the term university embraces all the colleges and academical halls at Oxford that are under the same government, but specifically it means an association of professors who are not required to act as tutors, but who simply deliver lectures, which the students are not obliged to attend. As the delivery of the lectures does not consume much of the professors' time, they may devote their spare hours to science, literature, or any congenial subject. Hence many of them become famous magazine writers and authors. Their tastes and somewhat limited salaries prevent their engaging very extensively in hospitalities. However, their salaries have lately been increased. This has been done as a part of a general scheme to prevent the immense surplus of the revenue of the university being used for institutions unconnected with that at Oxford, as has been required by a late act of Parliament.

Taking it as a whole the University of Oxford is well

Baloil College, Oxford.

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worthy of the fame that has been accorded to it for so many centuries, and England may justly be proud of such a grand old institution of learning. It is, however, no place for the slothful, for although admission to its halls is easy, the future examinations are well calculated to test the student's progress in study, and unless he be moderately diligent he is very apt to be put back or dropped.

Some of the colleges and halls exact a higher standard of education than others. In fact it is perilous to generalize in describing the University of Oxford, for notwithstanding a certain unity, there is really a great diversity between the colleges. One is severe in its examinations, another is lenient; one is rich, another is poor; one has few students, the other is full to overflowing; one is Liberal, another Tory; one is attended mostly by the sons of members of the Church of England, another by the children of Nonconformists; one by the aristocracy, and another by persons in the lower grades of society. These differences will exist to a great degree, notwithstanding the untiring efforts of Parliament, seconded in a measure by the immediate governing body of the university itself, to correct and harmonize them.

A visit to the various colleges is very interesting to the tourist, whose attention is most apt to rest on something connected with the biography of some of the many distinguished persons who have been students or teachers there. Who, of the many thousands of the followers of the celebrated John Wesley, can visit Lincoln College without desiring to see the pulpit from which he preached his first sermon? Or what visitor can go there without wishing to see its chief literary treasure, the MS. of Wycliffe's Bible, when he remembers that Lincoln College was founded expressly to wage war against the writings of this wonderful man?

The most remarkable of the colleges in age, grandeur,

and architectural effect is Christ Church. Its chapel is the Cathedral Church of the Diocese of Oxford. If, however, we take into consideration the lovely situation, the charming architectural style, and the surrounding grounds, Magdalen College must be considered the gem of all the university buildings. Its park contains an enchanting avenue known as "Addison's Walk," the usual promenade of the celebrated essayist while a student of Oxford. It is bordered with gigantic old trees, which cast their welcome shadows upon those who desire a quiet and refreshing walk on a warm summer afternoon. Most of the colleges have pleasant grounds connected with them, ornamented with huge yews, cedars, poplars, elms, oaks, and flowering shrubs; and possessing ample playgrounds for the students and tutors.

One of the pleasantest views at Oxford is across Merton fields, behind Merton College, towards the beautiful tower of Magdalen. It embraces a wide expanse of green meadows, covered here and there with noble old trees. Although the students may miss theatres, operas, and, to a great extent, the society of ladies, yet walks through these noble parks, where they can commune with nature, must have a tendency to make them contended and happy for the three or four years of their life at Oxford.

The chief objection to the teaching of this university is that it is not sufficiently practical for the great mass of students of the present day. It embraces too much of classical study, and not enough of modern. It lays too much stress on ancient geography, mythology, history, and language. What practical use is it to ninety-nine students in every hundred to learn the exact names of every little branch, spring, lake, hill, or village, and all the minor names of heathen mythology, and other forgotten and useless ologies, when the world of knowledge of the present day is so vast?

Although the pronunciation of the dead languages, especially Latin and Greek, differs in almost every country, the Oxford student would fail to secure the approbation of his teachers if not thoroughly drilled in the exact method at the university.

During our travels we saw graduates of Oxford, and of our own classical colleges, who could not ask for a piece of bread or a glass of water except in their own language, anywhere on the continent of Europe. We also saw some of the same persons seeking in vain for clerkships in Paris and other large continental cities, who might have succeeded had they spent less time in learning the almost useless dead languages, and given more attention to modern French and German. German clerks, because they generally comprehend modern languages, are usually preferred, even in London and the large cities of America, to Oxonians.

Although very much disliking to have my boys educated on the Continent, for reasons hinted at elsewhere, yet it was my determination to do so until informed that two of our most celebrated colleges, Yale and Harvard, had ceased to be so exacting as formerly in regard to the study of Greek and Latin, and had become far more liberal in the privileges accorded for the study of modern languages.

On the 26th of May, 1883, we took our departure from Liverpool on the splendid Steamer *Servia* for New York. Although the voyage was unusually cold and stormy for the season of the year, our ship was so comfortable and staunch, and was manned by such an excellent crew and such experienced officers that we felt as safe on board as on shore; with perhaps the exception of the thirty or forty hours when in a dense fog, we were going at the rate of four hundred miles a day through the region of icebergs. The speed of a vessel is never slackened on

account of the danger of collision with these icy mountains of the ocean, because a ship is said to obey the helm in proportion only to her speed. Thus, as in many other emergencies of life, in braving danger we run the best chance of safety.

The smaller icebergs come down from the banks of Newfoundland and cross the steamer route within a few weeks of their detachment; but the larger ones, coming from the North Pole, take a year to reach the same line. The northern route, taken by these steamships of the Cunard and other fast companies, is the most difficult and perilous of all the regular and periodical navigations in the world. The accidents are rare, but much more frequent in comparison to the number of vessels employed than happens in a more southerly course, or one a little south of the forty-second degree of latitude. The reason why these fast lines do not take the more southern route is that it would delay them a day or two in crossing the ocean.

One of the greatest pleasures in foreign travel is to get home again. We felt at home as soon as we arrived in the harbor of New York, although we had yet a continent to span before reaching our home *par excellence* on the beautiful Willamette. There is a refreshing, short-lived pleasure too, in being able to look at your own land somewhat in the light that a foreigner might view it, and perceive a thousand novelties and peculiarities which you had not been able to see before. It is also pleasant in after years to recall the many agreeable experiences that one has had while journeying in foreign lands, and to forget the disagreeable. One can hardly pick up a newspaper, school book, novel, or scientific work of any kind, without reading something that instantly sends his thoughts across the Atlantic on a pilgrimage to places seen when abroad. But one has to be careful to

keep these happy imaginary pilgrimages to himself, except in conversation with persons who have made similar trips for the average untravelled American will resent frequent allusions to things that he has not had the opportunity of seeing.

A trip abroad has yet a greater pleasure than all these. It makes one feel that there is no country in the world that he would rather call his own than the one over which floats the star-spangled banner. There is no city that presents more life and commercial activity than New York; and, Paris excepted, there is none more beautiful or interesting. The public thoroughfares and business streets are as crowded as those of any other great city, except London. A couple of friends of mine, who had just returned from a European tour, were about to cross over a crowded portion of Broadway, when the father remarked to the son that "New York was only a one-horse town." After reaching the middle of the street the son had to pull the old gentleman out of the way of passing vehicles or he would have been run over. Although fully appreciating this joke when related to me, I got into a similar scrape myself. Instead of hurrying at right angles across a busy part of Broadway, I attempted to cross over diagonally, and soon found myself between a current and counter current of moving vehicles, with an unmanageable buggy horse dashing directly towards me. I was fortunately, able to stop him by seizing the bit, as I once did that of a cab horse, under a similar emergency, in Paris.

That part of the business portion of New York which most resembles the great financial centre of London, is Wall Street. A crisis in either affects money and commercial values and credits the world over. Every thing smells of money in these crowded thoroughfares.

Fifth Avenue, the fashionable residence portion of New York, will compare favorably with similar sections

of any of the great European cities, except the Avenue des Champs Elysées. The style of architecture is more pompous and pretentious than the European, with the exception of that to be seen in the Ringstrasse of Vienna, and the Belgravia of London, but the beautiful little gardens and lawns that surround each dwelling add a charm to the premises nowhere to be seen in the dwelling-houses of the compact residence streets of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, or London. The retail and residence parts of New York bear a striking resemblance to the newly built portion of Vienna. The latter, however, has no great river or harbor frontage, and consequently few immense wholesale stores and warehouses like those of New York. Liverpool and Vienna, if united, would make a New York city in dimensions, commercial activity, and architectural beauty. Previous to July, 1881, when we spent several weeks in New York just prior to our departure for Europe, I had not seen the city for over a quarter of a century. The changes that had occurred there in the meantime were marvellous. The mere enumeration of the most important of them would fill the pages of a large book. As an illustration of this gigantic metamorphosis of a large city, I shall simply state that in 1855 all the large and princely hotels were below Union Square; now they are all above it. The St. Nicholas and Metropolitan hotels, so famous from 1850 to 1858, are at present only third-class houses. In fact they are gradually being utilized for offices. The leading hotels at present are the Fifth Avenue, the Sturtevant, the Hoffman, the Albemarle, and the Windsor. The building, and first few years' running of the last ruined its owner; but now it has a paying first-class patronage.

Radiating from New York as a centre, we made many agreeable visits to all the large cities and fashionable watering-places of the Atlantic sea-board, and then took

a trip from Clayton, near Lake Ontario, down the St. Lawrence River to Quebec. This great river resembles very closely the lower portion of the Columbia, or that between the Cascades and the Pacific Ocean. There is no such grand scenery along it, however, as is to be found in the cascade and easternmost sections of the river of the West, which drinks in the dew-drops, rains, and melting snows from the whole western slope of the Rocky Mountains lying east of Washington Territory and Oregon.

Our first day's trip down the St. Lawrence, although pleasant in every other respect, was marred by an accident to the steamboat *Rothesay*, commanded by Captain James Estes. She struck a rock near Thousand Islands Park and sprung a leak. There being no place to beach her near the site of the accident, the captain calmly kept on his course a mile or more, and then turned her bow ashore, and reached a nice sandy beach just as the engine fires were extinguished by the in-rushing waters. The spot where the boat was run ashore is opposite Field's dock, where the steamboat *Sir Robert Peel* was burnt in revenge for the sending of the *Caroline* over the falls. The pilot, John Shugro, in charge of the vessel, had run over the river successfully for half a century, but was unacquainted with this particular boat, or he never would have let her strike the rock, which was plainly visible to all on board. The old fellow, as well as the veteran captain, was greatly mortified at the accident, even though it resulted in no loss of life. After a few hours' delay the passengers changed boats and stopped for the night at Alexandria Bay. The following morning they took passage on another boat, which was so crowded with an excursion party that, as we went over the exciting and grandly beautiful rushing and turbulent waters called the Lachine Rapids, just before reaching Montreal, we came near meeting with another accident by the passengers

crowding too much forward of the vessel at the most critical time. The old Indian pilot, who has been employed in piloting all steamboats through this dangerous place for so many years, possesses the most implicit confidence of everybody in his ability to carry them safely onwards. But it is no place for very timid passengers. The want of space forbids any allusion to the many interesting things we saw at Montreal and Quebec, or at the Niagara Falls during our subsequent and last visit to that highly interesting place.

In July, 1883, we left New York City for Portland, Oregon, and made connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad at St. Paul. This railway was not quite finished at the time; so we had to stage it for one hundred and forty-five miles over the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

As we crossed over the northern portion of the great plains that stretch from the Gulf of Mexico to the British possessions, I was struck with the many changes that had occurred in this vast region since, as a medical officer of the United States Army, I used to roam over them some thirty odd years ago. I am tempted to call upon the muses for inspiration while relating a little story of life upon the plains, as experienced by a young lady.

FLORA'S RESCUE.

The men who now in railway car
  In safety o'er the country glide,
And see the prairie dotted far
  With happy homes on every side,

With peaceful village, town, and farm,
  But little know of perils great,
That once were cause of keen alarm
  In hearts of settlers in the State.

In Texas ranged fierce Kioway's hordes,
  Comanches fierce, and other bands

Of Indians wild, like robber lords
  Who sacked the border of her lands.

Comanches held as deadly foes,
  For many, many years gone by,
Both Texas and the Mexicos,
  And you shall hear the reason why.

False-hearted Spaniards served them ill,
  Beneath pretence of friendly speech :—
Cruel ! their trustful chiefs to kill !
  The Indians ne'er forgot the breach :

They think the whites of Texas came
  As scions of this hated race,
Because their color is the same,
  Because they claim their hunting-place.

The fearful war-whoop like a knell—
  A harbinger of deadly strife—
Brings grief and shame too great to tell
  To happy maid and busy wife.

And captives they remain till chance
  Or costly ransom bids them flee
The living death or gory lance,
  Once more their home and friends to see.

Though many stories I could tell
  Of women fair who met a doom
More fearful than an earthly hell,
  Not this I shall your time consume.

And yet your patience I must crave
  While I a simple tale recite
Of warfare by the savage "brave"
  On helpless women, fair and white.

A happy household once enjoyed their home
In sunny Maryland, near Baltimore;
The house stood on a hillock like a dome,
Where grew the maple, oak, and sycamore;
With landscape spreading round in beauty rare,
With smiling fields of grain, and gardens fair.

A father, mother, and five children dear
They were: four sons, a fair and blooming daughter.
Wherever known, at home, or far or near,
Love greeted them. The father's name was Gauter.
They wealth, refinement, education, all,
Possessed; and faithful servants at their call.

The maiden's name was Flora. Seventeen
Her years. She blossomed like the sweetest rose
That scents the balmy air: her eyes serene
Were blue as heaven's own vault; piquant her nose;
Her pearly teeth gleamed through nectarean lips
More sweet than flowers from which the wild bee sips.

And with her dainty cheeks the downy peach
Might try in vain to vie. Her silken hair
Curled softly o'er her queenly brow. Her speech
Was tender as an angel's song. Her air
And grace entrancing, cast a potent spell
O'er all who knew her. Nature formed her well.

A gallant suitor sought her hand and heart.
Her heart he won, but not her hand, because
From home and kinsfolk she was loath to part
To journey far away; there came a pause
In walks by moonlight. Walter Linganore
Bade her farewell—perchance to meet no more!

Their parting brought keen pangs! The farewell sigh
Of loving hearts is earthly woe indeed!

" Bade her Farewell ! perchance to meet no more."

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Our tender souls should shun the words "good-by"!
And say them only in the utmost need!
Among my dearest friends there are a few
Who never can in parting say "adieu."

Now Walter was an officer of rank,
Whose duty summoned him without delay;
And though his heart was sad, hope all a blank,
He Westward turned his course that very day.
The morning air was sweet, serene, and calm,
Yet Walter's heart received no healing balm.

On six months' leave of absence he had been,
The first long respite he ever sought,
Though ten hard years of service he had seen
In frontier life. An army surgeon's lot
Is cast in rugged places—hard at best;
'T is tenfold harder on our border West.

And so it will be till the Indian race
Depart for hunting-grounds beyond the earth,
Or from their savage, ignorant hearts efface
Revenge and treachery, the wicked birth
Of regions where old Satan's legions dwell,—
"The place of torment"—sheol—gehenna—hell!

But say, O Flora Gauter, what of thee?
As flowering vines their firm supports entwine,—
As clings the ivy to the forest tree,—
As children on their parents' breast recline,
So on her lover doth a woman's heart
Depend when pierced by Cupid's flying dart.

Her merry voice to saddened accents turned,
Her lips and cheeks grew pale as whitest wax,
And few the secret reason ever learned
Of inward struggles that her soul did tax.

A doctor tried in vain his practised art,
Then told her father that she must depart

For change of scene and change of air. For her
Whose home erewhile an earthly heaven had seemed
Before the gloomy cloud had cast its blur
O'er all surrounding things, which once had teemed
With golden beauties to her dazzled soul,
But now appeared so dark and full of dole.

In flocks like birds our troubles often come ;
Friends lost to-day ; to-morrow failing health ;
And next a conflagration takes our home ;
And then misfortunes sweep away our wealth,
And leave us helpless, poor, and almost dead,
With not a couch on which to lay our head.

Thus fickle fortune served our worthy friends ;
She plumed herself one day and flew away,
And left them poor indeed. So often ends
Our earthly happiness. One feeble ray
Of hope alone remained. A change of clime
Might health and fortune mend in course of time.

By sale of jewelled watches, brooches, rings,
And keepsake-trinkets rare, both new and old,
And all the remnant of their household things,
They raised the little sum of yellow gold
To buy the needful outfit, and sought a home
In border lands, where savage Indians roam.

No railway then, as now, from East to West
Made journeys pleasant and not overlong
Seem like a holiday in summer's rest ;—
But Conestoga wagons, clumsy, strong,
With flat-boat now and then to cross the streams,
And carry weary pilgrims and their teams.

Their toilsome march at last came to an end.
Once more a home was found in a sweet vale
Far up Red River, in a gentle bend,
Well-sheltered from the " Northers " and the gale.
Here they a little wooden shanty built,
And roofed it o'er with an old wagon-tilt.

A change in clime and scene they truly found.
The boundless prairie stretching far and wide,
With undulating swell—horizon's bound,—
Was decked with floral beauties, nature's pride,
Its carpet green of gently waving grass.
No simple landscape view could this surpass.

A most sequestered spot indeed they found
Where nature unalloyed by human arts
Had gently spread her ample folds around
In peerless beauty. Far from towns or marts,
Or village farms, or habitations lone
Of pioneers. It was a place unknown.

No lack of pasture there was ever found
For flocks or herds, or for the wild mustang,
The succulent grass was green the whole year round
For boundless miles on miles. It always sprang
In freshness in the early days of spring
As food and couch for all ; and sheltering

In danger to the timid deer and fawn.
Although no lowing herds our friends possessed,
To pasture on that lovely emerald lawn,
They were by fortune made supremely blest
In owning yet a few fine, noble steeds,
Of heavy draft for work, and faster breeds.

One was by nature and by name a Prince,
Intelligent, high-bred, and swift of speed.

A pet he was, and had been, ever since
His mistress Flora knew the early need
Of joyous exercise o'er hill and dale,
When swift he galloped like the eager gale.

Her lonely life and silent, yearning heart
Now more than ever his kind, trusty aid
Required. So o'er the prairie oft would dart,
As lovely as a fairy queen, this maid,
Alone, on Prince, her ever faithful friend,
On whose dumb friendship true she could depend.

At times the brothers would by turns escort
Their sister fair; but oft she rode alone.
A shady grove was her most dear resort,
Where splendid trees umbrageous stood, o'ergrown
With trailing vines of sweet and rare perfume;
And filled with birds of rarest song and plume.

Harmonious to her soul there nature breathed
While her melodious voice poured forth in song
Remembrance bitter-sweet to her, bequeathed
By fickle fortune. She would tarry long
Beneath the grateful shade of hanging boughs,
And to the absent Walter make fresh vows.

Elysium she called the place serene
And bright; and wished her lover might be there;
Had he been there, a paradise, I ween,
That wood had seemed, so gentle was the air
Of heaven, so perfect all around, because,
Not art, but nature's self and nature's laws

Supremely reigned. O ye who never saw
That Eden of the West, in days gone by,
In all its quietude, may deem I draw
Imaginative pictures, or rely

On flimsy mists of poets' idle dreams
To paint a landscape other than it seems.

The serpent's guise old Satan did not take
To mar this quiet home. He sent a band
Of savage men (less guileless than the snake
Of Bible lore), whose work, like devils' planned,
Bore not the noble part to them assigned
By many self-styled lovers of mankind.

* * * * * *

As Flora homeward rode one day,
Old Prince began to fret and neigh,
And, when they reached a hillock top,
Pricked up his ears and wished to stop.

She gently urged him on to go,
But he, in actions, said: "Oh, no!
There 's danger yonder! don't you see
The curling smoke that over the lea

So darkly rolls?" Then Flora gazed
With eager eyes, and felt amazed
To see her father's house on fire,
And hideous men in war-paint dire

All dancing round the lurid flame,
Which darting fast through roof and frame,
Made her dear home an ashen pile;
The painted fiends set up meanwhile

A yell! When Flora they espied
Three Indian horsemen quickly ride
In hot pursuit. Prince wheels around
And o'er the prairie swift did bound.

The slightest guiding touch he heeded,
No urging from his rider needed,
Most gallantly he dashed along
In eager gallop swift and strong.

Pursuers and pursued in speed
Outstripped the wind. They gave no heed
To aught save capture and escape.
Fair Flora knew not how to shape

Her course, and only dared to hope
That Prince in fleetness might yet cope
With enemies pursuing fast;
But feared his strength might fail at last.

The prairie birds and sleeping deer
Started in haste as, running near,
The horses with their riders came,
And seemed to say: "O Indians, shame!"

The pitying clouds that sailed on high
Were moved to tears. The winds a sigh
Of lamentation made as they
Beheld the Indian fiends that day

Rush onward, gloating in their eyes
For that fair maid, their wished-for prize.
The setting sun a moment stood
Ere he sank down behind the wood

That fringed the distant mountain top,
And bade the fiends their progress stop,
As he no guiding rays would lend
The savages who wished to rend

A heart still bleeding from the blow,
Which blasted all her hopes below;

And then in sorrow hid his face
From the unequal, fearful race.

Then swift arose the Goddess Nox,
Her shoulders hid 'neath raven locks,
With frowning brow she quenched the light,
And cast her mantle o'er the sight

Of those fierce men who still pursued
The maiden fair with passions rude.
All light was gone except the star
That marked her way from distance far.

They caught a flying glimpse of her
Who soon might be their prisoner;
The friendly clouds which hung on high
Shut out the shining lamps of sky.

No longer could the Indians three
Their fleeing victim plainly see,
And Flora then fresh courage took,
And instantly her path forsook;

But now digression I must make
  To learn the fate of those who fell
  By those incarnate fiends of hell
(Who sometimes kill for murder's sake).
There came a band of savage men,
At sunset from a little glen

Well hidden in a darkling grove
  Of cotton-wood, that upward grew,
  As stately as the pine or yew.
It formed a kind of prairie cove
Not far from Gauter's, in the bend
Red River formed. Such groves extend

Along the streams (with bottoms low)
That pour their sparkling waters forth,
From torrid South or frigid North,
Into the Gulf of Mexico.
What caused the Indians thus to roam
Near Flora's quiet cabin home?

On friendship's errand were they bent,
To smoke the mutual pipe of peace,
And so far their murderous raids to cease?
Or were they by old Satan sent
To slaughter, or torment each one
Of those kind souls who ne'er had done

The Indian harm? O gentle Truth!
With tearful eyes to us relate
The pathos of their fearful fate.
Well then, my friend, I must, forsooth,
Describe their cruel end, and say,
They sank beneath the flame that day,

And Flora saw the smoke and fire
Ascending from her happy home,
Conveying swift to heaven's dome
The loving spirits from the pyre
That savage Indians had made
In fiendish malice 'mid the glade.

When Flora the "Cross Timbers" main,
That sweep across the Western plain,
Had reached, a circling prairie fire
Defiance gave, in flames most dire,

To her pursuers, as it rushed
'Twixt them and her, and hushed
The yells that rent the lurid air,
And filled her heart with grim despair.

O ye who ne'er beheld the sight,
Of prairies burning in the night,
Doubt not its power to fill with fear
The savage fierce or timid deer,

The howling wolf or growling bear,
Hiding secure in grassy lair,
Or God-like man, whose hopes confide
In reason born of stubborn pride!

The flames rush on in dread array,
With crackling sounds heard far away,
And hide the face of earth and sky
With fiery mantle waved on high.

The hurrying winds in fury lash
The fiery steeds, as on they dash,
Bearing Destruction's fearful doom,
Leaving the blank of hopeless gloom!

White cranes and geese bewildered fly
In trembling circles round the sky;
Or often lose the power of flight
When they behold the fearful sight.

The bison's herd grow wild with fear
And onward rush in mad career;
Wild horses by wild instinct taught
Seek distant streams with safety fraught.

The graceful antelope takes the lead
Spurning the soil with headlong speed,
Yet swifter rolls the sea of fire,
Its murky billows never tire!

The fiends from whom brave Flora fled,
By fire beset, no longer sped

Their steeds, but halting near a spring,
With shouting made the welkin ring.

But checking now her wearied horse
The maiden changed her desperate course,
And, hid behind a sheltering grove,
Cared not where next their steps would rove.

At last tired nature bade them stop,
First Prince a little grass did crop;
And then the twain in slumber lay,
Although the east glowed bright with day.

* * * * *

But now we must on wings of song
Seek Doctor Walter, who has long
Been roaming o'er the Western plains,
And still no consolation gains.

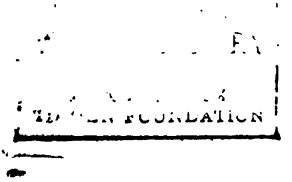
In many battles he has been
With Indian warriors; he has seen
His faithful comrades lose their lives
By tomahawks and scalping knives.

His home was on the plains that midway lie,
  Between Arkansas' western border line
And eastern base of Rocky Mountains high,
  Where but a few short years ago no sign

Was seen of village trim, or city fair;
  The iron horse rushed not across the land,
Nor yet electric wires flashed through the air
  The news of stocks, or trade, or golden sand;

No palace boats, no gorgeous railroad car,
  Went rushing to and fro with lightning speed;
As yet no stage with tiresome jolt and jar:—
  Instead, a mule, or pony, or a steed!

"At last tired nature bade them stop."



Some four and thirty years have passed away
  Since he a stroll one summer morning took
To view the scenes that far below him lay
  From peaks of Washita : of tumbling brook,

Lakes, rivers, prairies decked with golden flowers
  As bright as ever graced fair Eden's bowers,
With balmy zephyrs moist with virgin showers,
  And sky like that above Italian towers.

A deathly silence reigned through earth and sky,
  As forth he gazed upon the grassy plain ;
No human form erect could he espy,
  As far across the vale he looked in vain.

But near him lay a mound of bleaching bones
Of warriors brave, marked thus by hiding stones ;
A sad memento of swift flying darts,
Of battle's noisy din, and bleeding hearts.

Wild carnage oft had stained with crimson gore
The dales beneath, and gentle hills around,
As savage armies clashed in days of yore,
And yells and war-whoops made a hellish sound.

Though silent were those sleeping Indian braves,
Their race still lingered round their sacred graves,
And danger met the man who dared displace
Those graveyard tenants in their resting-place.

He thought as now he scanned that green savanna
  As fertile as the plain around Havana,
Where grow the orange and the sweet banana
  More edible by far than Jewish manna,

That if "Man wants but little here below,
  Nor wants that little long," be strictly true,
There many reasons were that he could show
  A Western home like that for him would do.

If fancy please, he here might till the soil,
And raise fine wheat, good oats, or corn, or hay;
Should hunter's life be deemed more free from toil,
The deer, and bear, or bison he might slay.

Or if, perchance, a martial life he seeks,
Comanche Indians he might keep away
From plunder, while the peaceful farmer sleeps
At night, or tills his little farm by day.

A soldier's lonesome life for years he led
When living in the land we now describe;
His duty was to stanch, not blood to shed,
To heal, not wound; and physic to prescribe.

Although that land at first an Eden seemed
In early spring, or in the lovely month of May,
Yet soon he found that it with sickness teemed
Beneath the August sun's destructive ray.

And though his glance at first the waving grass
Admired, he found that every flower, alas!
Possessed its danger: and this carpet green
For countless reptiles made a grateful screen.

There hid the rattlesnake, whose warning rattle
Struck terror and defied the desperate battle;
There too the hideous scorpion made its home,
Tarantulas death-dealing dug the loam;

There could the savage hide by crouching low
Beneath its folds; then seek his sleeping foe
At night, when in the shadow he would creep
And strike death's blow at one destroying sweep.

The zephyrs too, which softly fanned the brow,
Came laden oft with miasmatic breath
From marsh or fen, and bred, one must avow,
A fearful crop of fevers, woes, and death.

The muddy rivers oft with booming bound
From Rocky Mountain heights came rushing down
In spring, in mad career, with roaring sound,
Destroying Indian camp and rising town.

The South Canadian stream at times became
A surging, rushing, raging flood in May,
And put all those who wished to cross to shame—
Mustang, or stag, or elk, or beasts of prey.

Its gay carousal was over in October;
Then dry it might be found, or duly sober;
And served for moonlight walks of maid and lover,
Or feeding-ground for geese and swan and plover.

Its bed, so dry and broad, of hard-packed sand
Was thronged besides with sand-hill cranes and ducks,
And fowls like those we find on ocean's strand,
With here and there a herd of does and bucks.

A hunting trip one day the doctor made
Along this stream. From camp he wandered far.
No sound of drum was heard. In pomp arrayed,
Beneath the Western plain sank day's bright star.

He felt alarmed lest he should lose his way,
And homeward turned his horse, as he caught sight
Of Indian trail that through the forest lay,
In hopes to reach his camp ere yet 't was night.

But gloomy shades soon settled all around,
As o'er the path unknown he rode along,
While murky grew the heav'ns; and now the sound
Of whistling winds forebode a tempest strong.

Soon came the clouds which bore the king of storm;
Then fiercely rushing blasts in dread array
Roared, heralding the cyclone's fearful form,
Uprooting trees and hurling them away

Like straws. And down the drenching waters poured
From heaven. The wingéd lightning's vivid glare
Lit all the scene; the deafening thunder roared
Terrific through the woods and shook the air.

He gave his horse the rein, but in dismay
He quickly found that he had lost his way;
Dripping and worn, he must the forest roam
For hours. At last with joy he reached his home.

But where his home? 'T was in a lovely grove
Of stately oaks, which cast their welcome shade
On brute and man and gentle turtle-dove;
An eminence it was by nature made

On eastern border of the Western plains,
Or western border of those vast domains
Once granted to the tribe of Chickasaws—
A friendly Indian race with mongrel laws.

No habitations were around it seen;
The virgin soil had never yet been plowed;
A common range for years it had been,
For savage tribes, by white men never cowed.

The soldiers had to keep the peace between
The white and red man, and to intervene
In quarrels fierce among the tribes themselves,
When moved to wrath by alcohol—or elves.

In canvas tents they many months did live,
And next in cabins built of oaken logs,
Which from the weather did protection give,
Though better kennels we have seen for dogs.

The government would not afford them doors,
Nor nails enough to fasten down their floors
Of puncheon, or their roofs of clapboards, made
By wearied soldiers, who to fight were paid

A paltry pittance. Yet we must forsooth
Be plain, and state the simple, naked truth,
For Uncle Sam was richer then by far
Than he now is, or has been since the war.

Economy, the politician's hobby,
Though not the custom in the nation's lobby,
Was then, as now, the office-seeker's cry,
Although in practice but a shameful lie.

Our demagogues declaim against high taxes,
To fool the sterling, honest, staid electors,
But when they win they simply grind their axes,
To please themselves, and their corrupt selectors.

An army life beyond our Western borders,
For fascination had but few applauders.
It had in view the quelling of disorders,
And punishment of savage, wild marauders.

It meant an isolation most complete
From every living thing on earth that tends
To make us social beings—e'en from sweet
Home intercourse, and schools and church and friends.

More thankless is the life of Indian fighter
Than that of cobbler, boot-black, or of writer.
Although of battles fierce he may be winner,
Those who love peace call him a brutal sinner.

Let those who only fight with ready pens,
And deem the task so slight to crush a foe,
Whose natural home is prairie, rocks, and fens,
Once show their pluck and to the battle go.

No more exciting scene could one behold
Than herds of countless bisons rushing past
O'er hills and plains, as was the case of old,
Pursued by bold Comanches, rushing fast.

And many times these riders most expert
Could single out a cow or noble bull
With little risk, and hardly would exert
Themselves or their untiring steeds in full.

The prairie bison was by Indians slain
For food and raiment, not in heartless sport
As now ; when men by hundreds cross the plain
On railroad cars, and wickedly resort

To deadly weapons of most fearful power
To slay the noble buffaloes, who cower
Beneath the rain of bullets swift and hissing,
Which dart from murderous rifles, rarely missing.

Such wanton sport and cruelty demand
At once attention from the Nation's Head,
Or else no trace of bison in our land
There 'll be. These noble beasts will all be dead.

A soldier can in hunting find relief
From duties called "fatigue," and "guard," and "drill,"
And thus may oft some other meat than beef
And pork obtain, when so inclines his will.

The hypochondriac but little love
For active life of any kind doth have ;
No cheer on earth, no living hope above
Can rouse him from reflections sad and grave.

May God, in mercy, help us to be cheery,
To tread the paths of life where'er they lead,
With courage high though dark the days and dreary,
And hardships make our weary hearts to bleed.

In fancy still I love to dwell on days
Gone by, when I was young, and in my prime ;
When tired of college studies and the ways
Of city life, I hied me for a time

To boundless prairies of our hemisphere
In search of turkeys, grouse, and black-tail deer,
And that condition rare to man—good health,
Which dearer far should be to all than wealth.

A joyance on the plains one always owns
In breathing health's elixir. Far from towns
Where pent-up poisons load the heavy breeze
With seeds insidious of dread disease.

More fatal far than those of bog or fen,
Or dried-up river banks and bottoms wide ;
But never found in mountain ridge or glen,
Or near the ocean's spray or healthful tide.

One likes to mount his brave and hardy prancer,
Though Indian pony or a mule will answer,
And o'er the lovely prairies fast to canter,
Or else move slow o'er mountain trail to saunter,

Till signs of quarry his attention claim ;
Then quickly he dismounts, that he may steal
Upon the object of his search. His aim
And purpose are a mortal shot to deal,

Before the birds or beasts their foe discover.
At times for miles he creeps behind the cover
Of bush, or tree, or hillock, small and grassy,
Or sandy ridge, or granite boulders massy,

To reach a vantage point from which to fire.
Across the wind he cautiously must steer ;
For hunters many stratagems require,
Especially when they are stalking deer,

Who hear, or smell, from windward, any stranger,
And swiftly bound away from threatened danger ;
Or if from leeward, see him to perfection,
Because they lie with eyes in that direction.

Strange though it seems, yet oft it is the case
That dangers great from lurking savage foes
Restrain but little him who loves the chase ;
With game his goal, he heeds not where he goes.

Not rarely Walter worked his way through thickets
Alone, and far from military pickets ;
Or o'er the distant prairies he had ridden,
Oblivious of dangers great though hidden,

Because entranced with passionate desire
To carry home some trophy of his hunt.
No storm or flood, no blinding snow or mire
Could this absorbing passion wholly blunt.

Yet sometimes would this heedless, careless error
Awake to wholesome fear, or dreadful terror,
At hearing Indian whoops, or yells infernal,
More fearful than howls of wolves nocturnal.

The recollection yet makes Walter chuckle :—
A wolf stampede that frightened Fort Arbuckle.
He lay in quiet midnight sleep pacific,
When 'neath his cabin floor a howl terrific

Disturbed his slumbers. Heavens, what a sound !
Comanches ! is the cry, and soldiers rush
To arms. Erelong the cause of fear was found
In roguish wolves who scampered through the brush.

For Madam Rumor made the soldiers think
That Captain Marcy's troops had all been slain
By Indians, and that they were on the brink
Of fate like theirs. The terror was in vain.

The prairie wolves are sometimes seen by day,
As well as heard with hideous howls by night.
When found from thicket cover far away
They swiftly run, and rarely stop to fight.

Unless by hunger pressed, or checked in fleeing
By sportsman's dog, or that still fleeter being,
The greyhound, shaped in body like a clipper,
In legs, the handle of the starry dipper,

Can run with little less than lightning speed
O'er level plain, and keep the wolf at bay
Until his master, spurring on his steed
Less fast than he, the snarling beast doth slay.

How sweet the soft melodious strains
Of instrument and voice in serenades !
How sweet the songs of birds, though not of cranes !
How sweet the moonlight chants of lovely maids !

But spare me from the plaintive howls incessant
Of dogs, when moons are full or in their crescent ;
From maudlin songs of drunkards on a frolic,
Or howls of hungry wolves, so diabolic.

And spare me too from being left alone
At night in dismal forest, in dismay,
As once I was, in regions little known,
Sole auditor of chants of beasts of prey,

Who 'round me prowled with eyes bloodthirsty glaring,
And nearer, nearer crept, with watchful daring,
Until the wind, sent from the camp-fire flashing
A sudden blaze, when off they went a-dashing.

* * * * * * *

Long years had never yet effaced
The sweet, sad memories embraced
In times gone by, when Walter deemed
That earth with heaven's own semblance gleamed,

And still the parting's cruel blow
Made all his human life below

A painful, fleeting dream appear,
Commingling weal with woe so drear.

No tidings had he ever learned
Of her for whom his heart had yearned,
Though many circlings of the sun
Denoted well how time had run

Since last they met, and last they parted,
Both lovers almost broken-hearted.
Then came the news of Flora's change
Of dwelling-place, which seemed so strange

To Walter. Many times had he
In wanderings gone where she
On Western plains so long had dwelt,
But knew it not; so then he felt

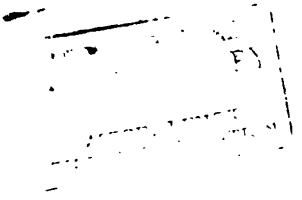
That dangers, be they great or small,
Must yield, for he would venture all,
E'en life itself, to see her face,
And hold her in his fond embrace.

So mounting his fast hunting steed,
Across the prairie he did speed,
Till darkness closed around. Then laid
Him down to sleep. Till morn he stayed.

Faint gleaming, meek-eyed moon appears,
And whispers in the sleeper's ears:
"'T is well, O man, that you should rise
Before the sun across the skies

"His glowing beams shall quickly send,
And drive the clouds, which kindly lend
To thee protecting shade, away,
And scorch you with his burning ray."

"She listened with a beating heart."



The weary sleeper, though forlorn,
In haste arose and hailed the morn.
In peaceful rest all nature lay,
Awaiting joyous break of day;

Then sound of stealthy steps near by
Made Walter fear that he was nigh
Some lurking danger. Yet his heart
Commanded him to play his part,

Whether it were that savage men,
Or prowling beasts of prey, were then,
By vengeance or by hunger sent,
On hellish errand foully bent.

His trusty rifle holding ready,
He waited with a courage steady,
Till Indians three on footsteps light
He saw. To run, to stand, to fight?

To flee he could not, *would* not; so
With noiseless steps, to weal or woe,
He onward through the thicket trod.
Then rose a frantic scream: "O God!

I 'm lost." It rent the ambient air.
The Indians, rushing from their lair,
Fair Flora seized. She knew full well
The horrid deeds of fiends from hell.

Responsive to her piteous cry,
A hissing bullet sped swiftly by,
And down upon the earth there fell
A savage. With a fearful yell

The other two on Walter turned,
And while their angry passions burned,
Pierced him with arrows sharp and new,
Until a second bullet flew

From Walter's trusty rifle. Dead
A second savage fell. Then fled
The third. Upon the ground there lay
Four persons, whom that fatal fray

Had wrecked. Two dead, one almost dying,
The other in a swoon, but sighing.
With bleeding wounds and brain awhirl
The doctor reached the fainting girl.

But for a moment he knew not
The angel form (though scarce forgot)
Of her with whom he now had met
To part no more. Her cheeks were wet

With tears. Her bosom heaved a sigh,
As he with tenderness drew nigh,
That maiden saved from worse than death—
That fair young flower. Her fragrant breath

Came slowly. Yet anon full well
She knew him. But she could not tell
Her thoughts. Still with befitting grace
She thanked him. Gazing on her face

He recognized his guiding star,
Whom he had seen in lands afar.
He told her how he pined in love
For her, his sweet angelic dove.

She listened with a beating heart
And downcast eyes. Then with a start
She saw him fall, and faint away!
How like a dying man he lay!

She called his name in sorrow moaned,
And kissed his manly brow. He groaned.
Upon her breast she placed his head.
"O God of mercy, is he dead!"

"Across his saddle she did lay her lover softly."

In this lone wood she durst not stay.
Across his saddle she did lay
Him softly. Then her self,
Sprang sprightly as a mountain elf.

Not knowing how to mark her course,
Free rein she gave to Walter's horse,
While Prince, her own fine noble steed,
Behind them trotted, giving heed

Unto the motions of her hand,
As she pushed forward to the land
Of safety. Bright midsummer day
It was, but morning still; the ray

Of rising sun came slanting down
Benignly o'er the mountain crown,
That earth and air more pleasant seemed
Than lonely pilgrims ever dreamed.

The gentle zephyrs fanned to life
The spirit dying from the strife
Just passed. A gasping breath he took,
While gentle Flora's bosom shook

With hopes renewed. With loving eyes
He upward looked unto the skies,
Then next into the maiden's face,
Who held him in her sweet embrace.

At Fort Arbuckle their journey ended,
As the shades of eve and night were blended.
The arrow wounds were healed in time,
Save one that Cupid made. No clime,

No balm, such wounds can soothe or mend,
Till love in sacred marriage end.
When joyful union came at last,
The wedded pair forgot the past.

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